JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 14

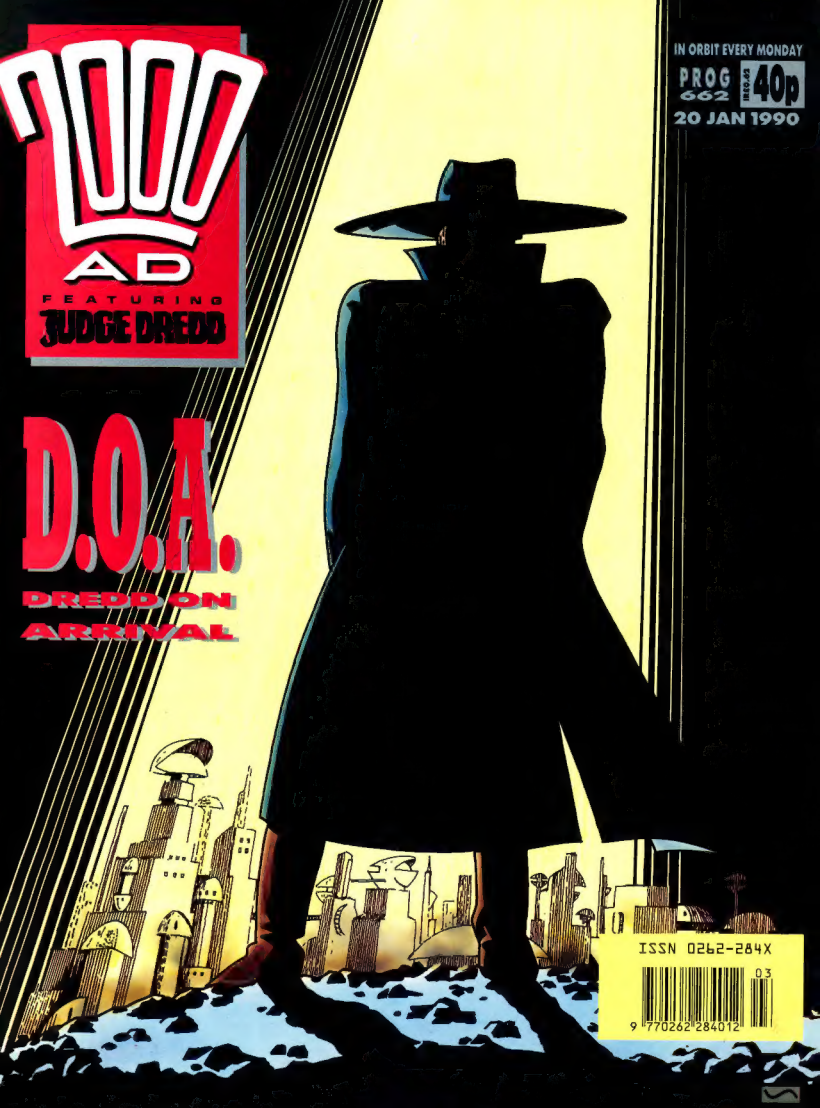
2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY
PROG 662
40p
20 JAN 1990

D.O.A.

DREDD ON ARRIVAL



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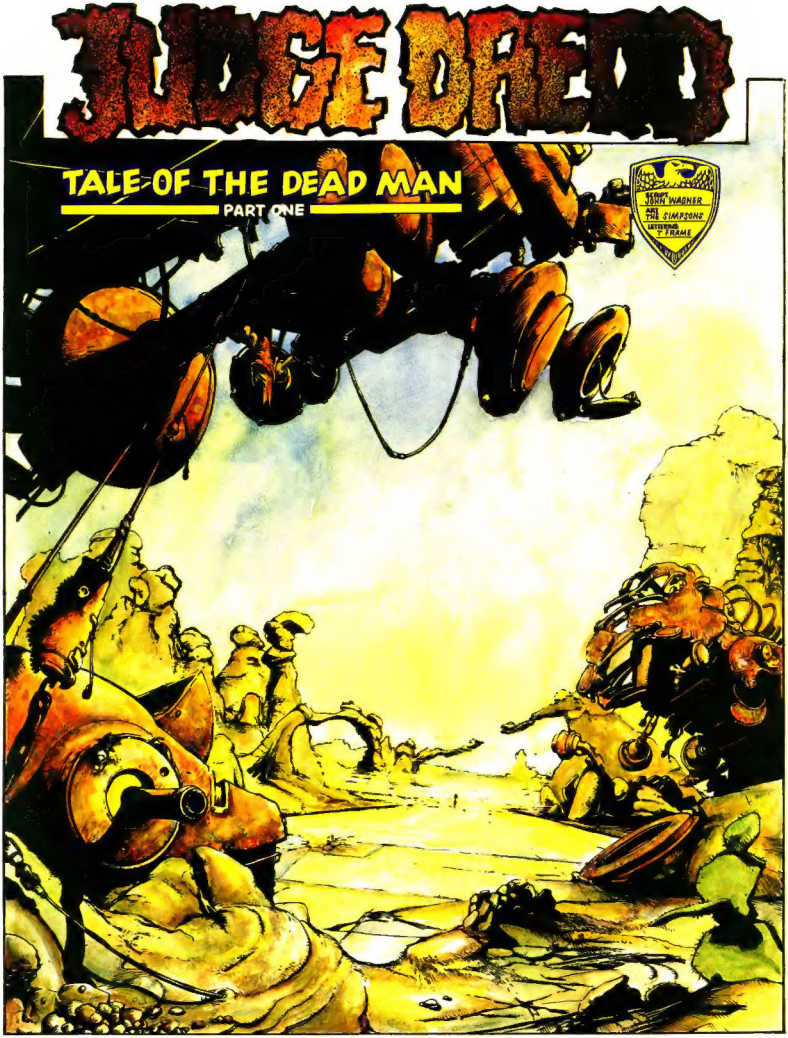
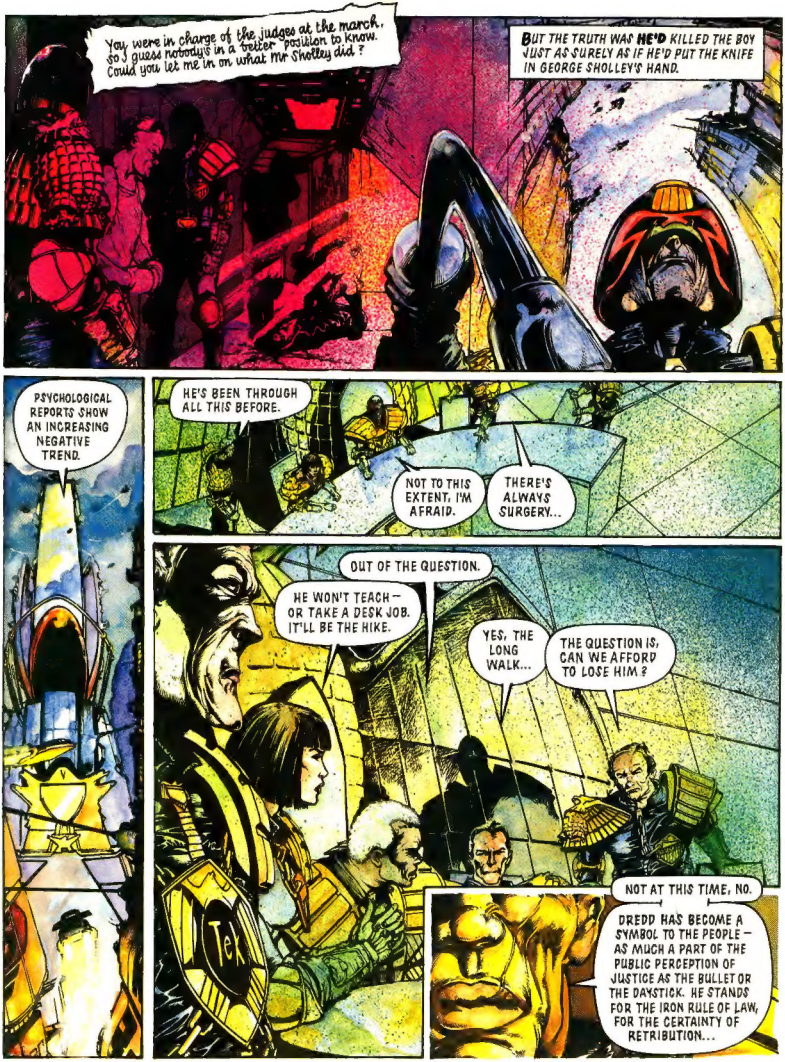

JUDGE DREDD
TALE OF THE DEAD MAN
PART ONE
STORY JOHN WAGNER
ART TREVOR SIMPSON
LETTERING T-FRAME

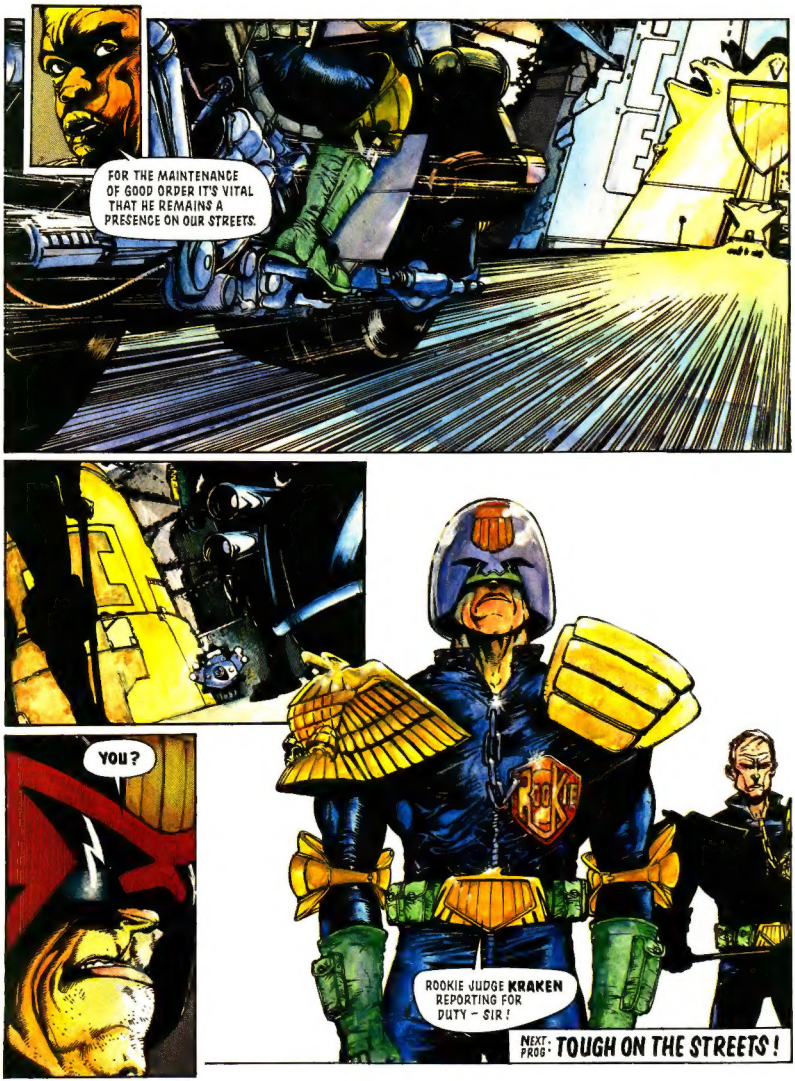
WHAT A CROCK!

HOW FAR TO MEGA-CITY ONE ? 1300 KAYS ?
HE HAD TO GET SOME TRANSPORT.
AND WHAT WOULD HE FIND THERE ? PHOBIA - NAUSEA...?
DEATH, FEAR, FIRE, MORTIS - THE WHOLE DAMNED CREW ?
SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED IN MEGA-CITY ONE, THAT MUCH WAS CERTAIN.
WOULD IT HAVE HAPPENED IF HE'D STAYED, NEVER TAKEN THE LONG WALK ?
BUT HE COULDN'T HAVE STAYED. IT WAS OVER. THE WHOLE BIG LIE. HE DIDN'T BELIEVE IN IT ANYMORE.
IT HAD BEGUN WITH THE LETTER...
WRONG. IT HAD BEGUN MUCH EARLIER. BUT THE LETTER HAD BROUGHT IT TO A HEAD...

JUST A JUVE DOING A SCHOOL PROJECT, ASKING A LOT OF QUESTIONS...*
*See "A Letter to Judge Dredd" – Last prog.
ONCE HE'D HAVE DISMISSED THEM OUT OF HAND. HE'D ALWAYS HAD A READY ANSWER. ONCE.
NOT NOW. NOT FOR A WHILE NOW.
Like how come, when you're so good at keeping our streets free of crime, MegaCity One still has the worst crime rate going? Judges were given their extreme powers to "combat a tidal wave of lawlessness" but things don't seem to have got much better.
YES, THEY HURT A LOT OF PEOPLE. NO, THINGS HADN'T GOT MUCH BETTER.
SOMETIMES THEY SAID THEY HAD, SOMETIMES THAT THEY HADN'T – JUST AS IT SUITED. BUT THE TRUTH WAS –
THE TRUTH...
WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT TRUTH ANYMORE?
HE READIED HIMSELF FOR THE STREETS WITHOUT EAGERNESS. THE OLD TINGLE WASN'T THERE. THAT SENSE OF ANTICIPATION...
HE WAS SUPPOSED TO PICK UP A ROOKIE THAT DAY. HE WASN'T IN THE RIGHT FRAME OF MIND.
WHAT WAS HE GOING TO TEACH THE KID? THAT IT WAS ALL A SHAM – A BIG LIE?

His dad, George Sholly, was on that Democratic March a couple of years ago. A judge hit him over the head and he's still not right yet. Docs say it's brain damage. He gets fits and attacks Mrs. Sholly and Jojo. He thinks they're giant pineapples from Space come to juice him! I'm not kidding...
Jojo says he was just peacefully protesting, but I know judges wouldn't hit an innocent citizen for nothing
THE DEMOCRATIC MARCH... IF THE WENDERS BOY HAD KNOWN WHAT A PERVERSION OF JUSTICE THAT WAS—!
WE'LL START WORKING ON THE LEADERS—PICK THEM OFF ONE BY ONE.
YOU'RE CORRUPT—EVIL! YOU'LL DO ANYTHING TO GET YOUR WAY—TO HANG ON TO YOUR PRECIOUS POWER!
ASSAULT UNITS GET READY. LET'S MAKE THIS SHORT AND SWEET.
DEMOCRACY IS A CANCER EATING AT THE HEART OF OUR SOCIETY. ANY ACTION WE HAVE TO TAKE TO STAMP IT OUT IS JUSTIFIED.
POWER TO THE PEOPLE
AND THEY'D JUSTIFIED IT, ALL RIGHT. . .
YES, OUR LAWS ARE HARSH. YES, OUR FREEDOMS ARE SUBJECT TO CERTAIN RESTRICTIONS. NOT BECAUSE WE WANT IT THIS WAY—BECAUSE IT MUST BE THIS WAY.
THIS AFTERNOON'S EVENTS DEMONSTRATE ONLY TOO CLEARLY WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE RELAX OUR RIGID CONTROL.
GRITS
HORIZONS


You were in charge of the judges at the march, so I guess nobody's in a better position to know. Could you let me in on what Mr Sholley did?
BUT THE TRUTH WAS HE'D KILLED THE BOY JUST AS SURELY AS IF HE'D PUT THE KNIFE IN GEORGE SHOLLEY'S HAND.
PSYCHOLOGICAL REPORTS SHOW AN INCREASING NEGATIVE TREND.
HE'S BEEN THROUGH ALL THIS BEFORE.
NOT TO THIS EXTENT, I'M AFRAID.
THERE'S ALWAYS SURGERY...
OUT OF THE QUESTION.
HE WON'T TEACH — OR TAKE A DESK JOB. IT'LL BE THE HIKE.
YES, THE LONG WALK...
THE QUESTION IS, CAN WE AFFORD TO LOSE HIM?
Tex
NOT AT THIS TIME, NO.
DREDD HAS BECOME A SYMBOL TO THE PEOPLE — AS MUCH A PART OF THE PUBLIC PERCEPTION OF JUSTICE AS THE BULLET OR THE DAYSTICK. HE STANDS FOR THE IRON RULE OF LAW, FOR THE CERTAINTY OF RETRIBUTION...


FOR THE MAINTENANCE OF GOOD ORDER IT'S VITAL THAT HE REMAINS A PRESENCE ON OUR STREETS.
YOU?
ROOKIE JUDGE KRAKEN REPORTING FOR DUTY – SIR!
NEXT PROG: TOUGH ON THE STREETS!

SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART THE SIMPSONS
LETTERING T FRAME
IT'S AN HONOUR TO SERVE AS YOUR ROOKIE, SIR.
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, ODELL?
YOU'RE BEST FOR THE JOB, UNDER THE CIRCUM-STANCES.
IF YOU'D PREFER TO HAND OVER TO ANOTHER SENIOR JUDGE...
THE JUDDA... WHY GIVE THIS ONE TO HIM?
HIS OWN CLONE BROTHER – HIS BLOODLINE...
FARGO, DREDD, RICO – NOW KRAKEN...
ALL ONE AND THE SAME.
NO SKIN OFF MY CHIN.
DID THEY KNOW ABOUT HIS STATE OF MIND – HIS GROWING DOUBTS ABOUT THE JOB?
THEY MUST. THEN...
WAS HE TRAINING HIS OWN REPLACEMENT?
CONTROL TO ANY UNIT VICINITY GULLIVER PRECINCT! WE HAVE A REPORTED FIREBOMBING!
DREDD. I'LL TAKE IT.
JUDGE DREDD
TALE OF THE DEAD MAN
PART TWO

* See "BLOODLINE" (Progs 583, 584), "OZ" (Progs 551, 552 & 559–563)

HURRY UP WITH THAT MED-WAGON, CONTROL! HE'S LOSING BLOOD FAST!
HE CALLED IN A DESCRIPTION OF THE PERPS AND WATCHED THE ROOKIE AT WORK... ADMIRING THE YOUTH AND SUPPLENESS OF HIS BODY, HIS QUICKNESS —
BUGMEN!
PROCEDURE PERFECT, NO SIGN OF PANIC.
AND HE TOOK EASILY TO THE COMMAND ROLE, THIS KRAKEN.
LIKE SOMEONE ELSE HE COULD REMEMBER...
MED WAGON

DOG
FRUITIE
BIG GUY

TWO FIREBOMBERS. THE DAUGHTER SAYS THE SAME MEN CALLED LAST TUESDAY DEMANDING AN "INSURANCE" PAYMENT.
ONE ABOUT SIX-TWO, EARLY TWENTIES, THIN, DARK HAIR, MOHICAN CUT. THE OTHER FIVE-TEN, SAME AGE, BURLY, SHAVEHEAD. BOTH WORE GANG JACKETS – "INFIDELS".
CREEPS LEAVE A SIGNED PHOTOGRAPH, TOO?
YOU DON'T HAVE TO HAVE SMARTS TO BE A CRIMINAL, KRAKEN.
"CONTROL IDEES THEM AS BERNARD "SHAVE" KILLOG AND FESTER GROYNE, BOTH OF CASTRO SKYRISE. PROCEDURE?"
"THEIR DETAILS OUT TO ALL UNITS?"
"CHECK. MUGSHOTS AND REGISTRATION OF PROBABLE VEHICLE."
"THEN WE START AT CASTRO."
PROGRESS?
EN ROUTE TO CASTRO. FIREBOMBING.
YOUR BOY'S DOING ALL RIGHT.
CHIEF JUDGE WANTS A FULL REPORT AS SOON AS IT'S OVER. THIS ONE'S IMPORTANT.
44[GROYNE
"YOU CHECK ON KILLOG – I'LL TAKE GROYNE."
"ONE AT A TIME, ROOKIE. I'M SUPPOSED TO BE WATCHING YOU."
KID TOOK EASILY TO COMMAND, ALL RIGHT.
WHO IS IT?
I'M LOOKING FOR FESTER, MRS GROYNE.

SEARCH OF BOTH APARTMENTS PROVED NEGATIVE. HE STOOD BACK AND LET KRAKEN HANDLE THE QUESTIONING.
CONCISE AND TO THE POINT – JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF MENACE. COULD HAVE BEEN STRAIGHT OUT OF HIS OWN "COMPORTMENT."
BERNARD SHOWS UP YOU LET US KNOW IMMEDIATELY, UNDERSTOOD?
THERE'S ROOM IN THE CUBES FOR ALL OF YOU.
THE INFIDELS FREQUENT A JOINT ON BATISTA – THE BAY OF PIGS.
I RECKON THEY'RE JUST ABOUT DUMB ENOUGH TO SHOW UP THERE.
BAY of PIGS
CAFE
PART 163
GEEZ!
SCUZZ-EATS
COMMIE ATTACK
BAR
HE LEARNED QUICKLY, TOO.
THERE'S THE ROADSTER!
COVER THE BACK!
ALIEN
NEGATIVE! YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!
GET SHAVED
SCUZZ-EATS
YOUR AVERAGE CRIMINAL WAS NO MASTERBRAIN. NEVER OVERLOOK THE OBVIOUS.

UNNFF!
OBSTRUCTION! YOU'RE BOOKED, CREEP!
ESTABLISH CONTROL RIGHT FROM THE START.
NEXT ONE WHO GETS IN MY WAY GETS MORE THAN A BUSTED JAW!
STOP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
DAMN! DAMN!

HOW D'YOU WANT IT, KILLOG – SHORT AND SWEET OR LONG AND CUBE-SHAPED?
YOUR CHOICE.
BACK-UP'S ON ITS WAY.
GOOD. SENTENCING?
ONE YEAR ON THE OBSTRUCTION CHARGE.
KILLOG GETS TWELVE FOR THE FIREBOMB – ANOTHER THREE FOR THE PROTECTION SCAM. CALL IT TWENTY FIVE TOTAL IF THE VICTIM DIES.
YOU THE OWNER?
YOU CAN DO SOME TIME, TOO
ME? WHA-WHAT FOR –?
FIRE EXIT
FIRE EXIT IS CHAINED UP. A SERIOUS OFFENCE
FIRES CAN BE VERY DANGEROUS. ASK KILLOG HERE.
WELL SPOTTED. I COULD'VE FAILED YOU ON THAT.
SENTENCE?
SIX MONTHS.
THREE'S PROBABLY ENOUGH TO GET THE MESSAGE HOME. STILL – YOUR SHOW.

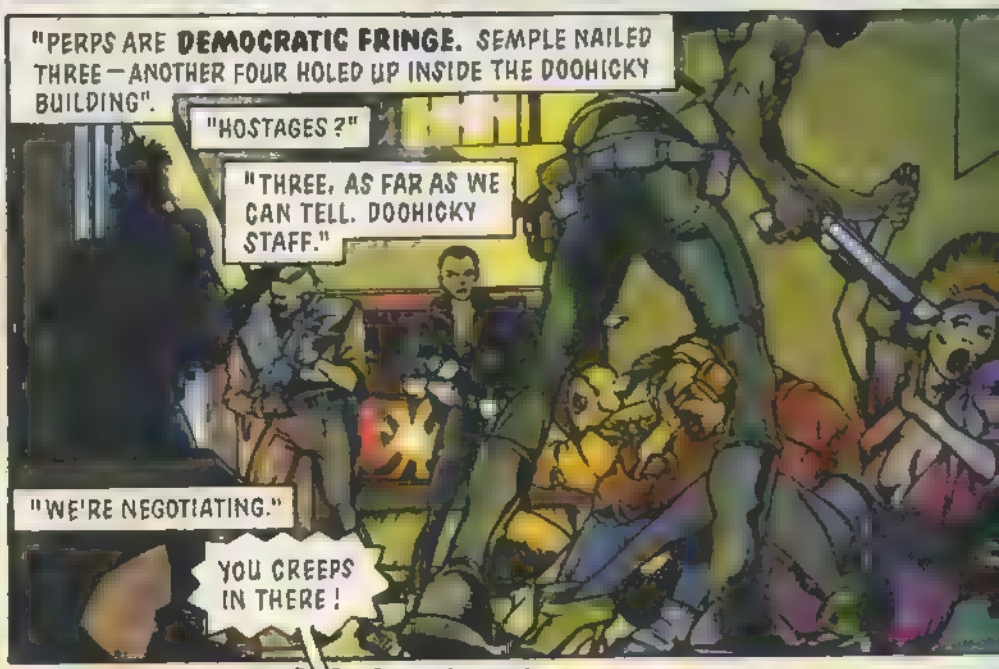
DROP KILLOG OFF AT THE SECTOR HOUSE. IN-DEPTH INTERROGATION. NO TELLING WHAT OTHER LITTLE TITBITS THEY MIGHT COME UP WITH.
HE SLIPPED UP
KRAKEN?
DREDD
SHOULD'VE FOLLOWED IN SOONER NO WAY WAS HE IN POSITION TO OBSERVE THE SHOOTING
SLOPPY
STILL A GOOD JUDGE THOUGH.
ALL AVAILABLE UNITS. HOSTAGE SITUATION IN PROGRESS. RIDGEMONT PLAZA!
LET'S GO!
NEXT PROG: SLAUGHTERHOUSE

2000
AD
FEATURING

JUDGE DREDD

TALE OF THE DEAD MAN

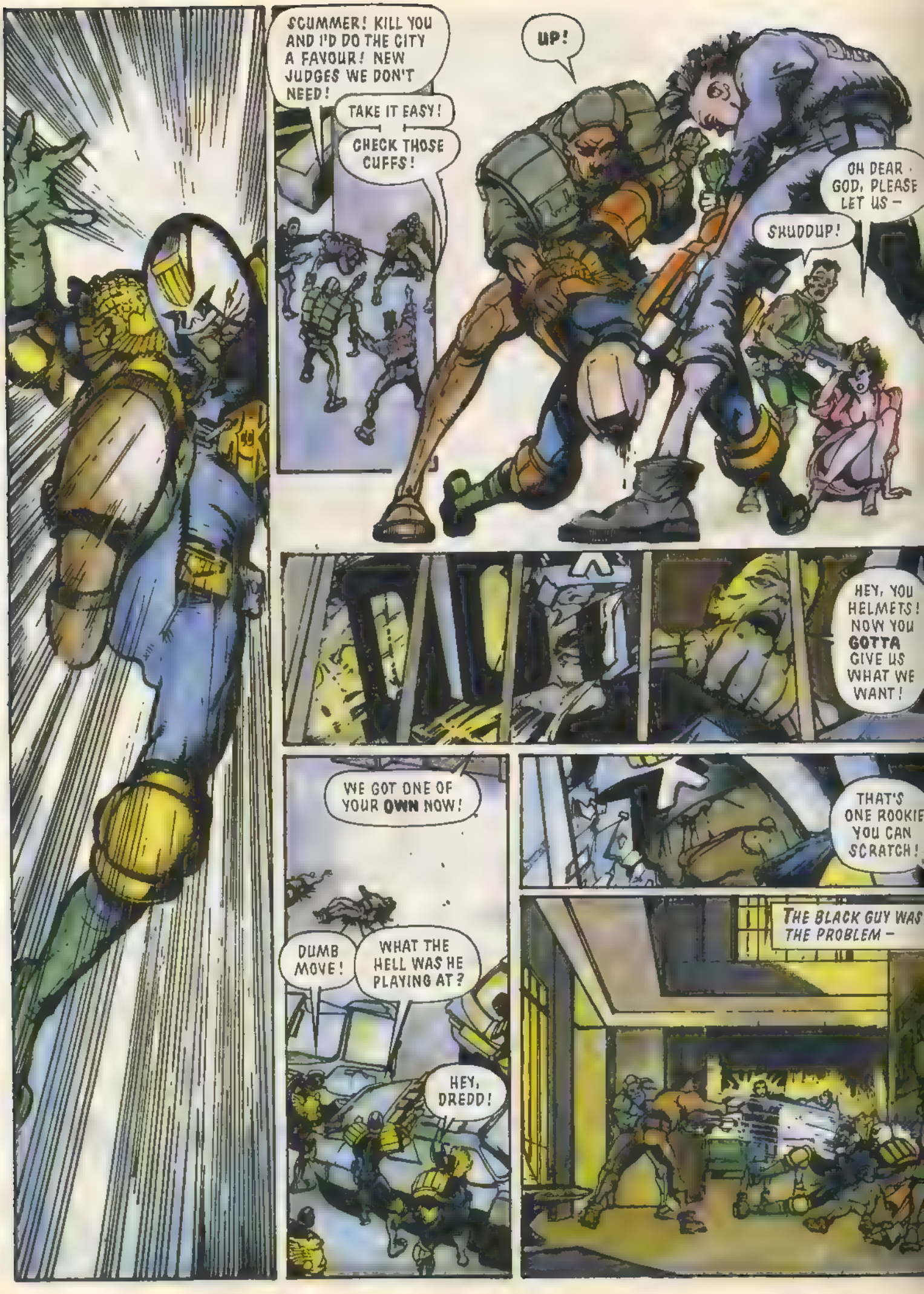
PART THREE



IF YOU'RE SO HOT ON DEMOCRACY LET THOSE HOSTAGES VOTE ON WHETHER THEY WALK OUTA THERE—!
THINK YOU COULD HANDLE IT?
I'D LIKE TO TRY, SIR.
AMBROSE! HAND OVER TO KRAKEN HERE.
YOU LIKE TO THROW 'EM IN AT THE DEEP END.
SINK OR SWIM, MORPH.
"WASN'T THAT HOW YOU PUT IT... WHEN I WAS YOUR ROOKIE?"
THEY WANT A PARDON FOR BETHANN ROSIE AND NINETY EIGHT OTHERS ARRESTED ON THE DEMOCRATIC MARCH— THAT AND SAFE PASSAGE OUT OF THE CITY.
OUR LINE IS NO ON BOTH COUNTS.
"THINK I MIGHTA SAID 'MAKE OR BREAK'."
"DIFFERENT CLICHÉ—SAME DIFFERENCE."
"IT'S ALL ON THE LINE."
YOU IN THERE!

WE'VE REAPPRAISED OUR POSITION. WE'RE WILLING TO GRANT CERTAIN OF YOUR DEMANDS—BUT ANY CONCESSIONS MUST DEPEND ON THE HOSTAGES REMAINING UNHARMED!
BEFORE WE BEGIN NEGOTIATING WE HAVE TO MAKE SURE THE HOSTAGES ARE ALIVE AND WELL! I'M COMING IN!
THEN YOU'LL BE ONE STINKIN' JUDGE LESS!
I REPEAT— NO NEGOTIATIONS UNTIL WE SEE THE HOSTAGES!
I'M COMING IN UNARMED—
IN CUFFS!
CLICK!
RIGHT, MAN. YOU'RE DEAD!

WAIT!
LET HIM COME!
YOU'RE CRAZY! WE'RE NOT LETTING A JUDGE IN HERE!
HE'S UNARMED — HE'S GOT CUFFS ON. ANYWAY —
352
HE'S ONLY A ROOKIE!
COMPLEX
JUNKERS
RUBIC
HE'S A COOL ONE, THAT'S FOR SURE. REMINDS ME OF YOU, JOE...
COME TO THINK OF IT, KID EVEN LOOKS LIKE YOU.
MORPH... HE IS ME.
YOU MEAN —?
JUDDA.


SCUMMER! KILL YOU AND I'D DO THE CITY A FAVOUR! NEW JUDGES WE DON'T NEED!
TAKE IT EASY!
CHECK THOSE CUFFS!
UP!
OH DEAR · GOD, PLEASE LET US –
SHUDDUP!
HEY, YOU HELMETS! NOW YOU GOTTA GIVE US WHAT WE WANT!
WE GOT ONE OF YOUR OWN NOW!
THAT'S ONE ROOKIE YOU CAN SCRATCH!
DUMB MOVE!
WHAT THE HELL WAS HE PLAYING AT?
HEY, DREDD!
THE BLACK GUY WAS THE PROBLEM –

CREEP HAD THAT WEAPON TIGHT ON THE WOMAN. FIRST SHOT WAS GOING TO REMOVE HER HEAD.
SO THIS IS DEMOCRACY, EH?
YOU SORRY LITTLE BUNCH OF LOSERS!
YOU SHUT YOUR MOUTH!
IF THIS IS WHAT YOU'RE FIGHTING TO BRING US THEN THE SOONER YOU'RE ALL CUBED UP, THE BETTER!
I TOLD YOU—!
RIDE THE BLOW—
RICK! DON'T KILL HIM! WE NEED HIM!
DISLODGE THAT WEAPON—
COME UP READY!
GEEZ—!

UNNGGG!
BLAMM!
BADDOW!
BADDOW!
BADDOW!
AAAGHH!

GO!
GRUD!
THEY CHEERED HIM WHEN HE CAME OUT – FIRST TIME DREDD HAD EVER SEEN THAT. TWENTY YEAR MEN, FORGETTING THEMSELVES. . .
LIKE THEY'D BEEN WATCHING HOUDINI...
SO THOSE WERE DEMOCRATS, HUH?
THEY'RE NOT ALL LIKE THAT. SOME OF THEM ARE GOOD PEOPLE, KRAKEN. REMEMBER THAT.
JUST WIND HIM UP AND LET HIM GO. YES, SIR. HE'S GOING TO BE A GOOD ONE, JOE.
COULD EVEN BE BETTER THAN YOU.
NEXT PROG: 99 RED!

YOUR BOY TOOK A BIG CHANCE THERE
TALE OF THE DEAD MAN
IF HE'D MESSED UP .. ALL OR NOTHING.
THAT OUGHT TO SATISFY EVEN DREDD
WOULD YOU EXPECT ANYTHING ELSE — FROM HIS BLOODLINE ?
JUDGE DREDD
DREDD — ODELL.
YOU'LL BE RETURNING TO G.H. NOW —
NEGATIVE
ASSESSMENT NOT YET COMPLETE.
RESUMING PATROL

SO THE OLD MAN WAS DETERMINED TO PUT HIM THROUGH THE WRINGER
FAIR ENOUGH. IT'S WHAT HE WAS THERE FOR
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF YOUR JUDDA. NOW, ROOKIE?
JUDDA. ?
THAT'S WHAT I SAID.
I UNDERSTAND THAT I WAS MISLED.
BRAINWASHED
"I WAS A TOOL JUDD TWISTED TO HIS OWN USE — A TIME BOMB TURNED AGAINST THE RIGHTFUL AUTHORITIES OF THIS CITY...
THIS CITY WHERE MY DESTINY LAY
"I KNEW IT — AS SOON AS I SAW THE STREETS IT HIT ME LIKE A CHARGE OF ELECTRICITY THIS WAS WHERE I BELONGED
"BUT NOT JUDD'S WAY. THAT WAS A LIE. I SEE THAT NOW."

HOTTIES?
YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW WHAT MAKES THE PEOPLE TICK, KRAKEN
THEY EAT THIS?
THEY DO JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING YOU CARE TO NAME WITH IT— AND A FEW THINGS BESIDES.
BUT THAT'S PEOPLE FOR YOU. THEY GO THEIR OWN DAMNED WAY WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT. AND NOTHING WE SAY OR DO IS EVER GOING TO CHANGE THAT.
NO MATTER HOW MUCH WE KID OURSELVES IT WILL
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
JUST THAT MAYBE WE SHOULD RELAX A LITTLE, GO WITH THE FLOW, STOP TRYING TO TURN PEOPLE INTO ROBOTS
EVER WONDER IF YOU'VE JUST TRADED ONE LIE FOR ANOTHER?
EXPLAIN.
THE LEGEND OF MEGA-CITY ONE—
THE IRON FIST OF JUSTICE—HARSH LAWS FOR THE GOOD OF ALL—THE CHAOS ALTERNATIVE—
THEY MUST HAVE DRUMMED IT INTO YOU.
YOU KNOW WE SYSTEMATICALLY TRANQUILLISE WHOLE SECTIONS OF THE POPULATION? THAT WE KEEP A GREATER PROPORTION OF OUR CITIZENS LOCKED AWAY THAN ANY OTHER CITY ON THIS EARTH?
I hope you don't mind all these questions. I'm only asking because I foresee you wouldn't be part of a system that was bad for us. There must be an explanation for everything it's just that I can't see it.
Yours sincerely
Wm. Wordsworth
THAT WE'LL TAKE ANY ACTION— INCLUDING REWRITING THOSE LAWS WE HOLD SO DEAR—TO STOP THE PEOPLE HAVING THE SLIGHTEST SAY IN THEIR OWN LIVES?
THE OLD MAN WAS TESTING HIM. CAUTION.

He'd had no opportunity yet to form an opinion. He had no reason to doubt his instructors.
The tranquillisation programme was under review and might be stopped.
Firm control was essential. Citizens could not be trusted to govern themselves. It had been tried before. The judges themselves had grown out of the chaos that resulted.
The answers were careful, rehearsed — but that was nothing unusual in a rookie.
He listened, alert for any note of falsehood, any lingering vestige of resentment hidden deep beneath the words.
If there were, he'd know. He felt sure of it.
He of all people
The bloodline.
This boy couldn't lie to him.
Maybe that was why they'd given him Kraken.
Or part of it
Ricochet!

WALK
PERFORMANCE WITHOUT FLAW. THIS VERSION OF HIMSELF. HE SEEMED TOTALLY AT HOME ON THESE STREETS
NOT SURPRISING.
BUT KRAKEN WAS JUDDA. COULD THEY EVER KILL THE JUDDA IN HIM?
THAT POISON RAN DEEP.
YET SO DID FIFTEEN YEARS AT THE ACADEMY OF LAW... AND HE HAD DOUBTS
MAYBE HE OUGHT TO QUIT. MAYBE NOW WAS THE TIME. TAKE HIMSELF AND HIS DOUBTS OFF INTO THE CURSED EARTH...
HE REMEMBERED OLD MINTY'S WORDS...
WHEN YOU GET OLD YOU START GETTIN STRANGE NOTIONS. LIKE MAYBE PEOPLE AREN'T SO BAD. MAYBE IF WE TREAT 'EM WITH KINDNESS THE GOOD IN THEM WILL COME OUT.
I GUESS THAT'S WHEN IT'S TIME TO QUIT.
LEAVE THE CITY TO THE KRAKENS — THE NEW YOUNG TURKS WHO REALLY BELIEVED...
ALL UNITS! CODE 99 RED. STROOB AND VINER!

99 RED — JUDGE IN TROUBLE!
LET'S GO!
CONTROL — KRAKEN!
NOW FOUR BLOCKS EAST OF VINER! REQUEST FURTHER DATA ON THAT 99!
TWO MEN IN GREEN TWO-TONE. VEHICLE HAS CRASHED. MEN LAST SEEN FLEEING INTO RUBER'S DEPARTMENT. JUDGE IS DOWN.
JUDGE IS MORPHY.
MORPH!
TWO GUYS! THEY'RE IN THE D-MART!
JUST .. JUST PULLED 'EM OVER TO WRITE A TICKET OUT A BANG
CREEP WHIPS A COOLER
DUMB .
DUMB WAY FOR A FORTY-YEAR MAN TO GO...
HANG ON, MORPH! MED-WAGON'S COMING!

GUESS I .. I'M NOT GONNA MAKE THAT TEACHING JOB AFTER ALL, JOE...
SOMETHING TO STEM THE BLOOD -! KRAKEN! HURRY IT -
GRUD!

'SA 'SA WAY IT GOES. I GUESS

MORPH!
LEAVE HIM.

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, OLD MAN - HE'S GONE.
LEAVE HIM!

LET'S GET THE CREEPS WHO DID IT!
NEXT PROG:
TERMINAL INTENT

2000 AD

FEATURING

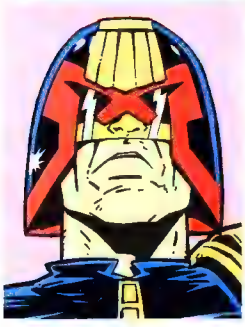
JUDGE DREDD

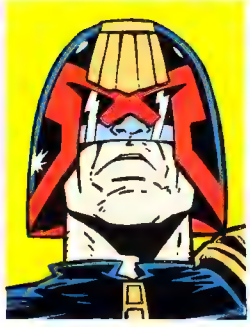
IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY

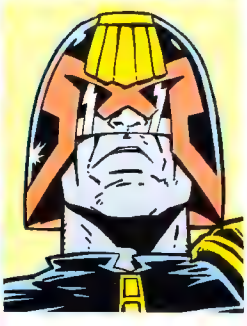
PROG 666

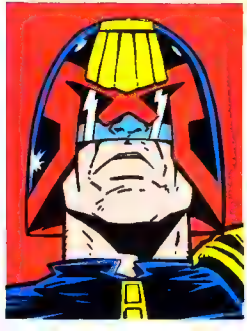
40p

17 FEB 1990









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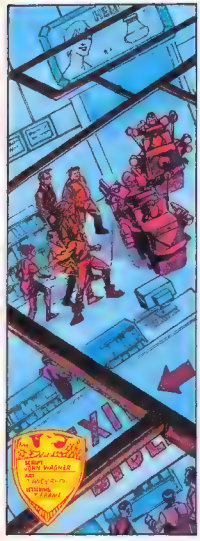
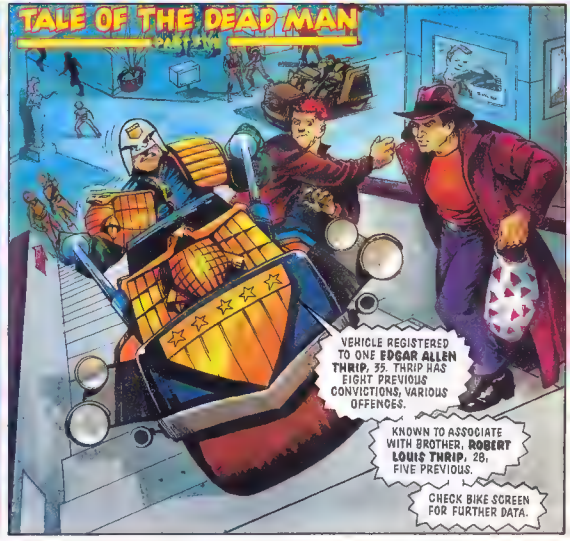
JUDGE DREDD
CONTROL – KRAKEN!

MORPHY'S DEAD! IN PURSUIT OF TWO GUNMEN!
VEHICLE REGISTRATION RZ0027HWAM! RUN A CHECK!

TOY


TAXI


TALE OF THE DEAD MAN
PART TWO
VEHICLE REGISTERED TO ONE EDGAR ALLEN THRIP, 35. THRIP HAS EIGHT PREVIOUS CONVICTIONS, VARIOUS OFFENCES.
KNOWN TO ASSOCIATE WITH BROTHER, ROBERT LOUIS THRIP, 28, FIVE PREVIOUS.
CHECK BIKE SCREEN FOR FURTHER DATA.

ROGER, CONTROL. HAVE THAT VEHICLE TAKEN APART. COULD BE THEY WERE CARRYING SOMETHING THEY DIDN'T WANT MORPHY TO FIND OUT ABOUT.
STOP THEM!
MORPH...
SO YOU'RE MY HOTSHOT ROOKIE, HUH?
OKAY, LET'S SEE HOW HOT YOU ARE, SON!

MED UNIT TO RUBER EXIT IN UNDERPASS! CITIZEN DOWN!
SPLIT UP, KRAKEN!
IN AT THE DEEP END, SON. SINK OR SWIM. ONLY WAY.
YOU DON'T MAKE IT TODAY, YOU DON'T MAKE IT ANY DAY.

TOO MANY PEOPLE. COULDN'T RISK A SHOT.
AGGHH!
CITIZENS GETTING HURT. HE **HAD** TO.
UHHH!
YOU KILLED A JUDGE, CREED! I'M PUTTING YOU AWAY FOR A LONG TIME!

ZOOM STOP
ZOOM STOP
JOE...!

THANKS, JOEY BOY. NEARLY A GONER THERE. NOT AS LIMBER AS I USED TO BE.
YOU'RE NOT READY FOR THE BONEYARD YET, SIR. YOU'RE STILL A DAMNED FINE JUDGE.
CODE

YOU GOT ME, MAN! I GIVE UP!
YOU EARNED THAT FULL EAGLE, JOE. BEST ROOKIE I EVER HAD, BAR NONE.
FARGO WOULD'VE BEEN PROUD OF YOU.
FARGO.. HE MAY HAVE BEEN HIS CLONE-FATHER...
BUT MORPH...MORPH HAD BEEN LIKE A REAL FATHER TO HIM.
TH-THERE'S A ZOOM COMIN', MAN—!
THE MAN YOU KILLED WAS WORTH A THOUSAND OF YOU!
WHY SHOULD I LET YOU LIVE?

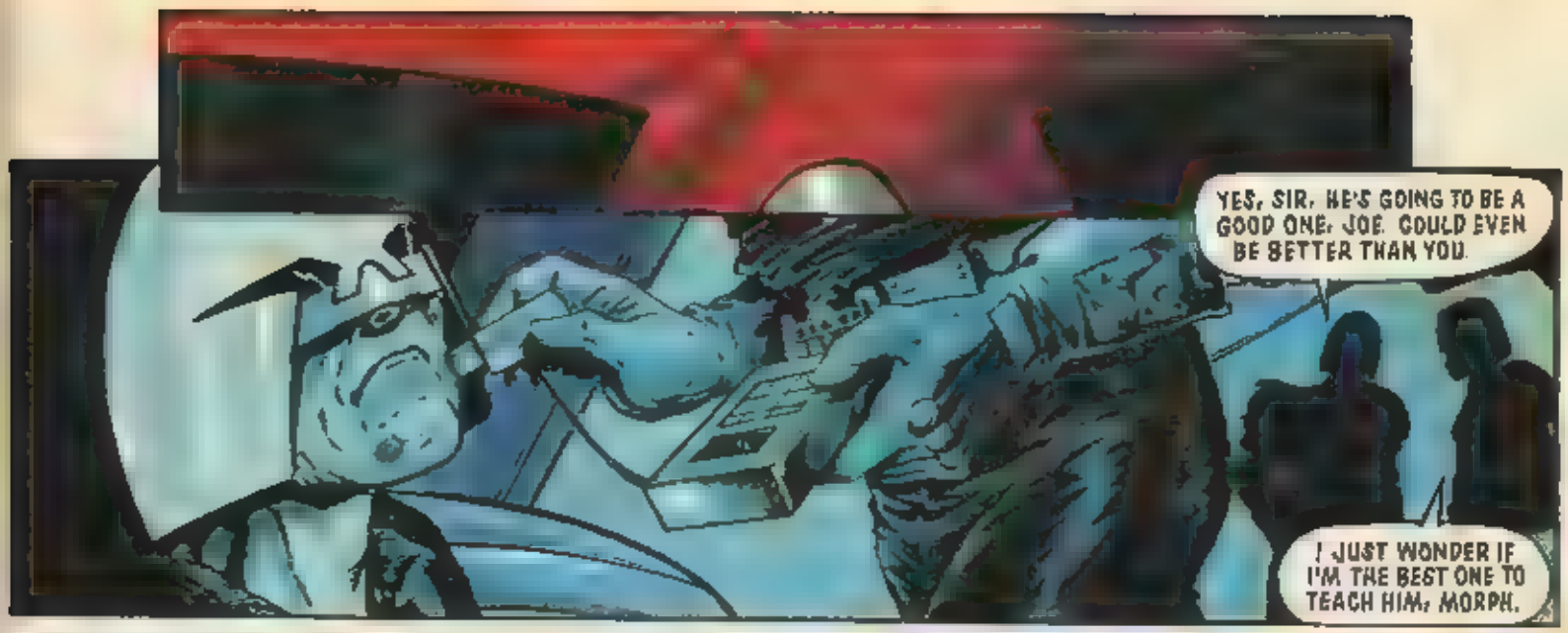
HONNNNNNGG
DREDD!
NEXT PROG: LIFE AND DEATH!

JUDGE DREDD
IT WASN'T ME KILLED THAT JUDGE! IT WAS BOBBY!
YOU WERE THERE! THAT'S ENOUGH!
TALE OF THE DEAD MAN
PART SIX
THIS IS ONE ZOOM YOU'RE GOING TO CATCH!
DON'T DO THIS, MAN—!
DREDD! IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

HONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN
P-PLEASE! GRUD GEEZ —
NNNNNGGGGGGGGGG!
NOOOO!
AHHHH!

GEEZ~!
OH GEEZ!
YOU DEAL WITH HIM, ROOKIE

FORTY KILOS OF PURE **STOOKIE** THE THRIP BROTHERS WERE MOVING INTO THE YOUTH BUSINESS.
NOT ANYMORE.
TOUGH ON THE OLD GUY... STILL, HE HAD A GOOD LONG INNINGS. NOT MANY LAST THIS LONG.
YOU WERE HIS **ROOKIE**, WEREN'T YOU?
YEAH.
I SAW H.M. JUST THIS MORNING


YES, SIR. HE'S GOING TO BE A GOOD ONE, JOE. COULD EVEN BE BETTER THAN YOU.
I JUST WONDER IF I'M THE BEST ONE TO TEACH HIM, MORPH.

STILL GOT THOSE DOUBTS?
THEY DON'T GO AWAY.
I KNOW, SON. I KNOW.

ME, I'M ON MY LAST SIX MONTHS. BEEN OFFERED A TEACHING POST AT THE ACADEMY. RECKON I'M GOING TO TAKE IT

NO. NEVER MAKE THAT TEACHING POST NOW, MORPH.

PATCH THIS SCUM UP AND LOCK IT AWAY.
THIRTY YEARS.

HEY, ROOKIE, WE FOUND FORTY KILOS OF —
LATER

MORPH... YOU COULD ALWAYS GO TO HIM FOR A FRIENDLY FACE, A WORD OF ADVICE...
IT HAPPENS TO ALL OF US HAPPENED TO ME ONCE. YOU START DOUBTING YOUR JUDGEMENT — THE WHOLE JOB YOU WONDER IF WHAT WE'RE DOING IS RIGHT, EVEN WHEN YOU KNOW IT IS.
TELL YOU HOW I GOT OVER IT... TIGHT BOOTS
TIGHT BOOTS?
I CHANGED MY BOOTS — STARTED WEARING A SIZE TOO SMALL.
BY GRUD, DID THOSE BOOTS HURT!
THING IS, JOE, I SPENT SO MUCH TIME CURSING OUT THOSE DAMNED BOOTS, I FORGOT ALL ABOUT MY OTHER WORRIES. I'VE NEVER LOOKED BACK SINCE.
STILL WEARING THOSE TIGHT BOOTS, MORPH.
DREDD —

YOU WENT WAY OVER THE TOP BACK THERE
THAT SO?
YOU DO THAT, ROOKIE.
IN ADDITION, I CONSIDER YOUR HESITATION COULD HAVE COST US THE PERPS. YOU ALLOWED A PERSONAL MATTER TO INTERFERE WITH YOUR DUTY. I SHALL HAVE TO INCLUDE THAT IN MY REPORT
YOU WERE A GOOD JUDGE ONCE BUT YOUR TIME IS OVER, OLD MAN.

ONE DEAD OLD MAN, OFF TO RESYK IN HIS TIGHT BOOTS.

ZIP HIM UP AND PACK HIM OFF. DON'T WASTE A SECOND

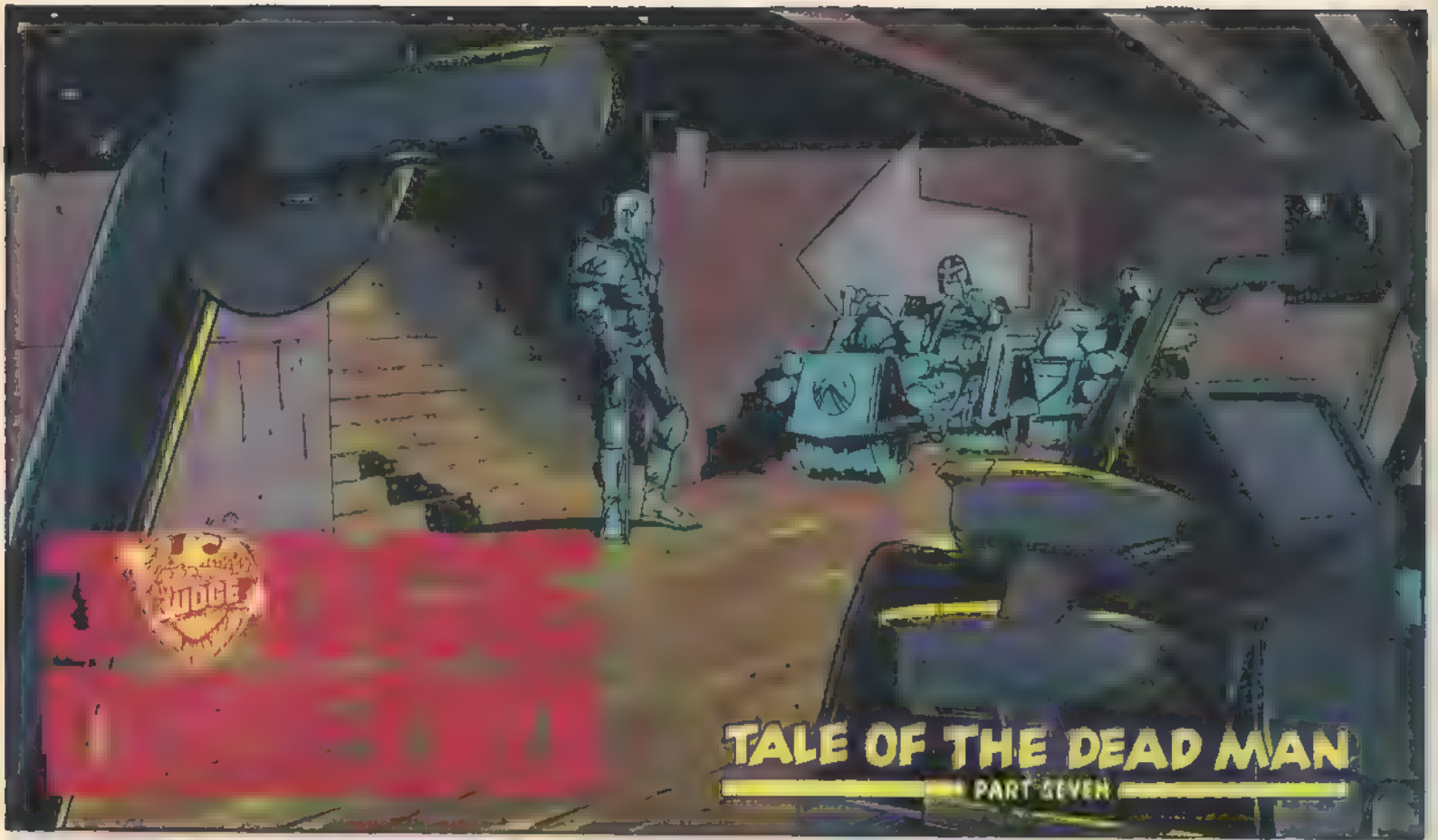
THEY COULDN'T EVEN AFFORD THE TIME TO CARE.

GOODBYE, OLD FRIEND.

DREDD— ODELL.
HOW MUCH LONGER IS THIS GOING TO TAKE?

RELAX, ODELL. I'M COMING IN.
THIS ASSESSMENT IS OVER.
NEXT PROG: LOOSE ENDS!

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
I QUIT!
PROG 568
40p
3 MAR 1990
DREDD LAYS
DOWN TH
770262 284012 09

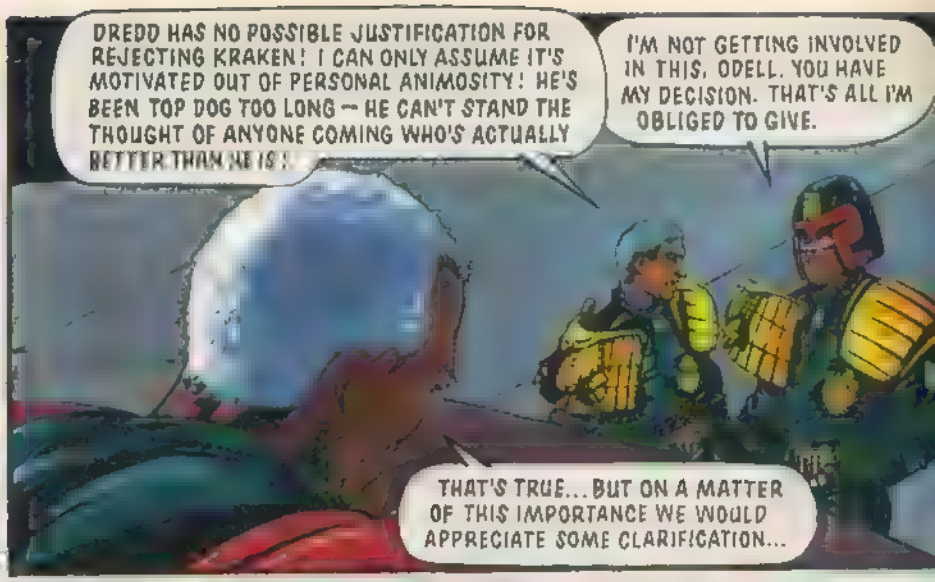

JUDGE
TALE OF THE DEAD MAN
PART SEVEN

YOU CAN RETURN TO YOUR QUARTERS NOW, KRAKEN. YOU'LL BE INFORMED OF MY DECISION IN DUE COURSE.
STORY JOHN WAGNER
ART J. ANDERSON
LETTERING T. FRAME

LEVEL 1
HE'S GOING TO FAIL ME.
SURELY NOT!
FOR WHAT REASON?

ASK HIM.

CHIEF JUDGE, I PROTEST MOST VEHEMENTLY!


DREDD HAS NO POSSIBLE JUSTIFICATION FOR REJECTING KRAKEN! I CAN ONLY ASSUME IT'S MOTIVATED OUT OF PERSONAL ANIMOSITY! HE'S BEEN TOP DOG TOO LONG — HE CAN'T STAND THE THOUGHT OF ANYONE COMING WHO'S ACTUALLY BETTER THAN HE IS!
I'M NOT GETTING INVOLVED IN THIS, ODELL. YOU HAVE MY DECISION. THAT'S ALL I'M OBLIGED TO GIVE.
THAT'S TRUE... BUT ON A MATTER OF THIS IMPORTANCE WE WOULD APPRECIATE SOME CLARIFICATION...

LET'S JUST SAY I DON'T BELIEVE A LEOPARD CAN CHANGE ITS SPOTS. NOT THIS ONE ANYWAY.

THAT'S A SLUR! I WATCHED THE ENTIRE ASSESSMENT! KRAKEN PERFORMED FLAWLESSLY — AN EXHIBITION OF GOOD JUDGING.
IF ANYONE DIDN'T COME UP TO STANDARD IT WAS YOU —

THAT'S ENOUGH! I APPOINTED DREDD BECAUSE I FELT HE WAS THE BEST MAN FOR THE JOB. IF HE REFUSES TO APPROVE KRAKEN THEN WE MUST ACCEPT IT.
NOW IF THERE'S NO MORE BUSINESS —
JUST ONE THING, CHIEF JUDGE —

I'M TENDERING MY RESIGNATION
I REQUEST PERMISSION TO TAKE THE LONG WALK.

I... FEARED THIS MIGHT HAPPEN. IS THERE NO POSSIBILITY OF PERSUADING YOU TO RECONSIDER...?
NONE.
IN THAT CASE I WON'T TRY. I'M SURE YOU'VE THOUGHT LONG AND HARD ABOUT THIS
THE CEREMONY WILL TAKE PLACE TOMORROW AT DAWN.
I'M SORRY TO LOSE YOU, DREDD. YOU KNOW THAT. YOU'LL BE SORELY MISSED.
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LET HIM GET AWAY WITH THIS! KRAKEN—
LEAVE IT, ODELL.
YOU WILL REPEAT NOTHING OF WHAT YOU'VE HEARD HERE. I'M ORDERING A NEWS BLACKOUT ON DREDD'S RESIGNATION — NOT ONE WORD GETS OUT TO THE CITY.
HE TIDIED UP A FEW LOOSE ENDS.
OUT
WORKING METHODICALLY, CAREFUL TO CONCEAL THE TURMOIL GOING ON WITHIN...
DREDD
A LIFETIME OF CERTAINTY — BLOWN APART BY A LETTER.
14th May, 2112
Wm. Wenders,
Apt 902,
Tom Jefferson Block,
Sector 240
Dear Judge Dredd,
I'm doing a Social Studies project for my school, Tom Jefferson Junior (maybe you remember it — you busted three juves there last month for running a protection racket?). I wonder if you'd mind answering a few questions? The project's about the Benefits of our Judge System, and there are some things that don't seem to add up to me. I know you'll be able to explain them
WORDS... JUST WORDS...

YET THEY CUT SHARP AND DEEP AS A BOOT KNIFE –
Judges wouldn't hut an innocent citizen
You were in charge of the judges on the march
I know you wouldn't be part of a system that was bad
worst crime
CONNECT ME WITH THE JUDGE WARDEN, ISO BLOCK 19.
BUT, DREDD, NORMAL PROCEDURE IS –
I DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT NORMAL PROCEDURE. I PUT 'EM IN THERE, I CAN GET THEM OUT.
BLONDEL DUPRÉ – SIXTY TWO OTHERS STILL SERVING TIME FOR OFFENCES CONNECTED WITH THE DEMOCRATIC MARCH – HE'S ORDERED THEM ALL RELEASED.
SIGH! WHEN THEY FALL, THEY FALL HARD.
"DREDD'S CALL. JUST DO AS HE SAYS."
ON YOUR FEET, DUPRÉ!
IT'S CHRISTMAS.
BLONDEL!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT WHAT'S GOOD FOR THE PEOPLE?
DOING THINGS YOUR WAY? DOING WHAT WE'RE TOLD? FOLLOWING ORDERS? LIVING IN FEAR ALL OUR LIVES?
YOU'VE WON THIS BATTLE, DREDD, BUT THE REVOLUTION ISN'T OVER YET.
YOU CAN BEAT US WITH YOUR BOOTS AND YOUR DAYSTICKS, BUT YOU CAN'T CRUSH OUR IDEALS! FREEDOM – TRUTH – DEMOCRACY – THEY ALL LIVE WHERE YOU CAN'T TOUCH THEM – IN THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE!
AND ONE DAY THEY'RE GOING TO BEAT YOU!
THE HARM COULD NEVER BE UNDONE. IT WAS TOO LATE FOR THAT.
PERHAPS, IN THE END, IT WAS NO MORE THAN A GESTURE.

AS A SPECIAL PRIVILEGE YOU WILL BE PERMITTED TO RETAIN POSSESSION OF YOUR LAWMASTER BIKE. YOU WILL, OF COURSE, ENSURE THAT IT DOES NOT FALL INTO THE WRONG HANDS.
JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME, DREDD... KRAKEN — WHY?
DIDN'T TRUST HIM. A FEELING — NO, MORE THAN THAT.
IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN, BUT I KNOW...
BLOODLINE
FAREWELL, DREDD!
AS LONG AS MEGA-CITY ONE SURVIVES, YOUR NAME WILL BE HONOURED!

HE'D BEEN GOOD, ALL RIGHT. HAD KRAKEN. VERY GOOD.
HIS MASK HAD SLIPPED JUST ONCE.
YOUR TIME IS OVER, OLD MAN.
IN THAT ONE MOMENT ALL THE CONTEMPT — THE ARROGANCE — HAD RISEN TO THE SURFACE AND HE'D FELT THE HATRED STILL SMOULDERING BENEATH THE MASK...
THE JUDDA WAS NOT DEAD — MERELY RESTING.
AND NOW .
AND NOW MONTHS HAD PASSED AND THE HISSING SISTERS HAD COME AND LEFT THEIR CALLING CARD.
AND IF THEM, WHAT OF THEIR TWISTED KIN ?
HAD THE CITY BEEN SPARED ONE DISASTER — ONLY TO BE OVERWHELMED BY A GREATER ONE ?
WHAT FOUL DEEDS WERE AFOOT IN MEGA-CITY ONE ?

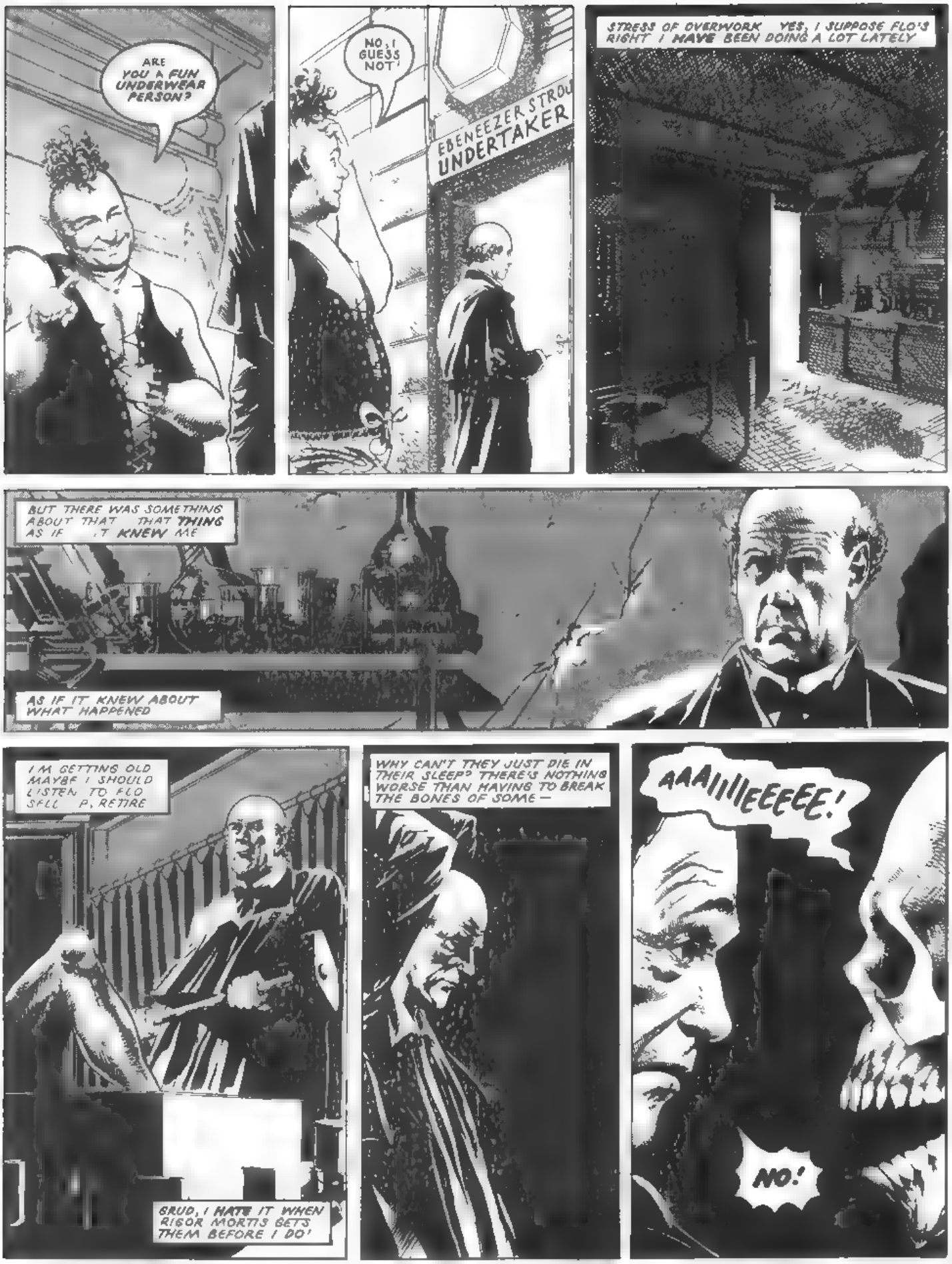
2000 AD
STAR SCAN
by D'ANTIQUIS

Anderson
PSI
DIVISION
AIIEEEEEEAIIEEEEEEAIEEEEEEE!
WRITER: ALAN GRANT
ART: DAVID A ROACH
LETTERING: S POTTER
AAAIIEEEEEEEEE!
THE SCREAMING SKULL
PART 1

K-KE-KEEP BACK
WH WHAT ARE YOU? WH WHAT DO YOU WANT W TH ME?
YOU KNOW WHO I AM EBENEEZER STROUD YOU KNOW WHY I AM HERE
YOUR S NS HAVE FOUND YOU OUT, EBENEEZER, NOW YOU MUST
PAY THE PRICE!
N-N-NO!
NOOOOOOOOO
EB
EB
EBENEEZER WHAT IN GRUD'S NAME DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
THERE THERE WAS A SKULL! IT WAS SCREAMING AT ME IT SAID I HAD TO PAY THE PRICE OF MY S NS
A SKULL— HUH A NIGHTMARE S ALL
I WARNED YOU, EB STROUD - YOU'RE WORKING TOO HARD IT'S ALL THE STRESS

GO BACK TO SLEEP NOW YOU NEED THE REST
I-I COULDN T, FLOELLA
IT S ALMOST DAWN I LL GET UP, GO N TO WORK EARLY
BUT IT S WORK NG SO HARD THAT S MAKING YOU LIKE THIS
OH WELL, SUIT YOURSELF JUST DON T SAY YOU WEREN T WARNED
,T S YOUR FUNERAL'
CONTROL? PSI-MONITOR ROOM
WE GOT A POTENTIAL JUDGE-KILLER, GENERAL VICINITY NIXON PLAZA ALERT ALL UNITS
ALSO A SU CIDE, BONNER'S BRIDGE NO HURRY— SHE WON'T BE LEAPIN FOR AN HOUR OR SO
HATE THIS CITY' GONNA SHOW THESE STINKIN' JUDGES
SO SAD NO POINT BETTER TO DIE
-AREFUL WITH THAT BLAMTEX, PINHEAD
OH SERGE' SERGE SERGE'

THERE'S A HEIST ABOUT TO GO DOWN AT THE ALGAE FARM IN 'DUST-ZONE 11 CAUTION - EXPLOSIVES INVOLVED
HANG ON - LOOKS LIKE WE GOT SOMETHIN' ELSE -
WELL?
HARD TO SAY MURDER, FOR STARTERS - BUT THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN THAT COULDN'T QUITE TELL WHAT THOUGH
EXCUSE ME, SIR.
MY NAME IS KALVIN KING, AND I WANT TO ASK YOU THIS ALL-IMPORTANT QUESTION -
I'LL CHECK IT MYSELF
SORRY FALSE ALARM THAT'S IT EXCEPT -
"IF ANYBODY'S AT A LOOSE END THERE'S A COUPLE BREAK'N SEVERAL LAWS IN THE BRAIN PED TUNNEL."


ARE YOU A FUN UNDERWEAR PERSON?
NO, I GUESS NOT
EBENEEZER STROU
UNDERTAKER
STRESS OF OVERWORK YES, I SUPPOSE FLO'S RIGHT I HAVE BEEN DOING A LOT LATELY
BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THAT THAT THING AS IF IT KNEW ME
AS IF IT KNEW ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED
I M GETTING OLD MAYBE I SHOULD LISTEN TO FLO SELL P, RETIRE
BRUD, I HATE IT WHEN RIGOR MORTIS BETS THEM BEFORE I DO!
WHY CAN'T THEY JUST DIE IN THEIR SLEEP? THERE'S NOTHING WORSE THAN HAVING TO BREAK THE BONES OF SOME—
AAAIIIIEEEEE!
NO!

YOUR SINS HAVE FOUND YOU OUT EBENEEZER! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE YOUR DOOM!
K-KEEP BACK FROM ME I'M WARN NG YOU-
EXCUSE ME, MA'AM
MY NAME IS KALVIN KING, AND I WANT TO ASK YOU TH S ALL IMPORTANT QUESTION ARE YOU A FUN UNDERWEAR PERSON?
OH
IF I AM, PAL, YOU'LL NEVER KNOW
NOW SCRAM, BEFORE RUN YOU IN FOR SALAC OUS SUGGESTION!
GRUD ON A GREENIE
AAAH!
I HEARD OF THE BUS NESS EXPANSION SCHEME— BUT THAT'S NO WAY TO GO DRUMMIN UP NEW CUSTOMERS!
NEXT: PROS
LOVE'S EB... AND FLO

Anderson PSI DIVISION

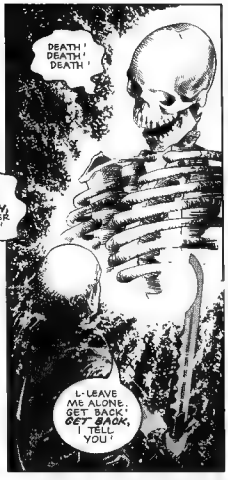
THE WAGES OF SIN IS ***DEATH***, EBENEZER STROUD!

STORY ALAN GRANT

ART DAVID A. ROACH

LETTERING S. POTTER

THE SCREAMING SKULL — PART 2



NO? TRY TELLIN' THAT TO THE LITTLE FAT GUY IN LACE PANTS LYIN' OUTSIDE WITH A HAMMER EMBEDDED IN HIS SKULL!
A HAMMER YOU THREW!
SO LET'S HEAR IT! WHAT'S YOUR STORY?
IT...IT WAS AN ACCIDENT
THERE'S THIS SKULL, YOU SEE IT'S BEEN HARASSING ME—IT SAID MY SINS HAVE FOUND ME OUT, AND I'VE GOT TO MEET MY DEATH!
IT'S LIKE A GHOST, FLOELLA—THAT'S MY WIFE—SAYS IT'S A HALLUCINATION, CAUSED BY STRESS. SHE WANTS ME TO RETIRE—
WHOA! BACK UP A LITTLE
EXACTLY WHAT SINS HAVE FOUND YOU OUT?
N-NONE! I'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING WRONG!
YOU'RE ALREADY DOIN' TEN YEARS LYIN' TO A JUDGE IS GOOD FOR ANOTHER THREE.
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT I'LL TELL YOU!
NOW OUT WITH IT, CREEP—OR WOULD YOU RATHER I COME IN AN' START IT?
ULP!
IT HAPPENED A LONG TIME AGO, JUST AFTER I SET UP IN THE UNDERTAKING TRADE..

"IT WAS MY VERY FIRST CORPSE— THE SON OF A SOUTH-SIDE MILLIONAIRE HIS PARENTS WANTED HIS BODY TO LIE IN STATE FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS BEFORE HE WAS RECYCLED—"
YOU CAN SAFELY LEAVE HIM TO ME, SIR— MA'AM
"HE'D BEEN FATALLY CRUSHED BY A GRAND PIANO NOT A PRETTY SIGHT. CERTIFIED DEAD BY THE FAMILY ROBO-DOC
"ONLY, THERE'D BEEN SOME MISTAKE HE WAS STILL ALIVE.
Uuh...uhh!
"MY FIRST INSTINCT WAS TO CALL FOR HELP. BUT THEN I THOUGHT— HE'S MY FIRST JOB. WHAT KIND OF IMPRESSION WOULD IT CREATE IF I HANDED HIM BACK ALIVE?
"BESIDES, HE REALLY WAS IN A BAD WAY. I DON'T THINK THE DOCS COULD HAVE SAVED HIM. WHAT I DID WAS THE ONLY HUMANE THING IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES—"

CHEEZ! YOU'RE ALL HEART, EB
I HAD TO DO IT THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY!
AND NOW, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS— HE'S COME BACK TO HAUNT ME!
HAUNT, SHMAUNT! THERE'S NO TRACE OF ANYTHING SUPERNATURA... HERE.
ANYBODY ELSE FIND OUT WHAT YOU DID? THE PARENTS, MAYBE?
NO, NO— THEY NEVER REALISED, AND I ONLY EVER TOLD ONE OTHER PERSON...

MY WIFE. FLOELLA.
FLOELLA STROUD?
IS... IS SOMETHING WRONG, JUDGE?
I'M AFRAID I HAVE SOME BAD NEWS.

EBENEEZER?
WHAT HAPPENED? IS HE HURT?
NO. HE'S IN A CUBE, DOIN' TWENTY YEARS FOR DOUBLE MURDER!
NO HE CAN'T BE. THAT WASN'T ... THAT WASN'T
WASN'T THE WAY IT WAS MEANT TO WORK OUT? I DIDN'T THINK SO
AIEEEEEEEEE!
AAAAH!
WHAT—?
WHAT'S THAT?
SINS HAVE FOUND YOU OUT! DEATH! DEATH...
P-EASE! GET IT AWAY FROM ME! GET IT AWAY!

NO NEED. THE HOLOGRAM'S SET TO FADE AFTER TEN SECONDS ... AS YOU WELL KNOW, CONSIDERING YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SET IT!
I'M SORRY, I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T MEAN FOR IT TO END LIKE THIS!
I'LL BET!
OTHER WOMEN BECOME GOLF-WIDOWS, OR BRIDGE-WIDOWS ... BUT FOR THE PAST TWENTY YEARS I'VE BEEN A CORPSE-WIDOW!
WORK ALWAYS CAME FIRST WITH EB. I HARDLY EVER SAW HIM — AND WHEN I DID, HE SMELLED OF FORMALDEHYDE, AND OLD BLOOD, AND COLD WAXY SKIN!
I HATED EVERY MINUTE!
SO YOU PROGRAMMED THE SCREAMING SKULL INTO A HOLO-PROJECTOR, HOPIN' THE MEMORY OF THE MAN HE KILLED WOULD DRIVE YOUR HUSBAND MAD?
NO — NOT THAT AT ALL!
I ONLY WANTED HIM TO THINK HE WAS WORKING TOO HARD — SO HE'D GIVE UP UNDERTAKING, AND RETIRE. WE'RE GETTING OLD, ME AND EB. I ONLY WANTED US TO SPEND OUR FINAL FEW YEARS TOGETHER!
WELL, YOU GOT YOUR WISH, LADY..
I'LL SEE YOU'RE PUT IN ADJOINING CUBES!
THE END

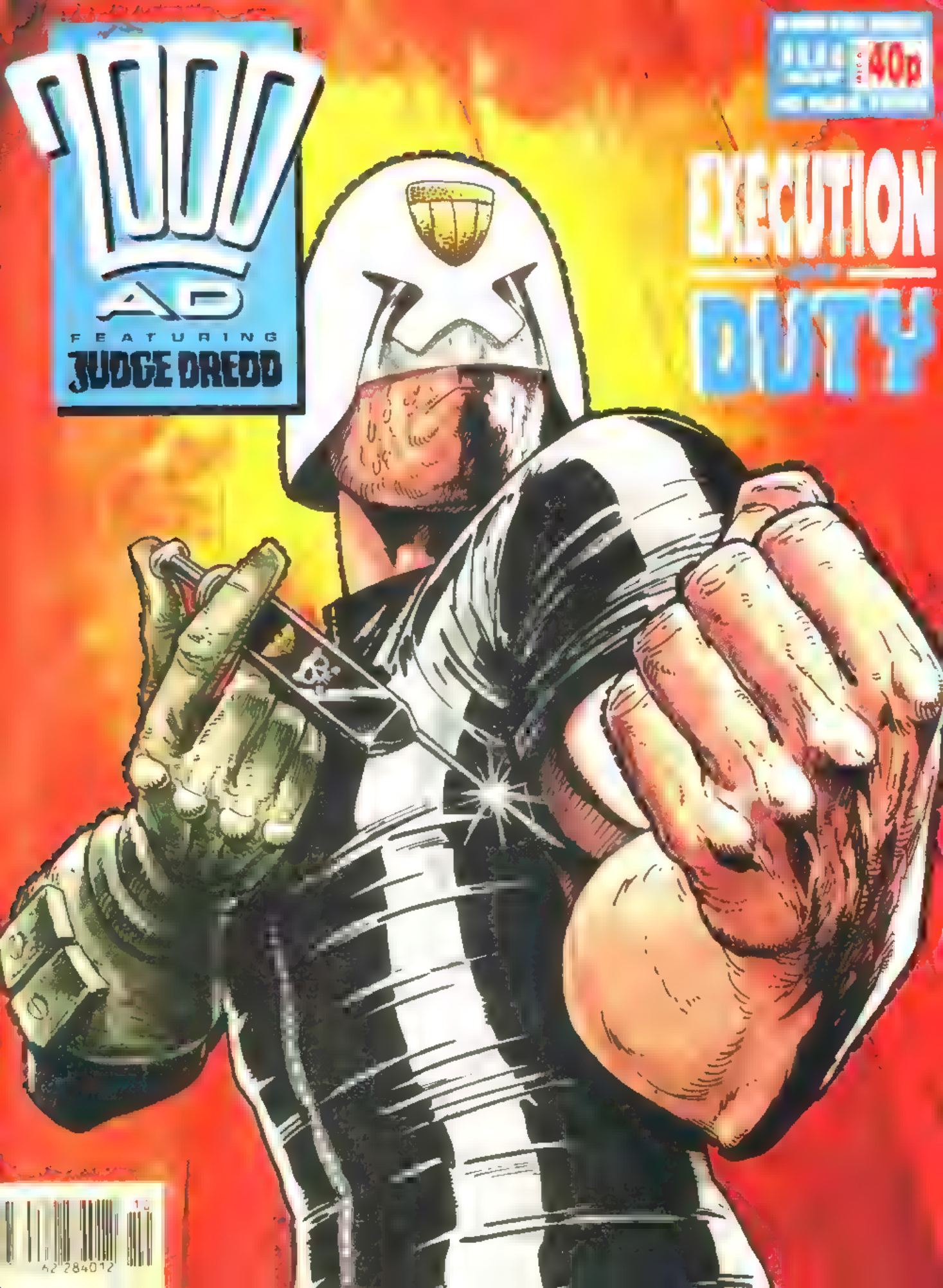
2000 AD

FEATURING

JUDGE DREDD

40p

EXECUTION DUTY



THEY'D LOCKED HIM IN LAST NIGHT
TAKEN HIS WEAPONS
FIRST TIME THEY'D DONE THAT IN ALMOST A YEAR
OMINOUS
ODELL HAD BEEN THE OLD MAN WAS MORE UPSET THAN HE WAS
WHEN YOU GET OLD IT'S HARDER TO CONTROL THE EMOTIONS
JUDGE DREDD
BY LETHAL INJECTION
PART ONE
CALM. HE MUST BE CALM
COUNTDOWN NECROPOLIS
5

WELL?
I TRIED, BELIEVE ME, KRAKEN
THE.. THE CHIEF JUDGE REFUSED TO SEE ME
THAT'S IT, THEN I'M OUT!
DAMN DREDD
DREDD'S GONE?
DAWN THIS MORNING
BUT NOT BEFORE HE ORDERED THE RELEASE OF OVER SIXTY PRISONERS DEMOCRATS--
CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT? DEMOCRATS!
THE MAN HAS OBVIOUSLY CRACKED- YET THEY STILL ACCEPT HIS JUDGEMENT ON YOU!
"PERHAPS HE WAS RIGHT PERHAPS HE SAW SOMETHING IN ME THAT NO ONE ELSE COULD -- BLOODLINE..."
"YOUR ATTITUDE DOES YOU CREDIT, KRAKEN."
HE CAN ACTUALLY HEAR THE LUMP RISE IN THE OLD MAN'S THROAT

"CADET KRAKEN REPORTING AS ORDERED, SIR"
DEPUTY PRINCIPAL
KRAKEN, YOU HAVE BEEN EXAMINED AND FOUND UNFIT TO TAKE UP DUTIES AS A JUDGE OF MEGA-CITY ONE DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY BEFORE I PROCEED?
IT'S A LIE! I DID NOTHING WRONG! NOTHING!
NO, SIR
"IT IS MY DUTY TO STRIP YOU OF ALL MARKS OF RANK AND INSIGN A YOUR NAME WILL BE FORMALLY POSTED AS FAILED AND DISCHARGED"
WHY DID DREDD DO IT? WHY?
I HEREBY DISMISS YOU FROM THE ACADEMY OF LAW
MAY SAY NOW SORRY I AM WE ..WE REALLY THOUGHT WE'D MADE IT WITH YOU I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND
WORDS OF SYMPATHY HE HARDLY HEARS THEM
SICK TASTE IN HIS MOUTH LEAD WEIGHT IN THE PIT OF HIS STOMACH
CALM BE CALM
WHAT HAPPENS NOW?
YOU COME WITH ME
"THAT DOESN'T ANSWER MY QUESTION"
NO REPLY
OMINOUS

KLAM!
I'M. .I'M SO SORRY, KRAKEN. YOU DON'T DESERVE THIS
I-I ARGUED AGAINST IT BUT THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN.
"THEY FELT THAT CONSIDERING YOUR BACKGROUND YOU COULD NOT BE SAFELY RELEASED INTO THE COMMUNITY FRANKLY THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH YOU."
"AND THEN
I'M TAKING YOU TO RESYK, KRAKEN! YOU'RE GOING TO BE TERMINATED!
YOU .CAN'T BE SERIOUS ..?
"I WISH I WASN'T .!
"THEY'VE REIMPOSED SENTENCE FOR YOUR PART IN THE JUDDA ATTACK — YOU'RE TO BE TAKEN TO A PLACE OF EXECUTION AND QUIETLY DISPOSED OF!"
AND THAT'S IT? BANG
INJECTION. ACTUALLY.. AT LEAST IT'S QUICK AND PAINLESS THEY HAVE A. A SPECIAL ROOM AT RESYK. . . ALL VERY TASTEFUL
OH, GRUD. WHAT AM I SAYING—!
AND THEN STRAIGHT ONTO THE CONVEYOR BELT? GOOD NO WASTE

THE WHOLE BUSINESS IS A WASTE! YOU COULD'VE BEEN ONE OF THE BEST!
DAMN DREDD! HE JUST COULDN'T STAND NOT TO BE TOP DOG ANYMORE! HIS OWN CLONE-BROTHER AND HE'S AS GOOD AS KILLED YOU — IT'S UNFORGIVEABLE!
CAN THIS BE HAPPENING?
IT'S INSANE!
GRUD!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA
JUDDA — HE WAS NO JUDDA! NOT ANYMORE! HADN'T HE PROVED —?
GRUD!
CALM! BE CALM!
CONTROL!
"I FAIL TO SEE WHAT YOU CAN FIND TO LAUGH ABOUT."
"IF I STILL SERVED JUDD I'D BE TRYING TO MAKE AN ESCAPE NOW. ONE BLOW AND YOU'D BE DEAD."
"YOU WOULDN'T GET FAR, KRAKEN."
"NO, BUT I COULD GO DOWN FIGHTING."
BUT BECAUSE I'VE LEARNED — BECAUSE I'VE PROVED I AM FIT TO BE A JUDGE — I GO QUIETLY TO MY OWN EXECUTION
IRONIC, DON'T YOU THINK?

KRAKEN. YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF MURDER AND ACTS OF WAR AGAINST THE LAWFUL AUTHORITIES OF MEGA-CITY ONE. SENTENCE OF DEATH BY LETHAL INJECTION HAS BEEN PASSED
DO YOU WISH TIME TO COMPOSE YOURSELF BEFORE SENTENCE IS CARRIED OUT?
HE'D CONSIDERED THE PROSPECT OF DEATH OFTEN. VIOLENT DEATH. DEATH ON THE STREET
IT HELD NO TERROR — MORE OF A PROMISE. A GOOD DEATH — REWARD FOR LOYAL SERVICE.
BUT THIS...
CAN'T BE MUCH OF A JOB
LET ME MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU
THIS ISN'T NECESSARY
OH YES, IT IS
ESCAPE?
HE WANTS NOW, EVEN IF HE WANTED TO. AND WHERE WOULD HE GO?
HE HAD NO LIFE EXCEPT TO BE A JUDGE
NO LIFE
THEY'RE WRONG, YOU KNOW... I WAS THERE — I MADE IT. I COULD'VE BEEN DAMNED GOOD...

TAKE WHAT COMES
LIKE A
NEXT PROG
POST MORTEM

COUNTDOWN NECROPOLIS 4
SUBJECT: KRAKEN.
MEGA-CI ONE BODY RECYCL PLAN
RESI
SUBJECT HAS BEEN FORMALLY TERMINATED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE LAWS OF MEGA-CITY ONE. CHIEF JUDGE'S ORDER NUMBER OH-FOUR-OH-FOUR STROKE NINE.
SIGN THIS RELEASE AND WE'LL GET HIM ON THE CONVEYOR.
NOT THIS ONE. TEKS WANT HIM – EXPERIMENTATION.
STRANGE, ISN'T IT? FARGO. DREDD, RICO, KRAKEN... THE SAME BLOODLINE. THE SAME PEOPLE. YET SOME TURN OUT RIGHT AND SOME...
YOU WONDER WHY.
I EXPECT THAT'S WHAT THE TEK BOYS WOULD LIKE TO FIND OUT.
JUDGE DREDD
BY LETHAL INJECTION
PART TWO

WHAT HE DO WRONG ANYWAY ?
NOTHING JUST DIDN'T COME UP TO SCRATCH.
THAT'S A TOUGH CALL.
LIFE WASN'T MEANT TO BE EASY . .
RESYK

NO, LIFE WAS NEVER GOING TO BE EASY...
NOT FOR YOU
I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE.
EVERYTHING WENT WELL... NO, I'M CERTAIN HE DIDN'T...
YES, AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

HALL OF JUSTICE
O...DELL...?
I'M... ALIVE...?
DON'T TRY TO GET UP THE DRUG WILL TAKE A WHILE YET TO WEAR OFF
THERE'S A FRESH UNIFORM HERE. WHEN YOU'RE READY THE CHIEF JUDGE IS WAITING TO SEE YOU.
I'M PROUD OF YOU, SON

CHIEF JUDGE
PRIVATE
KRAKEN
NO DOUBT YOU'RE WONDERING WHY, KRAKEN...
CALL IT A TEST. A FINAL EXAMINATION.
I THOUGHT I'D PROVED MYSELF, SIR.
YES, YES... BUT WHEN A JUDGE AS EXPERIENCED AS DREDD SAYS YOU'RE NOT TO BE TRUSTED... WELL, WE HAD TO BE SURE.
WE SUBSTITUTED A HARMLESS ANAESTHETIC FOR THE LETHAL DOSE — NOT EVEN THE STAFF AT RESYK WERE TOLD IN CASE THEY INADVERTENTLY GAVE THE GAME AWAY.
IF YOU HAD BEEN DISLOYAL — IF YOU STILL HARBOURED RESENTMENT — IF YOU HADN'T BEEN OUR MAN — WE'D HAVE FOUND OUT THEN.

I DON'T KID MYSELF I'D HAVE STOOD A CHANCE AGAINST YOU. YOU'D HAVE KILLED ME BEFORE WE REACHED RESYK.
ODELL PUT HIS OWN LIFE ON THE LINE FOR YOU, BECAUSE HE BELIEVED IN YOU NOW I TOO AM CONVINCED.
BY THE POWERS VESTED IN ME I HEREBY APPOINT YOU JUDGE OF MEGA-CITY ONE.
THANK YOU, SIR! I AM HONOURED!
YOUR BADGE
PUT IT ON.
BUT... THIS SAYS..
DREDD
NEXT PROG: BETTER DREDD THAN DEAD?

COUNTDOWN TO NECROPOLIS 3

ITEM! GANG SWEEP. NIGGLI UNDERSKEDS. SCHEDULED 2200 HOURS PARTIC PATING UNITS ASSEMBLE

ITEM! CHEM SPILL. CENTRAL MUNCE EMERGENCY DIVERSION IN OPERATION.

ITEM! REPORT OF ARV IN PROGRESS. FILBERT HALT! NEAREST UNIT ATTEND!

UNFFF!

ITEM! CIT.ZEN AMOK WITH FLENZER. O'NELLA'S EATER.E NINETEEN DOWN

ITEM! STATUS ASSESSMENT PERIOD ENDS TONIGHT. APPEALS BY FR.DAY LATEST

UNGGG!

BLOOD DONORS REQUIRED

JUDGE DREDD

RIGHTS OF SUCCESSION

PROCEDURE
SUMMON MED-ASSIST
SECURE PERPS
CHECK IDS
SUBJECT NUNCE, GLADYS REETA
AGE 55 DORM 4, BOLGER DULT REHAB
TWELVE PREVIOUS, EIGHT ARV
SUBJECT NUNCE WANDA GLADYS
AGE 27 DORM 4, BOLGER DULT REHAB
FOUR PREVIOUS, ALL ARV
SERIOUS RE-OFFENDERS COME DOWN HARD
MOTHER AND DAUGHTER TEAM. HUH?
CONTROL, YOU GOT TWO ARV ARTISTS ON HOLD. WALPER ALLEY MESSAGE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE GETTING HOME LET'S TRY TEN APIECE THIS TIME
WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PICK UP THE VICTIM AS WELL
M-ME? WHAT FOR?
YOU COME WALKING TH.S AREA WITH JEWEL-STUDDED KNEEPADS? YOU'RE JUST ASKING FOR TROUBLE, CREEP
NOW YOU GOT IT SIXTY DAYS - INCITEMENT
GEEZ! WHY WE HAFTA GET DREDD?
YOU SA.D .T!

ITEM! MASS SUICIDE. TEMPLE OF IMMOLATION NO SURVIVORS BANNING ORDER ON SECT NOW LIFTED
ITEM! LAS-GUNNER WORKING XENDA HEIGHTS FIVE DOWN NEAREST UNITS RESPOND
ITEM! JOVE RUMBLES IN PROGRESS SECTORS 8. 27, 143, 148, 199. VOICE ACTIVATE FOR FURTHER DATA
THE VOICE OF THE CITY SHOCKING, JARRING, INSISTENT
CRUISING ADRENALIN PUMPING EVERY NERVE END CHARGED
SCANNING THE CROWD
CREEP IN THE ROADSTER – LITTERING SMALL CHANGE
FAT GUY AT THE ARMPIT SHOP. TRYING TO LOOK SMALL WHAT'S HE UP TO?
PICK UP THE WRAPPER AND WAIT THERE, CREEP! I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER!
ARMPIT
SUSPICIOUS BULGE COULD BE PACKING
RIDE BY SLOW. GIVE HIM THE STARE
WATCH HIM
HE'S MOVING!

HURRY IT UP! [redacted] RODE BY —
CRASH!!
INSTANT [redacted]
WRONG MOVE PORKY!
YOU GOT TWO FOR THE MEAT WAGON. CONTROL!
ROGER! GO TO 4A CURBISHLEY COURT JUVE WITH A KNIFE
YOU ALWAYS USE THE STREET AS A TRASH CAN?
I JUST FORGOT
YOU WON'T NEXT TIME TURN YOURSELF IN AT THE NEAREST ISO-BLOCK THIRTY DAYS.

THE CITY'S JUMPING TUNE IN, GO WITH IT, BE PART OF IT
HIS CITY
ANOTHER MAN'S NAME BUT --
-- WHAT'S IN A NAME ?
DREDD HAS BECOME A SYMBOL TO THIS CITY.
FOR THE SAKE OF PUBLIC CONFIDENCE IN JUSTICE DEPARTMENT I CONSIDER IT ESSENTIAL THAT HE REMAIN A PRESENCE ON OUR STREETS
FOR ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES YOU, KRAKEN, NO LONGER EXIST YOU ARE DREDD'S BLOODLINE — THE SAME PERSON
THOSE WHO KNOW OF DREDD'S GOING HAVE BEEN ORDERED TO REMAIN SILENT. YOU WILL OPERATE SEPARATELY FOR A WHILE, AVOIDING CONTACT WITH OTHER JUDGES
IN TIME THE KNOWLEDGE WILL LEAK OUT BUT BY THEN YOU WILL HAVE ESTABLISHED YOURSELF
FROM THIS MOMENT ON, YOU ARE JUDGE DREDD
SAD, AT THE END TO SEE A FINE JUDGE SO DIMINISHED
BUT MAKE NO MISTAKE, BEFORE THE END DREDD WAS THE BEST YOU HAVE A LOT TO LIVE UP TO
I KNOW I WON'T LET YOU DOWN

WHAT'S IN A NAME ? AUTHORITY – STREET CRED ?
FINE. HE COULD LIVE WITH THAT
HIS NAME
HIS BY RIGHT
BLOODLINE
ARE YOU SURE YOU'VE MADE THE RIGHT DECISION ?
WHAT ABOUT DREDD ? HE WOULDN'T FAIL HIS OWN CLONE WITHOUT GOOD REASON.
DREDD IS GONE
HE WAS A GOOD JUDGE YES BUT EVERYONE GETS OLD MINDS DULL JUDGEMENT ERODES
THAT'S WHY OLD CODGERS LIKE ME GET SHOVED UPSTAIRS – KEEPS US OUT OF HARM'S WAY
IS THERE A REASON FOR YOUR CONCERN ? HAVE YOUR PSIS SEEN ANYTHING ?
NO . . . NOTHING WE CAN PUT OUR FINGERS ON
THEN MY DECISION STANDS THE BLOODLINE MUST CONTINUE
NEXT PROG LOVE IT TO DEATH !

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
40p
BRIDE OF
DEATH!

COUNTDOWN TO NECROPOLIS 2

JUDGE DREDD

Dear Annie

PART ONE

Apt 2201
Dune Renaldo Block

Confidential Hotline,
"Ask Annie",
Homes and Humes Magazine

Dear Annie,

It's my wife, Xena. She's been acting strangely for a long time now, but just lately things have got so bad that I'm beginning to despair for both of us.

Please, please do not print this letter on your problems page. If Xena finds out I've told you about her she'll kill me. You probably think I'm joking. I wish I was. You don't know Xena. But perhaps I'd best start at the beginning...

We used to have such a warm and loving relationship. Then one night, a few years ago, a shadow came into our lives...

OH, BABY...!

DING DONG!

IT'S NEARLY FOUR O'CLOCK! WHO COULD THAT BE?

AH, FORGET IT!

SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART CARLOS EZQUERRA
LETTERING TOM FRAMS

NOW WHERE WERE WE...?
MMMmmm...
I SMELL SMOKE... CAN YOU SMELL SMOKE?
NOW YOU COME TO MENSH...
THERE'S SHOUTING OUT IN THE CORRIDOR! WHAT IF THERE'S A FIRE?
WE'D BETTER SEE—
DING DONG! DING DONG!
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! I'M COMING!
GREETINGSSSS!

I HAVVE COME TO JUDGGGE YOU!
FIRE
THE SSENTENCCCE ISS DEATHHH!
AAAAAA!

CHIPPP!
OH GRUD—!
LEAVE HER ALONE, DAMN YOU!
YOU TOO SHALL PAY FOR YOUR WICKEDNESSSS!
N-N-NUH!
THERE THEY ARE!
INCENDARIES! RAPID FIRE!
IT ISSS TIME! WE MUSSST GO!
DROKK IT! THEY 'PORTED OUT AGAIN, CONTROL!
SHE'S STILL ALIVE! HELP HER!
Xena was in a coma for days in the block hospital. Even when she did come out of it she was distant, cold, withdrawn — as if she was only half alive.

SHE APPEARS TO HAVE LOST THE USE OF THE RIGHT ARM, THOUGH WE CAN FIND NOTHING PHYSICALLY WRONG WITH IT... SHE COMPLAINS CONTINUALLY OF FEELING COLD.
IF ONLY WE KNEW MORE ABOUT THE EFFECTS OF CONTACT WITH THESE CREATURES.
GIVE HER TIME. THAT'S ALL I CAN SUGGEST.
DON'T WORRY, DARLING, YOU'RE ON THE MEND NOW. BEFORE LONG JUDGE DEATH WILL SEEM LIKE JUST A BAD MEMORY.
YOU'RE WRONG, CHIP...
JUDGE DEATH ISN'T BAD... HE'S GOOD...
YOU MUST UNDERSTAND, HE—HE LOVES US...HE CAME TO PURIFY US, TO SAVE US— NOT TO HURT US...
HUH? AW, C'MON, XEEN—
SHE NEEDS PSYCHIATRIC HELP, THAT'S CERTAIN.

In time I was allowed to bring her home. Twice a week she saw the shrink, though the consultations didn't seem to do any good. Each day she grew more listless, more far away.
I tried to give her my love, but she would turn away, as if my touch had begun to repel her.
Can you imagine my torment, Annie, to lie with her each night, remembering the countless precious moments we had shared... and see beside me a stranger? To watch her day by day slipping further away from me...?
Then one night I woke and she wasn't there...

HUUH—?
XENA!
NEVER—NEVER TOUCH ME AGAIN!
JEEZ, XENA, I THINK I BETTER CALL THE SHRINK!
HEY! YOU'RE USING YOUR RIGHT HAND! YOU SEE THAT? THAT'S PROGRESS, XENA!
PUT IT DOWN! THERE WILL BE NO MORE APPOINTMENTS WITH THE SHRINK!
DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
YOU WILL DO AS I ORDER! YOU WILL NEVER TOUCH ME AGAIN! YOU WILL NEVER AGAIN SHARE MY BED—THAT IS FOR HIM ALONE!
F-FOR WHO? WH-WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT—WHO?
THE ONLY ONE WHO IS PURE ENOUGH... GOOD ENOUGH...
MY LOVE... MY MASTER...
JUDGE DEATH.
So you see, Annie, when your wife throws you over for a walking corpse you kind of know your marriage has hit rock bottom. Little did I dream things could get worse. But then how could I know she would try to summon him here.....
more next Prog

JUDGE DREDD
Dear Ervie
As the days and months passed I watched my beloved Xena descend into madness. It was as if the touch of Judge Death had put a prison in her, gradually spreading through her, making her his creature.
She continued to be able to use her right arm, though it had grown withered and claw-like. Her listlessness lessened, she decided to redecorate the apartment. I thought this was a good sign, until I realised she was turning it into a shrine for him.
UH... MAYBE WE SHOULD TRY MARRIAGE GUIDANCE OR SOMETHING?
DUNCAN REGEHR
COURTROOM
1

I LOVE YOU, BABY! I HATE TO SEE YOU LIKE THIS! IF WE COULD JUST BE TOGETHER AGAIN, THE WAY IT WAS
TOGETHER? HOW COULD YOU THINK I COULD EVER WANT YOU? I BELONG TO ANOTHER NOW
EACH NIGHT I CALL TO HIM, AND EACH NIGHT IN MY DREAMS HE COMES TO ME
AWAKE AND HE IS THERE HE REACHES OUT TO ME
"I TAKE HIS HAND COLD AND DEAD AND STRONG A SHIVER RUNS THROUGH ME MY LEGS FEEL WEAK
HE LEADS ME TO WHERE THE OTHERS ARE WAITING "
DEARLY BELOVED, WE ARE GATHHHERED HERE TODAY TO UNITE THISSS COUPLE IN UNHOLY MATRIMONY!
JOIN HANDSSS, MY SSWEEET!
BY THISSS ACT OF MERCCY I MAKE THEEE MY BRIDE!

IT'S JUST A DREAM, XENA! A SICK DREAM IT CAN NEVER HAPPEN!

LOOK, I'VE CHECKED **JUDGE DEATH** WAS CAST INTO **LIMBO** — AN EMPTY DIMENSION! THERE'S NO WAY HE CAN EVER BE BROUGHT BACK!

YES! ONE DAY HE **WILL** COME FOR ME! **WILL** BE THE **BRIDE** OF **DEATH**!

YOU'RE **ILL**, XENA! YOU'VE DEVELOPED A MORBID OBSESSION AND IT'S **DESTROYING** YOU! YOU NEED TREATMENT! LET ME CALL THE SHRINK--

NO!

I'VE WARNED YOU! BREATHE ONE WORD OF THIS TO ANYONE AND I'LL KILL YOU.

IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?

UNNN!

OH, JEEZ ST STOP IT, XENA!

IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?

Y-YES!

Her contact with Judge Death had awakened some terrible power in her. She could hurt me with a glance, twist my insides until I screamed in agony. I [redacted] her slave unable to do anything but watch helplessly as the madness gripped tighter.

WHY DON'T YOU **COME** FOR ME? **WHY**?

Her eyes sank, her teeth rotted and the wasting contagion spread across her until she resembled nothing so much as a corpse.

BLOOD I NEED TO LOSE MORE BLOOD!

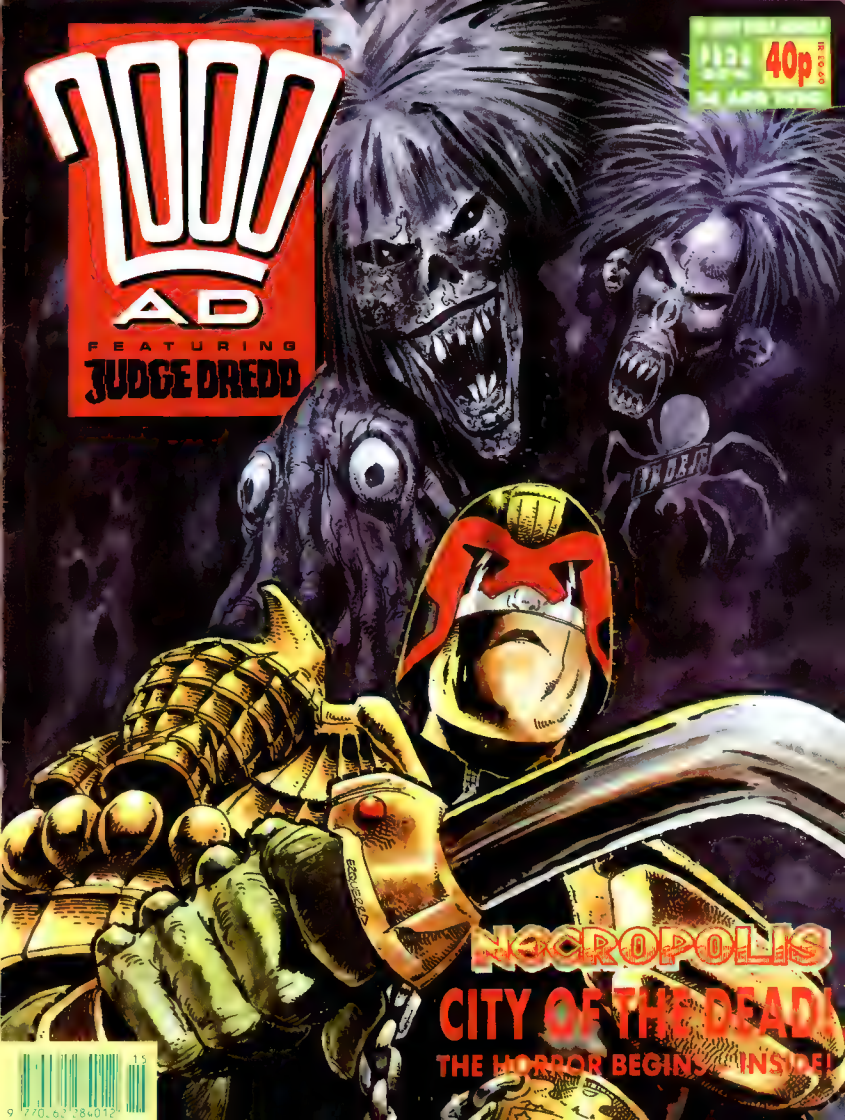
YES, I MUST BE RIGHT FOR HIM

Last night Anne Chung's suddenly took a turn for the worse
Just after midnight the apartment suddenly grew cold
Listening outside Xena's door I could hear voices
REACHHHH OUT!
REACHHHHH!
I'M TRYING
IT'S HARD!
TRY HARDER!
YOU MUSSSST
XENA!
LOOK IT'SSSS DUMBO!
GET LOSSST! THISSS DOESS NOT CONCCERN YOU!
The words came from her mouth but that blood-curdling hiss could never have been made by Xena
WHUUT-?
$$$HERRE BELONGSSS TO USSS NOW!
HAH HAH HAH HAH HAH HAH HAH
SLAM!

HELP ME!
YOU'RE SO FAR AWAY-!
OH, XENA-!
I've missing and wailing stopped about 3 a.m. This morning Xena was surprisingly cheerful
MADE CONTACT LAST NIGHT
CONTACT?
I SPOKE TO HIS SISTERS
SISTERS? WHOSE SISTERS?
DEATH THE SISTERS OF DEATH
JUDGE DEATH HASN'T GOT ANY SISTERS
YES HE HAS I SAW THEM THEY PROMISED IF I HELPED THEM THEY'D BRING US TOGETHER
THEY SAID I WAS JUST THE RIGHT WOMAN FOR HIM THEY'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET HIM TO SETTLE DOWN FOR AGES
FOR CRYING OUT LOUD XENA-!
THEY WANT TO USE ME AS A BRIDGE TO THIS WORLD BUT IT DIDN'T SUCCEED LAST NIGHT
IT'S HARD TO THINK IT MAY TAKE A DEATH SACRIFICE TO MAKE CONDITIONS JUST RIGHT
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, CHIP DEATH IS GOOD THINK OF IT AS AS A WELCOME RELEASE FROM THE BURDEN OF YOUR WICKEDNESS
It's after ten now and the apartment has turned cold as ice again. From Xena's room I can hear the voices rising. I don't understand what's going on, Annie, but I'm afraid I'm going to sneak out and post this letter now. You... appreciate a quick reply is important as I honestly don't know how much time I've got left.
Help me, Annie. You're so good at dealing with other people's problems. Tell me what do I do about mine?
Yours in desperation.
Chip J Lowther
P.S. - I enclose a 50 cred coupon for your Confidential Hotline service

SSSCRAWNY LITTLE SSSPECIMEN! HARDLY ANY LIFFFE IN HIM!
HE'LLL HAVVVE TO DO!
COME IT IS TIME
N-NO!
YOU CAN'T RUN FROM ME, CHIP!
NGGGG!
THERE, THAT'S BETTER YOU CAN'T RUN!
COME, UP ON THE ALTAR HURRY NOW
YOUR TORMENT W... SOON BE OVER, CH P
P-PLEASE XENA DON'T DO THIS TO ME
...S THE ONLY WAY
WE ARE READYYYY! DO IT!TTT
X-X-X-XENA

DO IT NOWWW!
YESSSS!
YESSSSSSS
WE ARE ACROSSS!
OH P WHAT HAVE DONE!
YOU HAVVE DONE WELL!
AND YOU SSSHALL HAVVE YOUR REWARD!
NEXT STOP: NECROPOLIS!


2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
40p
NECROPOLIS
CITY OF THE DEAD!
THE HORROR BEGINS... INSIDE!

SOMETHING IN THE AIR TONIGHT...
...A BREATH OF EVIL PASSING OVER, TOUCHING EACH NERVE AND SPINE...
IN THEIR BLOCKS BABES HOWL AND CHILDREN WAKE SOBBING.
ON THE STREETS FELONS PAUSE IN THEIR VILLAINOUS PURSUITS; CITIZENS PULL THEIR WRAPS CLOSER AND PONDER, INEXPLICABLY, THEIR OWN MORTALITY...
EVEN HARDENED JUDGES FEEL A SHIVER OF APPREHENSION, OF DISQUIET--A CHILL PRESENTIMENT OF WHAT IS TO COME....
JUDGE DREDD
IN NECROPOLIS

DREDD FEELS IT.
ROWDY YATES
BLOCK
KINGS
A SIXTH SENSE... A LITTLE BUZZER SOUNDING IN HIS BRAIN--
TROUBLE.
'CEPT THIS ONE'S HITTING HIM LIKE A JACKHAMMER.
CONTROL - DREDD.
SUSPECT INTRUDERS IN MY QUARTERS. KEEP YOU INFORMED.
NO SIGN OF FORCED ENTRY
ALL THE SAME: CAUTION...
NOTHING
TWO JACKHAMMERS.
UH-HUH
INTERESTING

DEFINITE TWO JACKHAMMER JOB!
GREETINGSSS! WE HAVE BEEN WAITING!
HOLOGRAM?
IMPLAUSIBLE
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I GOT HERE, CONTROL, BUT IT LOOKS STRAIGHT OUT OF THE JUDGE DEATH YEARBOOK!
YOUR WEAPONSSS ARE WASSTED ON USSS!
YOU CANNOT KILL WHAT DOESS NOT LIVVE!
SSSS... ISN'T HE THE PRETTEEEE BOYYY...!
HE FALLS -
-LAWGIVER SKIDDING ACROSS THE FLOOR...

SSSO DESSPERATE TO GET AWAY FROM ME!
DON'T YOU FIND ME AT ALLL...TO YOUR TASSSSTE?
GIVE US A KISS! GIVE US A KISS!
THE STENCH—
—BLOATED CORPSES—HUMAN PUTRESCENCE!
DROKK! LIKE TRYING TO GRAPPLE WITH SMOKE!
RETRIEVE LAWGIVER—
CONTROL! I COULD DO WITH SOME BACK-UP HERE!
HAA HAA HAA
HAA HAA HA
INCENDIARY!
AND SET THE WALL ON FIRE! SMART!

ALSO NEED A FIRE TEAM, CONTROL!
I'M BACKING OUT!
DO YOU SSUPPOSSE I'M NOT HISSS TYPE?
PERHAPSSS HE DOESS NOT APPRECCIATE YOUR FEFINER POINTSSS, SSSISSSTER!
DON'T RUN AWAY! I'M NOT JUSSST A PRETTEEE FACCE, YOU KNOW!
DESCRIPTION: TWO ASSAILANTS, PROBABLY FEMALE! DEFINITELY NOT HUMAN!
HAH
HAA
HAA
HAA
HAA
HAA
HAA
GRUD!

GOING MY WAYY, HANDSSSOME?
PHOBIA
VRMMMMM VRMMMM!
YOU TWO DON'T GIVE UP!
NEXT PROG: SISTERS, SISTERS...

BIKE!
TO ME!
RRMMM!
JUDGE DREDD
NECROPOLIS
PART
2

GOOD SSSTUNT, BIG BOYYY!
WHAT OTHHER TRICKSSS HASS HE GOT UP HISS SSSLEEVE ?
TRY BIKE CANNON!
BAKOOOOM!!
BIKE CANNON! PRETTEEE IMPRESSSSIVE.
I'M QUAKING IN MY BOOOTSSS!
WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO HURT THESE THINGS ?
SSHINKK!
MORE THAN YOU'VVVE GOT.
GHOSTS ?
DOESN'T FIT WITH WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT JUDGE DEATH

BESIDES
SINCE WHEN DID GHOSTS DO THAT?
CONTROL! EVEN BIKE CANNON DOESN'T BOTHER THESE THINGS! MAKING TACTICAL WITHDRAWAL!
LIKE GETTING OUT BUTTUS INTACTUS!
ROGER! BACK-UP ON ITS WAY!
ROGGER! BACK-UP ON ITSSSS WAYY!
RIDE 'EM, BIG BOYYYY!
HAA HAA HAA HAA

GUESSSS WHO-OOO?
KRRMMP
UNNNNNNN
HHUHHHHH!
.T ISSS TIME TO FORGET THE CHILDISSSHH GAMESSS

YOU ARE OURSSSSS
NO!
WEEEAAOOOEEEEAAAAOOOO
WE HAVVE SSERIOUSSSS BUSSSINESSS WITHH YOU!
HUHHH ?
RESIST
YOU WILL OBEYYY USSSSSS
NO!
YOU ARE OURSSSSS OURSSSSSS
DREDD'S HURT. CONTROL!
I'LL CHECK HIS QUARTERS

THEY CALLED EACH OTHER "SISTER"
PHOBIA AND NAUSEA – THE SISTERS OF DEATH.
YOU REFER TO JUDGE DEATH?
OF COURSE! HAVEN'T YOU BEEN LISTENING?
YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, DO YOU? THE LIE DETECTOR CHECKED OUT, DIDN'T IT?
YES
GRUD. I CAN STILL SMELL THEM ON ME! CAN'T GET RID OF THE SMELL!
AND SO THESE SISTERS OF DEATH FORMED OUT OF A MIST, ASSAULTED YOU – SOMEHOW INVADED YOUR MIND – AND THEN INSTEAD OF KILLING YOU SIMPLY BLEW AWAY..
THEY WANTED TO USE ME – I SENSED THAT. . "YOU ARE OURS" THEY KEPT SAYING
I SEE
THAT WILL BE ALL FOR NOW. YOU STILL HAVE ONE MORE SESSION ON THE MAGITRON FOR THAT SKULL FRACTURE I BELIEVE –

THE FIRST UNITS ON THE SCENE SAW NO ATTACKERS
DREDD'S QUARTERS WERE PRETTY BADLY BURNT — BY HIS OWN HAND, I MIGHT ADD. THERE WERE SOME SIGNS OF DISTURBANCE BUT AGAIN, NOTHING THAT WOULD INDICATE THE PRESENCE OF ALIEN BEINGS
HIS STORY COULD BE A RESULT OF THE CRASH
BUT THAT WOULDN'T EXPLAIN THE DAMAGE TO HIS QUARTERS THAT HAPPENED EARLIER
NO. THAT WOULD TEND TO INDICATE SOME DEEPER PSYCHOLOGICAL DISORDER
NO! I WILL NOT HAVE THAT! HE'S BEEN ON THE STREETS OVER TWO MONTHS NOW — HIS REPORTS ARE EXEMPLARY!
SHENKER — WHAT'S THE WORD FROM YOUR PEOPLE?
WE SUSPECT THERE WAS SOME UNNATURAL FORCE PRESENT IN THE CITY LAST NIGHT
IT'S DIFFICULT TO BE DEFINITE. THERE'S BEEN AN UNUSUAL DEGREE OF DISTURBANCE IN THE PSIONIC FLUX FOR SEVERAL DAYS NOW. NONE OF MY PSIS CAN GET A CLEAR FIX — IT'S ALL COMING THROUGH LIKE SCRAMBLED EGG
BUT DREDD'S STORY COULD BE TRUE. THE SISTERS OF DEATH MAY EXIST
NOT A PLEASANT PROSPECT
FROM OUR POINT OF VIEW IT MIGHT BE BETTER IF DREDD HAS CRACKED UP
NEXT PROG: BRIDE OF DEATH!

JUDGE DREDD in NECRO-POLIS PART 3

CHAPTER 9
Sub-section A:

The Lie as a Tool in the Judicial Process:

SITTING UP LATE, BROWSING...

ANYTHING TO DELAY THE MOMENT.

MOST OF THE OLD MAN'S THINGS HAD BEEN LOST IN THE FIRE. BUT THEY'D SAVED THE "COMPORTMENT"...

...A LITTLE CHARRED BUT STILL READABLE - WITH DREDD'S OWN TERSE NOTATIONS AT THE SIDE.

53

The average citizen perceives the judge as scrupulously honest, incapable of falsehood – a misconception which grants the interrogator an invaluable advantage. Never forget, information obtained by deception is as good as any other kind.

We owe the citizen no obligation of the truth.

what about the Big Lie?

THE BIG LIE... WHAT DID HE MEAN? IS THERE A CLUE IN THAT FOR ME...?

SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART CARLOS EZQUERRA
LETTERING TOM FRAME

CAN'T MAKE SENSE OF ANYTHING ANYMORE – GOT TO GET SOME SLEEP TONIGHT...!
LACK OF SLEEP IMPAIRING OPERATIONAL EFFICIENCY. REQUEST FOR SLEEP MACHINE TIME DENIED.
POLICY STILL IN FORCE: LIMITED CONTACT WITH OTHER UNITS.
CAN'T TELL THEM I'M IN TROUBLE... THEY'D WANT TO KNOW WHY – IT'D BE THE END OF ME.
GOT TO HANDLE IT MYSELF...
THREE BLACK BOMBS TO KEEP AWAY THE FIENDS...
HE ISSSS THE ONE...
ROWDY YATES

UNNNNnn!
NAUSEA
AND YET HE ISSSS NOT.
ONE MAN... TWO SSSOULSSSS.
ONE RESSSISSSTSSS
AND THE OTHHHERRR—
POOR XENA... SSSHEEE ISS REACHHING THE END OF HER USSEFULNESSSS!
WE MUSSST ACT QUICKLY LESSST OUR TIME BE CUT SSSHORT!
RESSST, BRIDE OF DEATHHHH... SESSSOON YOU SSSHALL HAVVE YOUR REWARD!
YOU SSSHALL HAVE YOUR REWARD! OH YESSSS!

HA HAHA HA HA HA
SHE'S TRANCING! DON'T TOUCH HER!
BLACK! MUSSST HAVE MORE BLACK!
PAINT THE CITY BLACK!
ALL MUSSST DIE!
CURSSSE THISS UNIFORM! HOW IT CHAFESSS AND BURNSSS—!
AGEE!
UNNNN!
GET HER TO MED-BAY!
NECROPOLIS — WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
LITERALLY, "CITY OF THE DEAD"... THOUGH WHETHER IT'S A PREMONITION OR —
I'M NO EXPERT ON TRANCE PAINTING. LET'S HOPE AGEE CAN TELL US WHEN SHE COMES ROUND.

ROWDY
THE VOICE WAS JUDGE DEATH ALL RIGHT—OR HIS SINNING SISTERS. BUT IF ANY OF THE CLAN WERE HERE... WELL, YOU'D THINK I'D BE THE FIRST TO KNOW.
AGEE'S BEEN HAVING SOME GOOD RESULTS LATELY, ANDERSON...
WHATEVER THE REASON, IT'S THE FIRST SOLID INDICATOR WE'VE HAD TO BACK UP DREDD'S STORY.
SOMETHING'S GOING ON...
HE SLEEPS
AND ONCE MORE HE IS IN THE HALLS OF JUDD...
KRAKEN!
KRAKEN! KRAKEN! KRAKEN!
NO...!
I'M NOT KRAKEN!

TRAITOR!
YOUR BLOOD IS OUR BLOOD — YET YOU BETRAYED US!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND... THE JUDDA — WE WERE FINISHED! THERE WAS NO HOPE —
YOU BETRAYED US!
IT WAS ALL LIES, JUDD!
LIES! WHO ARE YOU TO KNOW TRUTH FROM LIES — YOU WHO HAVE SOLD YOUR SOUL TO THE GREAT DECEIVER?
THEY MUSSST BE PUNISSSHED!
DESSSTROY THEM!
WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE?

WE SHARE THE SAME AIMS! THEY CAN HELP US!
COME, KRAKEN! THERE IS STILL TO DO YOUR DUTY! TAKE THE BLOODED BLADE! TURN IT UPON THOSE WHO USE YOU! WHO HAVE POISONED YOUR MIND AGAINST US!
REVENGE! DEATH TO THE MEGA-CITY!
DEATH TO THE MEGA-CITY!
NO!
MUST'VE DUG MY NAILS IN...
IT'S GETTING WORSE... I...I TOOK THE BLADE TONIGHT...
FOR JUST A MOMENT I WANTED TO...
NO! DON'T THINK OF IT!
DAMMIT, JUDD! WHY CAN'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE! THIS IS WHERE I BELONG NOW!
I'M NOT KRAKEN ANYMORE! I'M A JUDGE!
NEXT PROG: COLD COMFORT

JUDGE DREDD IN NECRO-POLIS PART 4

YOU GET A CREEPY FEELING?
AND IT'S COLD! I'M TELLING YOU. REAL COLD! I'M NOT KIDDING! THERE'S ICE GROWING ON THE CONNECTING WALL!
ICE. IS THAT IT?
LISTEN, PAL. YOU GOT A HEATING PROBLEM CALL THE BLOCK SUPER! I'M GIVING YOU AN OFFICIAL CAUTION. NEXT TIME YOU THINK ABOUT PHONING IN YOU BETTER HAVE SOMETHING MORE SOLID TO GO ON.
BUT-BUT—!
GUY HAD A "CREEPY FEELING."
TIMEWASTERS!
THE CITY'S FULL OF THEM!
SORRY I'M LATE. CJ CAUGHT ME IN THE HALL — HAD TO GO OVER THE WHOLE STORY AGAIN FOR HIM.
PSI

YOU HEARD ABOUT IT, THEN? WHOA, BROTHER! I NEVER WANT TO GO THROUGH THAT AGAIN!
THOUGH I DON'T SUPPOSE I GOT MUCH CHOICE. WHEN A TRANCE COMES...
IT WAS WEIRD. NORMALLY I'M JUST A SPECTATOR — Y'KNOW, OUTSIDE, WATCHING THINGS HAPPEN. THIS TIME...
IT WAS LIKE...LIKE IT WAS HAPPENING INSIDE ME. I FELT — NOT HATE... MORE A KIND OF SICK, MORBID LUST...
I CRAVED DEATH — LIKE I WANTED TO SLOWLY SQUEEEEZE THE LIFE OUT OF THE CITY...
WAS IT LIKE THAT FOR YOU? I HEARD THE SISTERS MADE A PERSONAL APPEARANCE — Y'KNOW, ACTUAL PHYSICAL MANIFESTATION?
DON'T TALK MUCH, DO YOU?
SAY, YOU'RE YOUNGER THAN I EXPECTED. YOU HAD A REJUVE JOB OR SOMETHING...?
WHERE WE GOING ANYWAY? YOU SAID YOU HAD A HUNCH...?
CHAPTER SEVEN

BIG CONFAB AT TWELVE O! SCHENKER WANTS TO TRY AND NAIL THESE SISTERS!
KIT?
NO ONE HOME...
RAP RAP RAP
Summons from His Majesty. Back Soon. K
DUNC REMALE
LIFTS TO FLOOR
THERE'S SOMETHING... NOT RIGHT ABOUT THIS...
22ND FLOO
PING!

GEEZ-!
THE SISTERS...THEY'RE... THEY'RE HERE!
YES. I'M TAKING YOU TO THEM.!
WHAAT?
LISTEN, DREDD, IF YOU THINK I'M GOING INTO THIS WITHOUT BACK-UP YOUR OUT OF YOUR TINY--
GRUD! YOU- YOU CAN'T BE--
GGGRNNUUHHHH

SO YOU CAME AFTER ALL! GOOD THING! I DON'T THINK YOU CAN... DENY THAT THERE'S... SOMETHIN' VERY...
CREEPY GOING ON
ULP!
SLAM!
SHEEEEE-!

2201
LOWTHER
GREEETINGGSSSS!
MORE NEXT PROG

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY
PROG 672
12 MAY
EASON NEWS
LAW
David O'Hine
1990
9 770262 284012 19

JUDGE DREDD
IN NECRO-POLIS
PART 5
UH... JUSTICE DEPT ? THIS IS, UH, CHARLES CHAZ, DUNC, UH, RENALDO BLOCK... I, UH, CALLED A SHORT WHILE AGO ABOUT, UH, THE APARTMENT NEXT DOOR...
OH, YEAH... THE GUY WITH THE HEATING PROBLEM.
YOU WERE WARNED ABOUT WASTING OUR TIME, CREEP !
HONEST, I-I DON'T WANT TO BOTHER YOU — BUT I JUST SAW JUDGE DREDD IN THE CORRIDOR —
HOORAY FOR YOU. WHAT IS IT, YOU CLAIMIN' YOUR FIVE CREDS ?
NO ! PLEASE ! YOU GOTTA LISTEN ! HE-HE WAS CARRYING ANOTHER JUDGE — A W-WOMAN ! SHE-SHE LOOKED LIKE SHE WAS DEAD !
SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART CARLOS EZQUERRA
LETTERING TOM FRAME
HE WAS GOING NEXT DOOR — THE APARTMENT I TOLD YOU ABOUT ! HE GAVE ME A LOOK LIKE... LIKE...
I-I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO KILL ME THEN AND THERE !
DREDD: Inlog: 1059
Lat: SEC 40, Webber
Stat: RSR
NOT A VERY LIKELY STORY, CITIZEN.
WHAT IS IT, YOU LONELY ? NEED SOMEONE TO TALK TO ? OR YOU JUST GOT A PATHOLOGICAL NEED TO DO TIME ?
PLEASE ! YOU GOTTA BELIEVE ME ! THIS IS SERIOUS !
IT'S BEGINNING TO LOOK THAT WAY FOR YOU, PAL !

TELL YOU WHAT, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT HERE...
LET'S SAY YOU GOT A MENTAL PROBLEM
LET'S SAY I PUT YOU DOWN FOR A FEW SESSIONS WITH THE BLOCK SHRINK.
YOU'LL RECEIVE AN APPOINTMENT IN DUE COURSE. IN THE MEANTIME, I DON'T EXPECT TO HEAR FROM YOU AGAIN. IS THAT CLEAR ?
I SAID, IS THAT CLEAR ?
Y-YES...
AW, JEEZ, P-P-PLEASE, JUDGE...
PAW! PAW! PAW!

NNNnnnn
WAKE, MY PRECIOUSSSSSss
D-Dredd...?
GREEETINGSSSS!

SHE LEFT THIS NOTE—
Summons from Her Majesty!. Back soon. K.
'HIS MAJESTY'?
DREDD. THAT'S WHAT SHE CALLS HIM.
HMMM... THINK DREDD MIGHT HAVE A LEAD ON THE SISTERS?
COULD BE. IT'S HIM THAT MADE THE FIRST CONTACT.
OKAY. WE'LL HAVE TO START THE MEETING WITHOUT HER.
AGEE'S BREAKTHROUGH LAST NIGHT WAS THE FIRST CLEAR INDICATION WE'VE HAD. I THINK WE CAN NOW BE CERTAIN THAT THE SISTERS OF DEATH — IN SOME FORM OR OTHER — DO EXIST.
SO WHY ARE WE HAVING SO MUCH TROUBLE GETTING A FIX ON THEM? WHY DID WE FAIL TO PICK UP ANY KIND OF WARNING?
IT'S TOUGH, RAVI. WE'RE JUST NOT GETTING ANYTHING RIGHT NOW.
THERE'S CLEARLY SOME EXTREME AND ABNORMAL DISTURBANCE IN THE PSIONIC FLUX.
YOU THINK THEY COULD BE CAUSING IT TO DISGUISE THEIR PRESENCE?
PHEW... THEY'D HAVE TO BE HYPER-GENERATORS...
WHAT GETS ME IS, WHERE'S THE BODYCOUNT? I MEAN, USUALLY WHEN DEATH AND HIS CREW ARE ABOUT WE'RE PICKIN' 'EM OFF THE WALLS. SO FAR — HOW LONG SINCE THE DREDD INCIDENT, FOUR DAYS? — AND NOT ONE REPORTED DEATH.
YOU ALL RIGHT, ANDERSON?
KIT... IT'S KIT.—
SHE'S IN TROUBLE!

OH DEAR SWEET GRUD!
DREDD! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?
POOR XXXENA...SSHHHEE FOUND USSS...SSHHHEE MADE THE BRIDGE BETWEEN OUR WORLD AND THISSS... BUT HER MIND ISS NOT SSTRONG ENOUGHHH...
...HER LIFE-FORCCCE ISSS DRAINING FASSST... SSOON SSHHHEE WILL NO LONGER BE ABLE TO SSSERVE USSS...
THEN THE BRIDGE WILL BE BROKEN AND WE MUSSST RETURN TO THE DEADWORLD...
AND WE CANNOT ALLOW THAT! THERE ISSS SSSO MUCH SSSTILL TO DO HERE!

BUT YOUR MIND, MY PRECCIOUSSS... SSSO MUCHH SSSTRONGER!
N-NO-!
SSSSO MANY MORE POSSSSIBILITIESSSS!
NO!
KIT!
NEXT, PROG: THE WAY BACK!

JUDGE DREDD IN NECROPOLIS

THEY'RE TOO STRONG! SHE CAN'T KEEP THEM OUT!
WHO, ANDERSON?
THE SISTERS —
KIT! OH GRUD...!
IT'S TOO LATE! SHE-SHE'S GONE!
WHERE IS SHE? TRY TO LOCATE HER!
IT'S NO GOOD... I-I'VE LOST HER...
SHE SCREAMED — AND THEN IT ALL WENT DEAD... DEAD...
CONTROL! PATCH ME THROUGH TO DREDD!

WHERE THE DARK JUDGES ACQUIRED DIMENSION TECHNOLOGY IS STILL A MYSTERY. PERHAPS AT ONE TIME THEY WERE TECHNOLOGICALLY ADVANCED... MORE LIKELY OTHERS CHANCED TO BRING IT THERE – AND DID NOT LEAVE ALIVE, OF COURSE.
TECH 21
IN THE END WE'VE BEEN UNABLE TO DUPLICATE THE MINIATURISATION OF THE DARK JUDGES' DEVICE. IN ANY CASE WE FELT IT BEST TO CREATE THE WARP WITHIN A STABLE PLATFORM ANCHORED IN THIS DIMENSION – LESS PRONE TO FALLING INTO THE WRONG HANDS.
JUDGE DEATH AND HIS CRONIES – COULD YOU USE YOUR EQUIPMENT TO BRING THEM BACK ?
GOOD GRIEF! WHY ON EARTH WOULD I WANT TO ?
I DIDN'T ASK YOU IF YOU WANTED TO ! ANSWER THE QUESTION, DAMMIT !
DROKK! GET A HOLD OF YOURSELF!
MY... APOLOGIES, DOCTOR. I'M... UNDER A LOT OF PRESSURE. I NEED STRAIGHT ANSWERS.
WELL, YES... I SUPPOSE IT COULD BE DONE...

THE DARK JUDGES WERE HURLED INTO LIMBO. THE EXACT QUADRANTS WERE NOT RECORDED BUT THE DEVICES WERE ONLY CAPABLE OF WORKING WITHIN A NARROW SPAN... ONE WOULD SIMPLY HAVE TO EXPLORE UNTIL ONE FOUND THE CORRECT DIMENSION.
COULD THEY HAVE SURVIVED IN LIMBO ?
THEY'RE ALREADY DEAD. HOW DO THEY SURVIVE IN THE FIRST PLACE ?
GOOD POINT.
GRIEF! DO YOU SUSPECT SOMEBODY'S GOING TO ATTEMPT TO DO IT ?
I DON'T KNOW...
I DON'T KNOW!
DUNC REN
NNNNnnnn
WE CHOSSSSE WELL! THISSS ONESSS MIND ISSS FAR BETTER ATTUNED TO OUR NEEDSSSS!

POOR XXXXENA...
SSHHEEE HASSS SSUFFERED FOR USSS... AND THAT ISSS GOOD... SSSUFFERING ISSS GOOD.
BUT NOW IT ISSS ONLY RIGHT SSHHHEE SSHHOULD HAVVE HER REWARD.
OPEN YOUR EYESSS, MY SSSWEETTtt
Y...YOU...
YOU'VE COME...
NOTHHINGG COULD HAVVE KEPT ME FROM YOUR SSSIDE, FAITHFULLL ONE.

YOUR MOMENT HASSS COME...LET ME TAKE YOU TO MEE...TO HAVE AND TO HOLD...TOGETHHHER... FOREVVVVER.
SSSWEET BRIDE OF DEATHHHH!
VERRRY TOUCHHHING...
I DO SSSO LLOVE A WEDDINGGG!

TECH 21
SO IT'S POSSIBLE... THE DARK JUDGES CAN BE BROUGHT BACK...
IS THAT WHAT JUDD WANTS...TO BRING DESTRUCTION DOWN ON THE CITY... REVENGE...?
...AND WHY NOT? FITTING PAYMENT FOR THEM, THE GREAT DECEIVERS!
WHAT AM I THINKING?
GRUD! MIND'S NOT FUNCTIONING -- SLEEP DEPRIVATION! I DIDN'T MEAN THAT!
JUDD... IT'S NOTHING TO DO WITH JUDD! IT'S THE SISTERS - THE NIGHTMARES STARTED AFTER THEY CAME! THEY'RE TRYING TO MANIPULATE ME --
DROKK! EVEN BY COMING HERE - FINDING OUT - I'M PLAYING THEIR GAME...!
TECH 21
ATTENTION, DREDD! WE HAVE A RELAY FROM PSI-DIVISION --
DREDD - SHENKER! WHAT THE DEVIL'S GOING ON? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO AGEE?
NEXT PROG:
A FATE WORSE THAN...

DIDN'T CATCH THAT, SHENKER. REPEAT.
JUDGE AGEE – A-G-E-E – WHERE IS SHE?
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'D KNOW?
GOOD GRUD, MAN, SHE WAS MEETING YOU! SHE LEFT A NOTE –
FIRST I'VE HEARD OF IT.
YOU MEAN – YOU DIDN'T CONTACT HER?
AGEE..AGEE...SCAN YOUR FUDDLED MIND..
THE GHOST OF A MEMORY... A FLEETING SHADOW THAT VANISHES AS YOU TRY TO GRASP IT...
THE NAME MEANS SOMETHING, BUT...
NEGATIVE.
WHAT'S THE PROBLEM ANYWAY?
ANDERSON JUST HAD A FLASH – WE THINK THE SISTERS OF DEATH MAY HAVE GOT TO HER!
DROKK!
SO...YOU ACCEPT THEY WEREN'T JUST A PRODUCT OF MY IMAGINATION?
I'M AFRAID IT LOOKS THAT WAY. YOU SURE YOU DIDN'T SEE AGEE?
POSITIVE
Summons from His Majesty!
Back Soon.
K.
"HIS MAJESTY"...
THAT DOESN'T NECESSARILY MEAN DREDD – DOES IT?
WELL...NO...THAT'S WHAT KIT CALLED HIM. BUT...I SUPPOSE...

JUDGE DREDD
NECRO-POLIS PART 7
IT COULD BE THE KING OF DENMARK FOR ALL WE KNOW! DAMN!
CONTROL! I WANT AN APB OUT ON JUDGE KIT AGEE!
ANY UNIT SIGHTING HER THIS A.M. CONTACT ME, IMMEDIATE! THAT'S A CODE 99 RED!
BELIEVE SHE MAY BE BEING HELD CAPTIVE BY THE SISTERS OF DEATH!
JOHN WAGNER
CAN YOU FEEEEL THEM, SSISSSTER?
TRAPPED.. SSSCREAMING IN RIGHTEOUSSSS HATRED...
SSSTORING THEIR MALICCE IN THEIR BLACK HEARTSSS...
SSSTILL BEYOND OUR REACHH... BUT CLOSSSER. CLOSSSSER...

PATIENCCE, BROTHERSSSS. WE HEED YOUR CALL.
WE ARE COMINGGGG.
THE TIME OF NECROPOLISSSS ISSS AT HAND!
REPORT IT!
THE NIGHTMARES -- THEY'VE GOT TO KNOW!
THEY CAN'T BLAME YOU NOW! THE SISTERS — THEY'VE BEEN USING YOU!
Aiiiiii
CRAAK!
IT'S YOUR DUTY TO REPORT IT!
UNGG!

DON'T BE A FOOL! YOU'VE LEFT IT TOO LATE ALREADY!
ON THE FLOOR! ALL OF YOU!
SHOULD HAVE REPORTED IT DAYS AGO. IT WAS YOUR DUTY THEN!
DON'T TELL ME THIS IS FOR PERSONAL USE, CREEP!
YOU'VE ALREADY FOULED UP! THAT'S ALL THEY NEED -- UNRELIABLE! YOU'RE OUT!
LOOK! IT'S SNOWING!
CONTROL! YOU GOT SIX FOR SHAKE-DOWN, ALLEY OF BAD-FELLOWS LODGE 404. POSSESSION WITH INTENT TO SELL, ASSAULT WITH DEADLY WEAPON, RESISTING ARREST ETCETERA.
SENTENCE DEFERRED PENDING FULL INVESTIGATION.
MED-WAGON REQUIRED.
OLD DREDD, HE WOULD HAVE DONE HIS DUTY -- OH YES --
BUT YOU RE NOT DREDD! YOU NEVER ASKED TO BE DREDD!
WILCO! GO TO PALAIS DE BOING, ROO WALK NUDE ELDSTERS BOTHERING DOORDROID.
ALL YOU WANTED WAS A CHANCE!
ANY OF YOU OTHERS EVEN THINK OF HELPING THEM YOU BETTER CANCEL YOUR HOLIDAY PLANS.

NEAT WORKER.
YOUNGER'N I FIGURED HIM FOR.
YOU'RE YOUNGER THAN I EXPECTED YOU HAD A REJUVE JOB OR SOMETHING...
DROKK!
LOYAL ORDER OF BADFELLOWS
LODGE 4
AGEE... NO! DON'T THINK IT! YOUR MIND PLAYING TRICKS AGAIN...
CONTROL! GOT TO GET CONTROL!
RED PILLS THIS TIME, TO STAY AWAKE.
RED FOR RAGE!
BREAKING REGS RIGHT THERE! UNFIT FOR DUTY!
BETWEEN THE NIGHTMARES AND THE... PILLS...
PSI

I CHECKED WITH NETWORK. THERE WAS ONLY ONE CALL TO AGEE THIS MORNING, LOGGED AT 1019.
SOURCE – DREDD.
THEY'RE SURE?
THEY DON'T MAKE MISTAKES.
I DOUBLE-CHECKED WITH OPS DREDD WAS OUT OF CONTACT BETWEEN 1039 AND 1114 – ON RADIO SILENCE. WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN
SO HE COULD HAVE MET AGEE –
COULD NOTHING! HE LIED!
NO!
AGEE
NEXT PROG: THE JIG'S UP!

GRUD WHAT HAVE I DONE ?
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO ?
FOR ONCE ACT LIKE A JUDGE
CONTROL! INFORM PSI-DIVISION . I'M TURNING MYSELF IN
I BELIEVE I MAY BE IMPLICATED IN THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JUDGE AGEE
JUDGE DREDD
NECRO-POLIS
PART 8
DAMN YOU !
WHAT DID YOU DO TO HER ?
ANDERSON! GET HOLD OF YOURSELF !

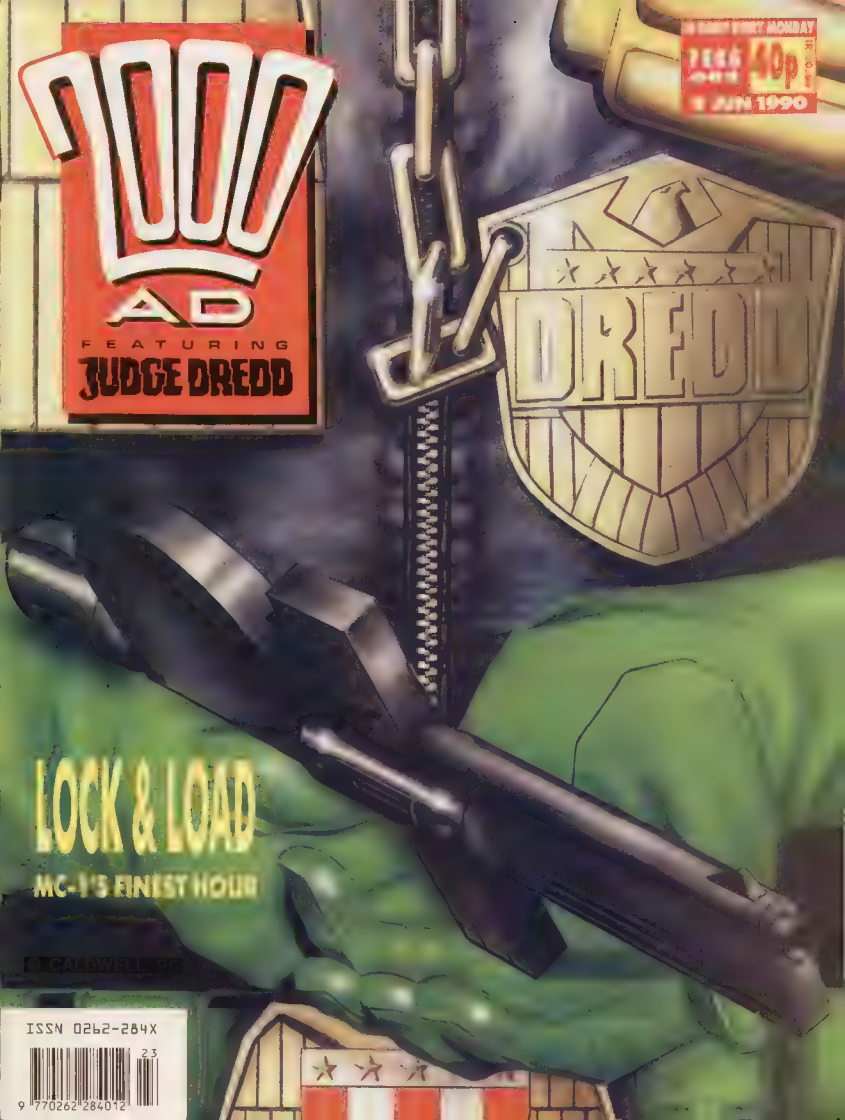
YOU YOU'RE NOT DREDD!
I DON'T SUPPOSE THERE'S ANY POINT HIDING IT FROM YOU, ANDERSON. HE'S JUDDA.
ONE OF THE CAPTIVES FROM THE JUDDA INCURSION — DREDD'S BLOODLINE NAME OF KRAKEN.
WAIT YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS? THEN DREDD --
GONE THE LONG WALK ALL PRETTY HUSH HUSH
AND THIS JOKER'S TAKEN HIS PLACE? GRUD! WHOSE DUMB IDEA WAS THAT?
MINE, I'M AFRAID
WELL — WHAT DID YOU DO WITH AGEE?
I DON'T KNOW
I DON'T KNOW IF I DID ANYTHING...
TELL THEM ABOUT THE SISTERS THE NIGHTMARES.. ABOUT JUDD
TELL THEM YOU'VE HARDLY SLEPT FOR FOUR DAYS -- ABOUT THE PILLS --

YOU WERE CONFUSED – YOUR BRAIN WASN'T FUNCTIONING. YOU SHOULD HAVE REPORTED IT, BUT –
EXCUSES
LAME EXCUSES
NETWORK CONFIRMS ONLY ONE CALL MADE TO AGEE THIS A.M., LOGGED 1019. IT CAME FROM YOU.
YOU ARRANGED TO MEET HER. WHY?
WHERE DID YOU GO? WHERE DID YOU TAKE HER?
I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T REMEMBER!
YOU WERE LOGGED AT 1039 ON WEBBER, SECTOR 40. YOU NOTIFIED RADIO SILENCE. WHERE DID YOU GO?
BROKE UP AN ARV AT THE GROSSE CENTRE AND THEN I... I WAS CALLED TO THE SCHOOL OF DENTISTRY, CATHODE STREET – ORTHODONTIST AMOK
THE ARV HAPPENED BEFORE 1039 – YOU WERE LOGGED AT THE SCHOOL OF DENTISTRY AT 1019. THERE'S A 35 MINUTE GAP!
WHERE WERE YOU?
I... DON'T REMEMBER
I HAVE A VAGUE PICTURE OF AGEE BUT I... I CAN'T HOLD IT
SO YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW HER BADGE CAME INTO YOUR POSSESSION?
NO
WHATEVER ELSE I'VE DONE I HAVE CLEARLY FAILED TO CARRY OUT MY DUTIES AS A JUDGE OF MEGA-CITY ONE. I THEREFORE HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE –

I ACCEPT FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR MY ACTIONS. I STAND READY TO TAKE WHATEVER CONSEQUENCES YOU DECREE
CHIEF JUDGE, QUITE PLAINLY HE WAS BEING MANIPULATED BY THESE CREATURES —
OH, VERY NOBLE, BUSTER!
BUT YOU DON'T GET OUT OF IT THAT EASY YOU MET KIT AGEE — YOU BETRAYED HER TO THE SISTERS OF DEATH — AND SOMEWHERE IN YOUR MIND IS THE MEMORY OF IT!
I'M GOING TO GET IT OUT!
WE'LL START ON WEBBER STREET!
PLENTY OF UNITS BACKING UP H-WAGONS OVERHEAD FULL ARMAMENT BETTER ADD BOING
BOING?
IT WORKED FOR JUDGE DEATH CAN'T AFFORD TO OVERLOOK ANYTHING
CENTRAL COMBAT DEPOT
MOBILISE!
MOBILISE!
MOBILISE!

WEBBER STREET, SECTOR 40! SISTERS OF DEATH!
WHO—?
DEPT. OF JUSTICE
H-WAGONS' N POS TION OVER WEBBER!
WHAT'S GO N' ON?
THAT'S ANDERSON, ISN'T IT?
WHO'S THAT WITH HER—DREDD?
TELL YOU, IF WE FIND THESE SISTERS YOU BOYS CAN GO IN FIRST!
'KAY, YOU'RE ON WEBBER.. YOU'RE CALL NG N— WHAT DO YOU SAY?
I DON'T KNOW, ANDERSON!
LET'S SEE IF WE CAN JOG YOUR MEMORY.—
OH, BOY YOUR BRAIN—
OHH' YOU ARE ONE CRAZY, MIXED-UP KID—

YOU'RE SITTING ON WEBBER. . YOU'VE CUT THE ENGINE YOU'RE WATCHING — WAITING —
YOU'RE WAITING FOR AGEE, AREN'T YOU ?
I DON'T —
SOMEONE'S COMING . IT'S HER ! YOU'RE CALLING IN — SOMETHING YOU WANT TO CHECK OUT — ADOPTING RADIO SILENCE
THAT'S A ROG REA LOGGED 1039
AGEE '
WE'RE HEADING NORTH SHE'S TALKING — I DON'T LISTEN
TURNING BURNT-OUT FACTORY ON THE . ON THE RIGHT
THAT'S MILLARDS ! LET'S GO!
WE'RE MOVING !
SSSSOO THE GAME ISSS UP . COME THE HOUNDSSS BAYINGG FOR BLOOD !
ALASSS, WE HAVVE NO BLOOD TO GIVVVE ..
FORTUNATELY, THEY HAVVVE MORE THAN ENOUGHHH OF THEIR OWN!
NEXT PROG H-WAGONS, HOO-OOH!



ISSN 0262-284X

SNAKE EYES!
YOU'RE TELLIN' ME! IT'S THE LAW!
AW HEYYYY-!
IS THAT ALL FOR US?
JUDGE DREDD
IN NECRO-POLIS PART 9
THAT'S WHAT I CALL OVERKILL!

WHAT TH' HELL IS THAT ?
CONTROL – ANDERSON! WE HAVE CONTACT! REPEAT, CONTACT!
GETTING AWFULLY DARK OUT THERE!
SOMETHING'S GOING ON. MORE JUDGES THAN ..
GRUD ON A GREENIE!..!
DON'T HOLD THE FRONT PAGE OF 'COVER GIRL', CONTROL – THESE TWO AIN'T IN.
GREETINGSSSSS!
GREETINGSSSS!
MY EARS!

THOSE ABOUT TO DIE – WE SSSSSSALUTE YOUUU !
SSSSALUTE YOUUU !
SSSSALUTE YOUUU !
SSSSALUTE YOUUU !
SSSSALUTE YOUUU !
AHHHHHHH

MAXIMUM FIRE!
THIS IS WEIRD! INSTRUMENTS AREN'T REGISTERING!
G-GRUD-!
CONTROL TO ALL UNITSSSS!
IT'S ALL OVER ME!
ABANDONNN HHHOPE!
FIRE!
CRASHH!
LET THE SSSSIN OF LIFFFE BE PURGGGGED!
TOGETHHHHER WE WILL BUILD NECROPOLISSSSS!
AHHHHhhhhh!
THIS... IT... IT'S NOT HAPPENING!
IT'S ALL AN ILLUSION-!

HOLY MOLEY! THIS IS SOMETHIN'! GET THE CAMERA, HONEY!
THEY'RE PLAYING WITH YOU! IT'S ALL IN YOUR MIND! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME~!
OH, GRUD! GRUD!
KRAKEN! YOUUU BETRAYYYED USSSS
NO!
HURRY IT UP, HONEY! HURRY!
OH, MAN! WHAT A PICTURE!
WE'LL BE FAMOUS! WE'LL SELL THIS FOR MILLIONS!

AAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
UH-UH
THEY'RE BLINDED BY FEAR!
THEY CAN'T SEE THE SISTERS FOR WHAT THEY ARE!

KIT...THEY'RE DOING THIS THROUGH KIT!
I'VE GOT TO REACH HER!
YOU SSSWORE TO SSSERVE USSS!
WE HHHAD AN ARRANGGGGEMENT!
NOT WITH ME! IF YOU MADE ANY DEALS IT WASN'T WITH ME!
KRAKEN! HEAR ME!
I'M...NOT KRAKEN!
I CAN SEE YOU, KIT, BUT...YOU'RE SO FAR AWAY...!
LOCATE! LOCATE!
KIT! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!
NEXT PROG
MIND GAMES!

--BURNIN.
INSTRUMENTS WON'T RESPOND! WE'RE COMING DOWN!
H-WAGON SWITCH TO AUXILIARY!
EMERGENCY CODE DOUBLE RE-ANNN!
MED-WAGONS: WHERE ARE THE MED-WAGONS?
DEPLOY ROBOTS! DEPLOY. DEPLOY ROBOTS!
JUDGE DREDD
NECRO POLIS 10
WE ALREADY DEPLOYED EVERYTHING WE GOT, CONTROL! NOTHING'S ANY GOOD AGAINST THESE THINGS!
EEEARGH!

HEAVY 4, REPORT STATUS!
FULLY OPERATIONAL, CONTROL BUT WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF OPTIONS.
IT'S LIKE FIGHTING GHOSTS. I SAY WE PULL BACK, LET PSI-DIVISION HANDLE THIS!
YEAH. IT'S THEIR BABY, SKIP--
SKIP
WHAT'SS THE MATTER, SSSKIPPP?
GROKK
TH THEY'RE IN CONTROL.
AHHHH!
CREEPS ARE SHAPE-CHANGERS!
HEAVY TANK
AHHHH
SSS SSSSKIPPP
GARSON! WHAT'S GOING ON THERE? REPORT!
INFILTRATORS CONTROL; BUT DON'T WORRY-

GOT 'EM !
GOT 'EM ALL !
KIT !
HELP ME
DONN'T THHHHINKKK IT'T !

DAMN YOU, WHAT DID YOU DO WITH HER ? WHERE D D YOU TAKE HER ?
ANNNDERSSSSONNN!
YOU CAN'T FOOL ME ! I FEEL YOUR FESTERING FINGERS IN MY BRAIN! I KNOW YOUR GAME !
OUT OUT DAMNED SPOOKS !
CURSSSSE YOU, ANNNDERSSSONNN!

DUNC DUNC
SSSSILLLENCCCCE
DUNC RENALDO!
SHE'S IN DUNC RENALDO —
WHAPP!
KILLLLL HHHERRR!
SSSSHHEE'S THE ONLYYY ONE WHO KNOWSSSS! KILL HHHERR!
IT'S NOT NECESSARY!
KRAKEN! I COMMAND YOU!

DO YOUR DUTY!
DO YOUR DUTY!
DO YOUR DUTY!
DO YOUR DUTY!
IN THE NAME OF –
JUDD!
FTOOOOM!
FTOOOOM!
FTOOOM!
HEAVY 4' CEASE F RING!
YOU GOTTA BE CRAZY, CONTROL!

WE GOT MASS INFILTRATION HERE! THEY'RE EVERYWHERE!
YOU'RE SHOOTING AT JUDGES, GARSON
YOU'RE LYING!
WHAT IS T CONTROL YOU IN WITH THEM TOO?
$$$HHHEEE IS$$$ BEYONDO YOUR REACHH
YOU HAVE A GREATER TASS$KK TO PERFORMM
MAKE $$$PEEED - KRAKENNN!
NEXT PROG RIDERS ON THE STORM!

HEAVY 4 IS OUT OF CONTROL! ROBOT UNITS NEUTRALISE!
JUDGESSS OF MEGA-CCCITYYY ONE!
JUDGESSS OF MEGA-CCCITYYY ONE!
YOU HHAVVE HHHAD BUT A TASSSTE OF WHAT .SSS TO COME
WE HAVVVE TODAY EMBARKED UPON GREAT DEEEDSSSS
THISSS CITY SHHHALLL BE OUR MASSSTERWORKKK!
MASSSTERWORKKK!
MASSSTERWORKKK!
MASSSTERWORKKK!

A TRIUMPHHH OF DESSSPAIR OVER HHHOPE
DARKNESSSS OVER LIGHTTT
JUSSSTICCCE OVER LIFFFE
GUILTTT – JOIN WITHHH LSSSSS!
TOGETHHHER WE WILL BUILD NECROPOLISSSS!
THEY'RE GONE CONTROL JUST VANISHED!
MED-WAGONS GET MED-WAGONS HERE!
JUDGE DREDD
NECRO-POLIS
PART 11
WHERE THE HELL ARE THE MED WAGONS?
WHAT'VE DONE?
NECROPOLIS CITY OF THE DEAD
THEY MADE IT SOUND LIKE A ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME OPPORTUNITY
I'M AFRAID IT MIGHT WELL BE
CONTROL! ANDERSON AND DREDD – WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THEM?
NO INFORMATION, CHIEF JUDGE IT'S ALL PRETTY CONFUSED DOWN THERE

TECH 21
FIND OUT THAT'S PRIORITY ONE!
CODE X03/7 SEARCH NEGATIVE
TRY AGAIN
THIS IS MADNESS!
ON THE CONTRARY IT'S THE SANEST THING I'VE EVER DONE
WAS MAD FOR A WHILE THEY TWISTED ME – SQUEEZED ME – BUT I KNOW MY DUTY
BUT IF YOU BRING THEM BACK TH-THOUSANDS WILL DIE
I DISAGREE
YOU'RE SETTING YOUR SIGHTS TOO LOW ALL WILL DIE TOTAL ANNIHILATION IS THE BEST WAY
YOU'VE FLIPPED DREDD! OUT OF YOUR MIND -
DON'T CALL ME DREDD MY NAME IS KRAKEN!

DON T CALL ME DREDDDD MY NAME ISSS KRAKENNN' PATHHHETICCC!
HOW SSSSIMPLE A TOOL ISSS THE HHHUMAN MIND! SSSO EASSSYY TO MANIPULATE
SSSOONN MY BROTHHERSSSS.
I'M TELLING YOU DEAN HE ORDERED US OUT AT GUNPOINT
IS BARRED
HE WAS HERE BEFORE ASKING DOCTOR MUNN ABOUT RETRIEVING THE DARK JUDGES FROM LIMBO
SWEET LARRY! YOU DON T SUPPOSE--?
GET ONTO JUSTICE DEPARTMENT -- FIND OUT IF HE'S GOT AUTHORISATION FOR THIS!
SECURITY! DIMENSIONAL STUDIES LAB MAY HAVE AN EMERGENCY
RHNURRRRYYYY
KEEP TRYING SPEED UP

CHIEF JUDGE! WE MAY HAVE LOCATED DREDD!
RESEARCH LAB AT TECH 21 HE'S APPARENTLY BLOCKED IT OFF – HOLDING A DR MUNN HOSTAGE SOUNDS LIKE A HOAX CALL TO ME
MUNN GOOD GRUD BELIEVE IT!
ALL AVAILABLE UNITS EMERGENCY CODE DOUBLE RED! I'M AUTHORISING TERM NAT ON
DAMMIT I'M ORDERING IT! STOP DREDD AT ALL COSTS!
WHAT HAVE UNLEASHED?
NNNHURRYYYY
IF YOU'RE STALLING ME–
T-IT'S NOT MY FAULT! WE'RE SEARCHING BLIND – IT- T COULD TAKE DAYS ..!
IT BETTER NOT TRY AGAIN!

YOU -
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY W TH THIS -
OH NO
I CAN'T LET TH S HAPPEN .
OH BOY
NICE ONE DR MUNN

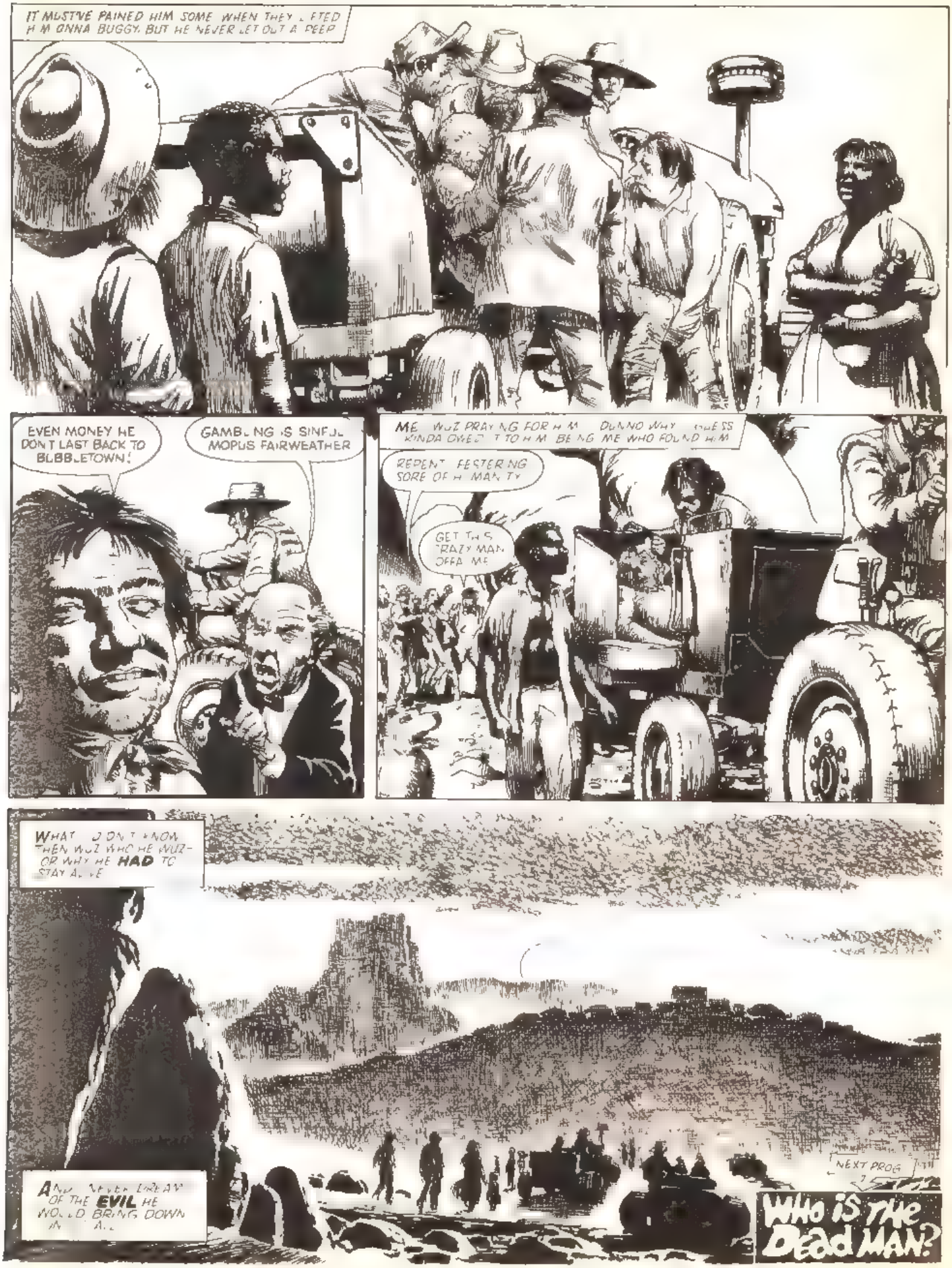
GREEEEETINGSSSSS!
WE HAVVVE COME TO JUDGGGE YOU!
NEXT PROG
JUDGEMENT DAY!

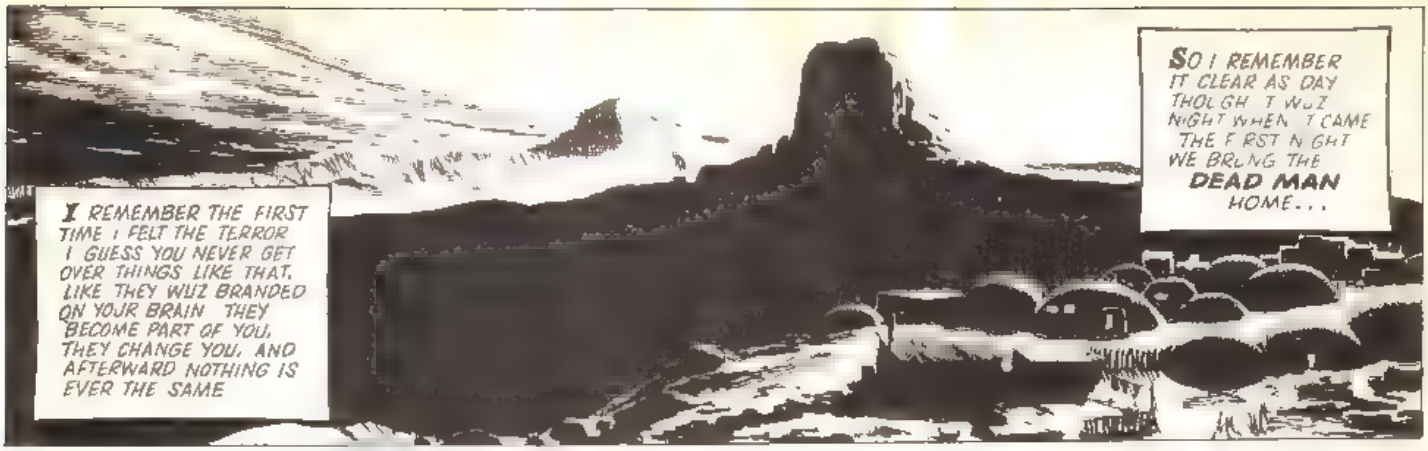
2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY
PROG 652
40p
6 NOV 1993
THE DEAD MAN
JOHN RIDGWAY
9 770262 284012

THE
DEAD
MAN
HE S IN THERE FUZZ B.G OL FAT FELLA
KEEFRIPLEY
J.RIDDIHAY
JACK POTTER
OH BOY HE S GONNA LOOK GOOD NNA POT
CHASE H M OUT DOG
THERE HE GOES
IT WUZ ME WHO FOUND THE DEAD MAN FUZZY GREEL SEZ HE FOUND HIM TOO COS HE WUZ THERE BUT IT WUZ ME
HE S A SCUTTLER
CATCH H M MASSA

GETT M DOG.
IT WUZ ME WHO TOUCHED HIM - FELT HIS SKIN ALL CRACKED AND RAKED LIKE A BAD STRETCH OF
UHHHHHHHHHH!
HOLY RADS!
SURE LOOKS THA' WAY
IS HE DEAD?
G MME THAT STICK LL POKE H M!
GEBB
IT WUZ ME WUZ LOOK NG RIGHT INTO HIS FACE WHEN THE DEAD MAN'S EYES OPENED

NUUUHHhhhh!
Uh-UH-UH-UHH!
YAP YAP
GRRRR!


IT MUSTVE PAINED HIM SOME WHEN THEY L FTED H M ONNA BUGGY. BUT HE NEVER LET OUT A PEEP
EVEN MONEY HE DONT LAST BACK TO BLBBLETOWN!
GAMBL NG IS SINFUL MOPUS FAIRWEATHER
ME WUZ PRAY NG FOR H M DUNNO WHY I GUESS KINDA OWED T TO H M BE NG ME WHO FOUND H M
REPENT FESTER NG SORE OF H MAN TY
GET TH S CRAZY MAN OFFA ME
WHAT I DON T KNOW THEN WUZ WHO HE WUZ- OR WHY HE HAD TO STAY A VE
AND NEVER DREAM OF THE EVIL HE WOULD BRING DOWN IN A L
NEXT PROG
WHO IS THE DEAD MAN?



THE DEAD MAN

PART TWO

BULLET SCARS IF EVER SEEN 'EM!
THIS FELLER S NO STRANGER TO TROUBLE .
A MAN OF VIOLENCE! A CREATURE OF EVIL!
I CAN SMELL IT IN TH S ROOM- SPREADIN ITS RANC D TENTACLE OVER YOU ALL
YOU HAVE HARBOURED A VIPER IN YOUR NEST EARTHA POVEY.' CAST H M OUT BEFORE T IS TOO LATE
CORDIN' TO YOU EVERYBODY S A CREATURE OF EV MR LARKIN
MAYBE HE S A WRONG UN DUNNO BUT E HE AIN T GONNA LAST TILL MORNIN DON T MATTER MUCH EITHER WAY N THE MEAN TIME WE'D BE WRONG F WE DIDN T TRY AN MAKE H S DYN A LITTLE EASIER
CAST H M OUT I SAY!
NO. I'M CASTIN YOU OUT!
ALL YOU CAN JUST CLEAR OUTA HERE AN' G VE THE MAN SOME PEACE
YOU RE BRINGIN DOOM TO US ALL EARTHA POVEY
HOLY LARRY'S GETTIN WORSE
HIS WIFE DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH HIM, POOR SOUL
DOOOOOOM!

IF WE'D KNOWN ABOUT THE FEARFUL THINGS THAT WERE TO BEFALL US MAYBE WE'D HAVE LISTENED TO HOLY LARRY
BUT WE COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN—COULDN'T EVEN IMAGINE. NOBODY COULD.
I KNOW YOU!
SERVANTS OF EVIL. I KNOW YOU!
HE'S FEVERISH
WHAT DEVILMENT IS AFOOT?
DOG??
GrrrrrrRRRr
WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOY?
SOMETHIN'S SCARED HIM—
GRRRRRRRRR!
DAMN YOU. I WON'T— HuuhHH!— DIE FOR YOU
JESUS, HARV, WHAT IS IT?

I WOKE UP
IT WAS THERE IN THE ROOM
LIKE A SHADOW PASSING OVER ME - THROUGH ME - TURNING MY BLOOD TO ICE
FOR A MOMENT I FELT I WAS LOOKING INTO THE VERY PIT OF WICKEDNESS
DOWN AND DOWN, DEEPER AND DEEPER AND DARKER AND MORE FULL OF PURE BLIND EVIL THAN ANYTHING YOU COULD IMAGINE

YASSA
YOU ALL RIGHT, SON?
I COULDN'T HELP IT. I WUZ SO SHOOK UP I JUST SAT THERE CRYING.
HE'S SHAKIN LIKE A LEAF!
HE FELT IT TOO!
THERE THERE IT'S GONE NOW, SON.
DID YOU.. DID YOU HEAR IT?
HEAR IT?
IT.. IT SCREAMED!
IT WUZ HORRIBLE LIKE LIKE A SAW SCRAPIN ON GLASS
WHAT WUZ IT, PAP?
I DUNNO BOY.
I DUNNO
MAYBE YOUR DEAD MAN'LL BE ABLE TO TELL US IF HE LIVES

TWO DAYS LATER THE FEVER BROKE. MAM SAID THANKS TO GOD AND GREASEPLANT JELLY IT LOOKED LIKE THE DEAD MAN WUZ GONNA PULL THROUGH
YOU HEAR ME IN THERE, EARTHA POVEY? REPENT!
REPENT!
REPENT SAY
HE'S COM N' ROUND AGA N YASSA, GET ME THAT SOUP BOWL
YOU HAVE TAKEN THE VIPER INTO YOUR OWN NEST!
HE'S TAKIN' SOME THIS TIME
WHERE AM I?
BLBBLETOWN, WEST OF ACID RIVER - BOUT FORTY KAYS NORTH OF NANCHUK
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, STRANGER? HOW'D YOU COME TO BE IN THIS MESS?
DON'T.. KNOW
YOU DON'T KNOW?
NOTH NG..
NEXT PROG
TRAIL of the DEAD MAN

THE
DEAD
MAN
PART 3
MORE THAN A WEEK WENT BY AND THE TERROR THAT VISITED US THAT NIGHT DIDN'T COME AGAIN NEAR EVERYONE IN BUBBLETOWN HAD FELT IT ME COULDN'T PUT IT OUT OF MY MIND
AT NIGHT I'D STAND LISTENING AT THE DOOR WATCHING FOR THE SHADOW ONCE OR TWICE I THOUGHT I COULD HEAR IT SCREAM— FAR AWAY IN THE DISTANCE— AND MY KNEES WOULD GO WEAK AND THE SHIVERS RUN DOWN MY SPINE AGAIN
THERE'S NOTHIN THERE, BOY
I NEVER FELT NOTHIN SO DOWN RIGHT EVIL, PAP
THERE'S THINGS IN THIS WORLD MORE TERRIBLE THAN WE COULD EVER IMAGINE YASSA. MOST TIMES ORDINARY FOLK LIKE US IS LUCKY AN THEY JUST PASS US BY
I GOT THE FEELIN IT WUZ LOOKIN' FOR SOMETHIN
STILL IS OUT THERE SOMEWHERE
2000 AD
KEEF RIDLEY
JOHN PIDGWAY
OR SOMEONE

WE TOLD THE DEAD MAN ABOUT IT – THE THING THAT HAPPENED THE NIGHT HE ARRIVED. BUT HE COULDN'T TELL US NOTH.NG
WHO AM I?
THE DEAD MAN COULDN T TELL JS NOTHING ABOUT NOTHING...
THERE MUST BE SOMETHIN' YOU REMEMBER ABOUT YOUR PAST – SOMETHIN' THAT WOULD AT LEAST GIVE JS A CLUE!
IT'S A BLANK.
YOU SAID THINGS WHEN YOU WUZ FEVERED... SOME THIN' ABOUT "SERVANTS OF EVIL" AN' "DEVILMENT AFOOT" – AN' THEN YOU SHOUTED "I WON'T DIE FOR YOU"..
THAT MEAN ANYTHIN'?
"I WON T DIE FOR YOU."
NOTH NG.
NOTH N AT ALL
DOOM
REPENT, YOJ POJEYS!
YOU HAVE SUCKLED THE SERPENT AT YOUR OWN BOSOM!
HEED MY WARNING BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!
MAM SAID IT WUZ SOMETHING CALLED AMNEEZY, CAUSED BY HIM GETTING HIT ON THE HEAD SHE FIGGERED THE DEAD MAN D START REMEMBERING THINGS BY AN BY. IN THE MEANTIME SHE WUZN'T GONNA THROW NOBODY IN NEED TO THE GRUNTS JUST COS EVERYBODY ELSE THOUGHT SHE SHOULD. SHE WUZ A GOOD CHRISTIAN WUMMAN NOT LIKE THAT HOLY LARRY LARKINS, WHO WUZ PLUM CRAZY ANYWAYS

LARRY! COME AWAY AND STOP BOTHERIN' THE POVEYS!
DOO
THEY'RE BRINGING DOOM UPON US ALL EGNES. DOOOM!
BUT ONE BY ONE CURIOSITY GOT THE BETTER OF THE REST OF THE TOWNSFOLKS AND THEY BEGAN TO CHIP IN THEIR TWO CREDSWORTH
YOU DON'T TALK LIKE NOBODY ROUND HERE
YOU BEEN IN AN ACCIDENT F REFIGHT, MAYBE
I SEEN ACID DO THAT TO A FELLA HE DIDN'T LIVE THOUGH
A LOT OF US AREN'T HAPPY ABOUT YOU BEIN' HERE, MISTER
SEEN ALL THEM BULLET SCARS? WHOEVER YOU ARE YOU WUZN'T ANY TOO POPULAR
ABOUT 45-55 I SAY YEP
I'LL SAY THIS, YOU MUSTA WANTED TO LIVE REAL BAD TO PULL THROUGH, WAY YOU WUZ
HAVE YOU SEEN HIS EYES? NOT RIGHT. SOMEHOW NOT NATURAL
THEY ALL STARE AT ME- LIKE SOME MONSTER
AM THAT UGLY
YOU SURE AIN'T NO DESERT FLOWER
BUT IT AIN'T JUST THAT FOLKS ARE WORRIED
YOU HEARD OL HOLY LARRY RANTIN HE SAYS YOU'RE SOME DEVIL THAT'S GONNA BRING A CURSE ON EVERYONE- THAT IT WUZ YOU BRUNG THE TERROR-
HEY! PUT THAT DOWN!

WHAT IS IT?
DON'T YOU KNOW? IT'S A RIFLE! IT'S DANGEROUS! IT MIGHT GO OFF AN KILL SOMEBODY!
BOY, YOU ARE DUMB!
ME, I FIGGERED MAYBE HE DID HAVE SOME THING TO DO WITH WHATEVER IT WUZ CAME THAT NIGHT...
AS FAR AS BEIN EVIL GOES, DOG SAYS YOU AIN'T AN THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME HE WOULDN'T GO NEAR YOU IF YOU WUZN'T ALL SQUARE
SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEAD MAN DOG
SMARTER N YOU THINK HEY DOG M AS DRY AS A CAST OFF SNAKE SKIN GO GET THE WATER BAC
MUTIE DOG. KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT YOU RE SAYING.
PAP SAYS IF HE HAD THE RIGHT VOCAL CORDS HE COULD TALK
HEY, DOG! ROLL OVER THREE TIMES, LIE ON YOUR BACK, WAGGLE YOUR LEGS AND SING FOR US!
GRRRRRR!
THAT'S HIS WAY OF TELLIN' ME TO GO JUMP!

THAT'S WHERE YOU WUZ LYIN
GRABBED AT THIS BIG LIZARD AN GOT YOU INSTEAD
AND THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE HERE JUST ME?
EVERYTHING MUST BE STILL SOMEWHERE IN MY HEAD
HAPPENED TO ME MAYBE IT WOULD HELP UNLOCK THE REST OF IT
HE'S GOT SOMETHIN.

HOLD IT! SOMETHIN'S WRONG!
RRRRRR!
HRRNT!
MMRNF!
HRMM!
WE GOT TROUBLE.
HRRANN!
SNURRT!
GRUNTS!
GRRAAR!
NEXT PROG
HUNTIN' PARTY!

THE DEAD MAN

PART FOUR

REEF DIPLEY
JOHN RIDGWAY
JACK POTTER

THERE WUZ AT LEAST EIGHT OF THEM TO TWO OF US. I FIGGERED WE WUZ GONERS FOR SURE
BUT WUZ TO LEARN SOME THN ABOUT THE DEAD MAN THAT DAY .
HRAA!!!
UNGGG!
SPAK!
HRNNNN
DOG DOG. RUN HOME GET PAP

AI!!!!!!!
BADAMMM!
HRRNNN!
BADAMM!
BADAMMM!
BADAMM!
HRAI!!!!
BADAMM!
BADAMM!
ARRRAI!!!!

GRRRRRR!
HUNNGG!
BADOWWW!
IT... IT'S USIN ME AS A SHE..
THE FIRST SHOT TOOK THE GR..NT'S FOOT OFF
HRRRUUUH!
BADAMM!
YOU ALL RIGHT BOY?
THE SECOND WAS RIGHT THROUGH THE HEAD!

MOLEY YOU KILLED EM ALL
CREATURES LIKE THESE DESERVE BETTER
WHAT DID YOU SAY THEY WERE
YOU GET
WHAT A RIFLE WUZ!
GRUNTS
A HEAD OR HEART SHOT
ARE DEAD MAN
MEANEST SHOT
SAW
YES
YES:
NOBODY SEEMED ANY TOO PLEASED
JUST PROVES HE'S A KILLER A WICKED MAN THAT'S NO MORE N WE EXPECTED
THAT WE WANT TO KICK YOU OUT STRANGER BUT SINCE YOU CAME HERE THINGS HAVE STARTED HAPPENING THE RAINS ARE LATE NEVER HEARD OF SO MANY GRUNTS DOWN FROM THE HILLS SOMETHIN'S SPOOKED EM
TOBY CRITCHLOW SAID YESTERDAY HE SEEN A CROW FLYIN BACKWARDS THAT'S A SURE SIGN TROUBLE'S IN THE WIND

ME ALL KNOW HE BRING THE TERROR
MY LITTLE PLOT HAS BEEN HAVING BAD DREAMS EVERY NIGHT
MR LARKIN S RIGHT YOU RE GOING TO BRING DAMNATION TO US ALL
AND THE LORD SAID "FEAR YE THE DEAD MAN FOR HE S MOVED BY THE POWERS OF EVIL"
I KNOW MY BIBLE LARRY LARKIN THE LORD NEVER SAID NOTHIN LIKE THAT YOU MADE IT UP
DID TOO
THE LORD TOLD ME IN A VISION! HE SPEAKS TO ME HE TELLS ME THINGS!
THEN I HOPE HE TOLD YOU YOU RE PLUMB CRAZY COS THAT S WHAT YOU ARE
THE PLAIN FACT OF THE MATTER S EARTHA POWEY WE DON T WANT THAT MAN HERE
THAT NIGHT A CHILL WIND SPRANG UP SOMETHING EERILY IN THE AIR SWIRLS OF DUST AND LEAVES ROSE LIKE GHOSTS AND CAME DARTING THROUGH BRETTOWN
THE STOCK WERE JUMPY RESTLESS LIKE THEY COULD SENSE SOMETHING UNNATURAL ON THE WIND
LISTENING THOUGHT COULD HEAR THAT TERRIBLE SCREAM AGAIN CLOSER NOW CLOSER COMING STRAIGHT TOWARDS US
AS IF TOO HAD LEARNED SOMETHING ABOUT THE DEAD MAN
Night of the DEMON!

I HAD A NIGHTMARE.
I WUZ IN A TUNNEL. IT GOT NARROWER AND NARROWER. THERE WUZ BODIES, BODIES ALL AROUND. I WUZ RUNNING SCARED.
THE DEAD MAN
PART 5
SOMETHING WUZ AFTER ME.
I COULD HEAR ITS FOOTSTEPS BEHIND ME.
GROWING LOUDER, QUICKENING, HURRYING AFTER ME.
HANDS REACHED UP, GRABBED ME DEAD HANDS.
I STRUGGLED, BUT I COULDN'T GET AWAY.
AND IT WUZ COMING— THE SHADOW— LOOMING, LOOMING OVER ME . . .
2000 AD
SCRIPT KEEF RIPLEY
ART JOHN RIDGWAY
LETTERING JACK POTTER

I WOKE UP
AND MY BLOOD RAN COLD.
IT WUZ THERE — IN THE ROOM.
IT CAME TOWARDS ME. IT STOOD OVER ME. IT PEELED AWAY THE SHADOW LIKE A CLOAK.—
IT WUZ A WOMAN— THE BEAUTIFULEST WOMAN I EVER SAW.
SKIN WHITE LIKE CHALK. HER EYES GLOWED WITH A TERRIBLE BLACK FIRE.
SHE SPOKE TO ME.
YOU KNOW, DON'T YOU, BOY...?
SHE TOUCHED ME.
WHERE IS HE...?
WH-WHAT? WHO-?
YOU'LL TELL ME, WON'T YOU, BOY?
COLD, LIKE THE FINGERS OF A CORPSE...

YOU'D DO WELL NOT TO LIE TO ME!
UHH-UHH!
I CAN MAKE YOU MINE, BOY! IT CAN BE YOUR REWARD!
JUST TELL ME....!
AHHHHHHH!
I WOKE UP
HHHHHHHH!
YASSA!
OUTSIDE I HEARD IT SCREAM AGAIN—
IT WUZ HERE, MAM! I-IT WUZN'T NO DREAM —IT WUZ HERE!
I KNOW, I KNOW...

IT- IT WUZ A WOMAN –
A WUMMAN? YOU SAW IT?
'CEPT IT WUZN'T. IT WUZ... IT WUZ HORRIBLE!
IT ASKED ME "WHERE IS HE?" IT WUZ LOOKIN' FOR YOU, DEAD MAN!
YES... I FELT THAT TOO. BUT IT COULDN'T FIND ME...
ANY MORE THAN I CAN FIND MYSELF!
DAMN YOU, EARTHA POVEY! DAMN YOU!
HE'S DEAD! YOU KILLED HIM! THAT'S WHAT YOU DID!
SEEMED OLD ABE SKUNKSTINK HAD TOOK FRIGHT, KEELED OVER AND DIED
IT'S YOUR FAULT FOR TAKIN' IN THAT DEAD MAN! HE BROUGHT THE TERROR! HE BROUGHT A CURSE ON US ALL!

THEY'RE RIGHT —I DID BRING THAT THING HERE
NEXT MORNING THE DEAD MAN TOLD US ALL HE WUZ LEAVING...
LAST NIGHT I SENSED T... IT'S ME IT WANTS.
I DON'T KNOW WHY OR WHAT I'VE DONE... BUT I'VE NO RIGHT TO INFLICT IT ON YOU GOOD PEOPLE.
HE FIGGERED IF HE COULD FIND OUT WHAT'D HAPPENED TO HIM IT WOULD ALL COME BACK. HE AIMED TO RETRACE HIS STEPS...
I'VE GOT TO KNOW I'VE GOT A FEELING IT'S .. IMPORTANT
COULD BE RIGHT THERE, DEAD MAN. THERE'S SOME MIGHTY POWERFUL FORCES AT WORK.
I'D LIKE TO TAKE THIS ANIMAL. YESTERDAY I FELT SURE HE'D PICKED UP MY TRAIL
HE WUZ ONTO SOMETHIN', NO MISTAKE!
I'M SORRY.... I KNOW YOU NEED 'IM, BUT DOG WON'T GO ANYWHERE WITHOUT THE BOY AN' YASSA SURE AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERES.
AYE, MAM!
I UNDERSTAND
SO MAM PACKED HIM SOME EATS AND WHAT SUPPLIES WE COULD SPARE AND PAP GAVE HIM A RIFLE AND DREW HIM UP A MAP...
FIGGER WHATEVER HAPPENED TO YOU HAPPENED OVER ACID RIVER WAY.
THIS STRETCH OF FOREST HERE, THAT'S GRUNT COUNTRY DON'T GO NEAR IT 'LESS YOU HAVE TO.

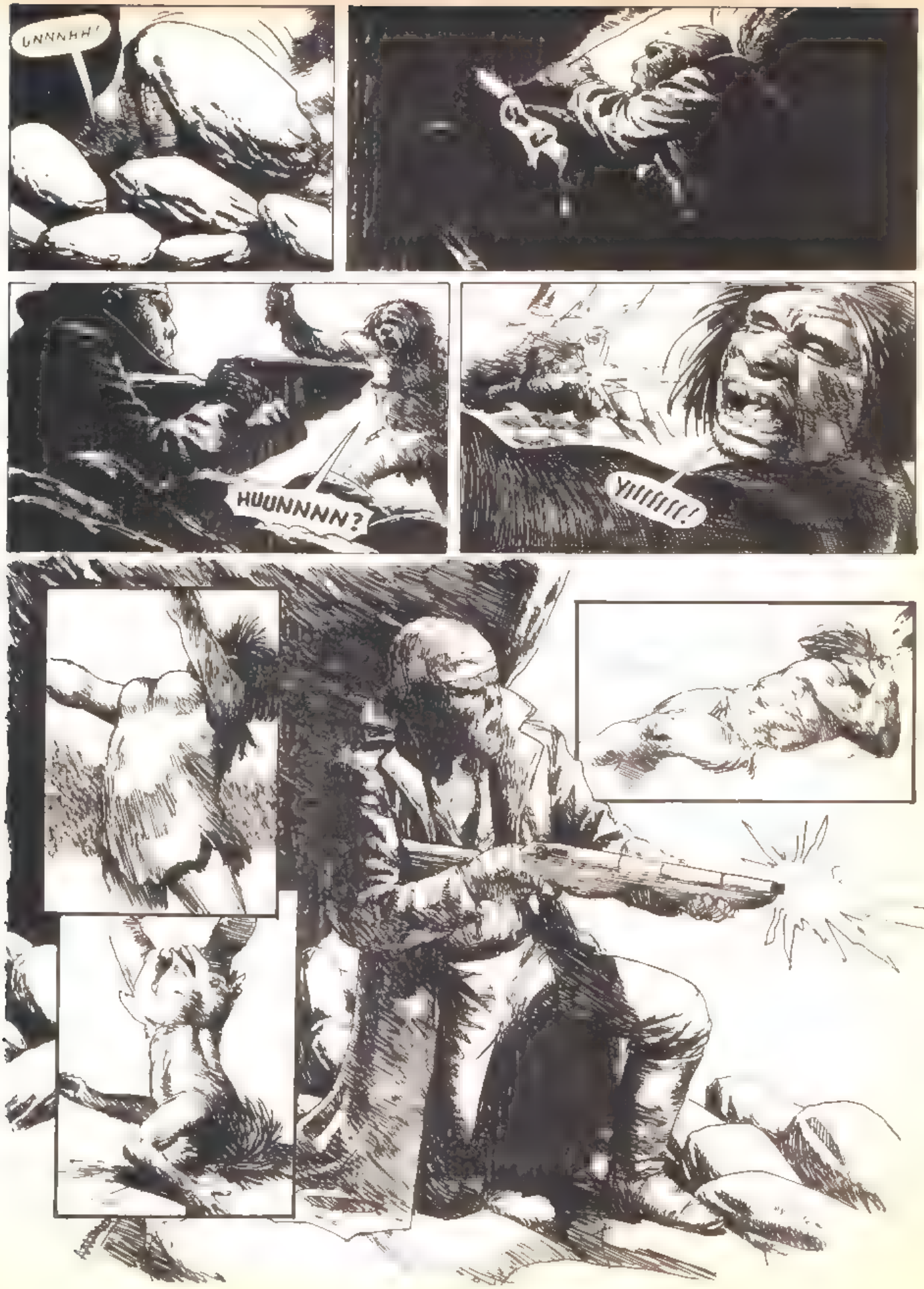
THERE WUZN'T NO EXCESS OF FRIENDLY FACES THERE TO SEE HIM OFF.
FESTERING SON OF SATAN! NEVER DARKEN OUR LIVES AGAIN!
AMEN, LARRY!
OKAY, DOG, COAST IS CLEAR -
I HAD TO CUT THROUGH THE CORNFIELDS AND KEEP LOW SO NOBODY WOULD SPOT ME -
DIDN'T CATCH UP WITH HIM TILL HE WUZ AT THE ROCKS WHERE WE FOUND HIM
HEY, DEAD MAN!
MAM CHANGED HER MIND - FIGGERED WE'D BETTER COME WITH YOU AFTER ALL.
YOU RE SURE BOY?
I WOULDN T LIE TO YOU!
YASSA!
SCARED AS I WUZ OF THE TERROR, IT SOUNDED LIKE TOO GOOD AN ADVENTURE TO MISS.
FOOL THAT I WUZ.
YASSA!
NEXT PROG
RETURN of the GRUNTS!

BY NOW THE DEAD MAN'S TRAIL HAD GONE PRETTY COLD MORE THAN ONCE DOG LOST IT
THE DEAD MAN
Part 6
THEN WE'D JUST HAVE TO SIT AND WAIT WHILE HE SNIFFED IT OUT AGAIN HE WAS GONE MORE THAN TWO HOURS ONCE, BUT HE ALWAYS CAME BACK WITH IT
KEEF O'PLEY
JOHN RIDGWAY
JACK POTTER
HE'S GOT SOMETHIN.
MATERIAL
LIKE THE STUFF THAT WAS BURNT ONTO YOU WHEN WE FOUND YOU

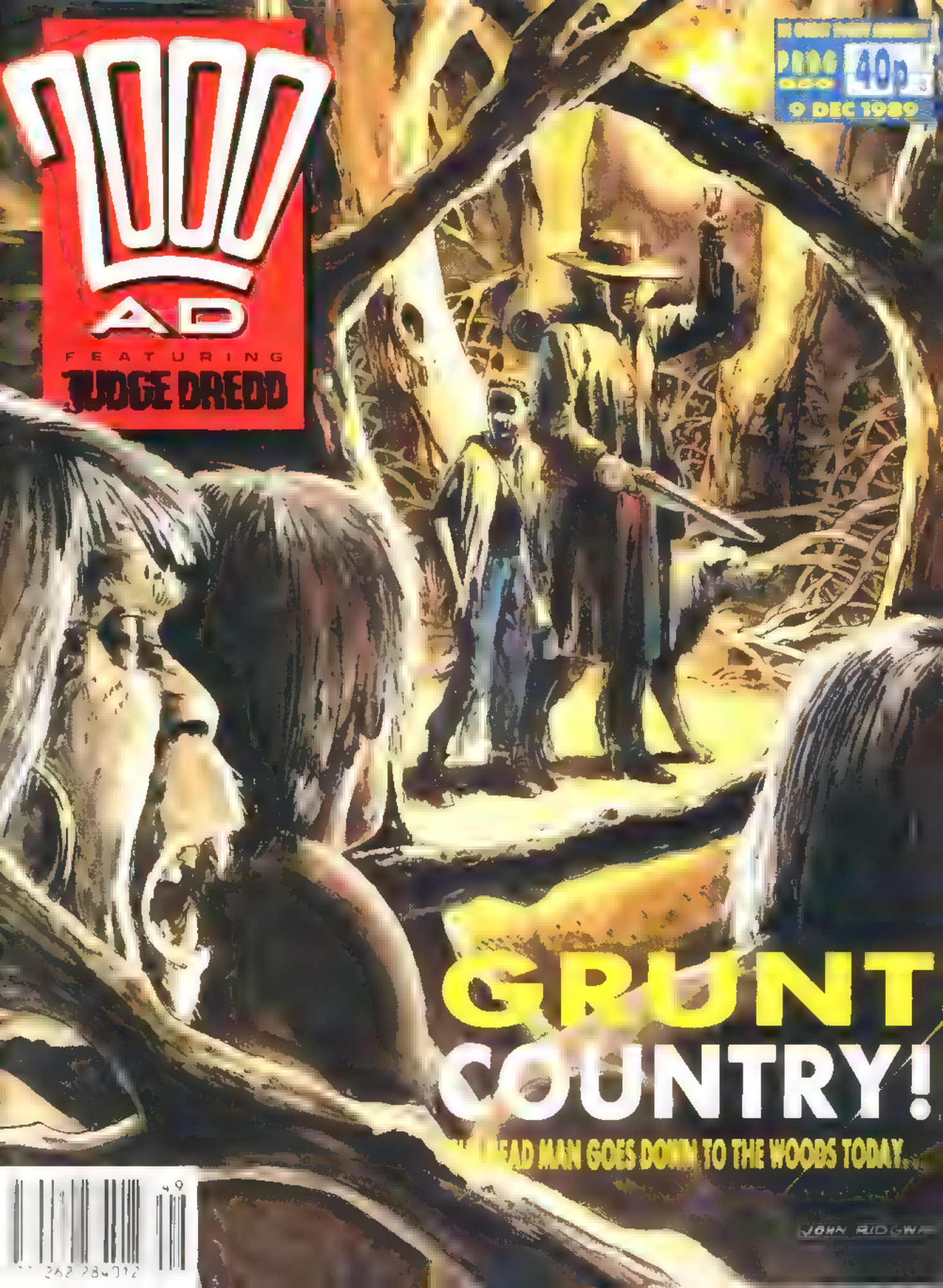
THAT FIRST NIGHT WE CAMPED OUT IN THE OPEN WE TOOK TURNS WATCHING FOR GRUNTS
THEM BURNS STILL PAININ' YOU SOME DEAD MAN?
MAM'S GREASE-PLANT JELLYS THE
TOMORROW YOU GO BACK
DOG
YES
YES

I GUESS THAT MUST HAVE CON VINCED HIM COS NEXT MORN NG HE NEVER SAID ANYTHING ABOU TAKING ME BACK
GOOD THING HE DIDN'T COS T WAS DOG WHO SNIFFED OUT THE GRUNTS THAT DAY
GRRR!
SNIFF!
SNIFF!
SOMETHIN WRONG -
DEAD MAN
GRUNTS!
RUN!

THIS WAY BOY
UNFFF!
UNH!
UNH!
HURRRRR!
THE GRUNG WERE AT THE FOOD AMBUSHING TEA EATERS WHO KNOWS HOW MANY SITORS WE MIGHT'VE HAD IF THEY HADN'T GOT WAYLAID AND ATE


UNNNHH!
HUUNNNN?
YIIIIIII!

THEY GOT THE MESSAGE, DEAD MAN!
BUT THAT WUZN'T THE LAST WE WERE TO SEE OF THE GRUNTS, NOT BY A LONG WAYS
THE TRAIL LED PAST DRY CREEK AND THROUGH SUGARTON WHERE FOLK USED TO LIVE BEFORE THE WAR
IT GAVE YOU A KINDA CREEPY FEELING, LIKE WALKING THROUGH A GRAVEYARD
FUNNY. YOU COMIN ALL THIS WAY WHEN YOU WUZ SO NEAR DEAD
MUSTA BEEN SOMETHIN' MIGHTY POWERFUL DRIVIN YOU ON
THAT STRETCH OF WOODS UP AHEAD— THAT'S GRUNT COUNTRY
YOUR FATHER MENTIONED IT
PROBAB HUNDREDS O' THEM MONKEY MEN IN THERE NOBODY KNOWS NOBODY'S EVER BEEN STUPID ENOUGH TO GO IN AND FIND OUT
MAYBE I WAS
THAT WUZ WHERE THE TRAIL WUZ HEADING
THAT WUZ WHERE WE'D HAVE TO GO
NEXT PROG
Night in Grunt Wood


2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
PROG 400
40p
9 DEC 1989
GRUNT COUNTRY!
DEAD MAN GOES DOWN TO THE WOODS TODAY...
JOHN RIDGWAY

THE DEAD MAN
PART SEVEN
IT WUZ A MISTAKE GOING INTO GRUNT WOOD, BUT WE DIDN'T HAVE NO CHOICE
THAT'S WHERE THE DEAD MAN'S TRAILED IF WE WERE EVER TO FIND OUT WHO HE WAS AND WHY THE TERROR WAS SEARCHING FOR HIM
YES I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE
IT'S COMING BACK
I HAVE A PICTURE A MEMORY
"SOMETHING'S DRIVING ME I'VE GOT TO KEEP GOING!
I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY

"TORCHES — FACES FACES SWIMMING AROUND ME

"I RECOIL FROM THE FLAMES I MUST KEEP MOVING!"

THIS FEELING HAVE TO GET AWAY

BUT IT'S NOT THEM FEAR

WONDER WHY THE GRUNTS DIDN'T EAT YOU — SPECIALLY SEEN YOU COME READY COOKED

[illegible] THOUGHT YOU WUZ DISEASED OR SOMETHIN PAD [illegible] WON'T TOUCH [illegible] RADRASH

BUT WHATEVER PROTECTED THE DEAD MAN THAT NIGHT WUZN'T WORKING FOR US THIS TIME

EACH STEP [illegible] DEEPER AND DEEPER [illegible] GRUNT WOOD [illegible] TELLING MY SELF IT WASN'T FAR TO GO

SUDDENLY THE WOOD FELL QUIET JUST OUR FOOTSTEPS AND DOG GROWLING LOW THE HAIRS ON MY NECK BRISTLED.

CAN CAN YOU FEEL EM DEAD MAN?

..THE EYES?

[illegible] AROUND US WATCHIN' IS WONDER WHY THEY AIN'T ATTACKED?

YOU RECKON [illegible] KNOW YOUR REP WITH THE RIFLE? RECKON THAT'S IT DEAD MAN?

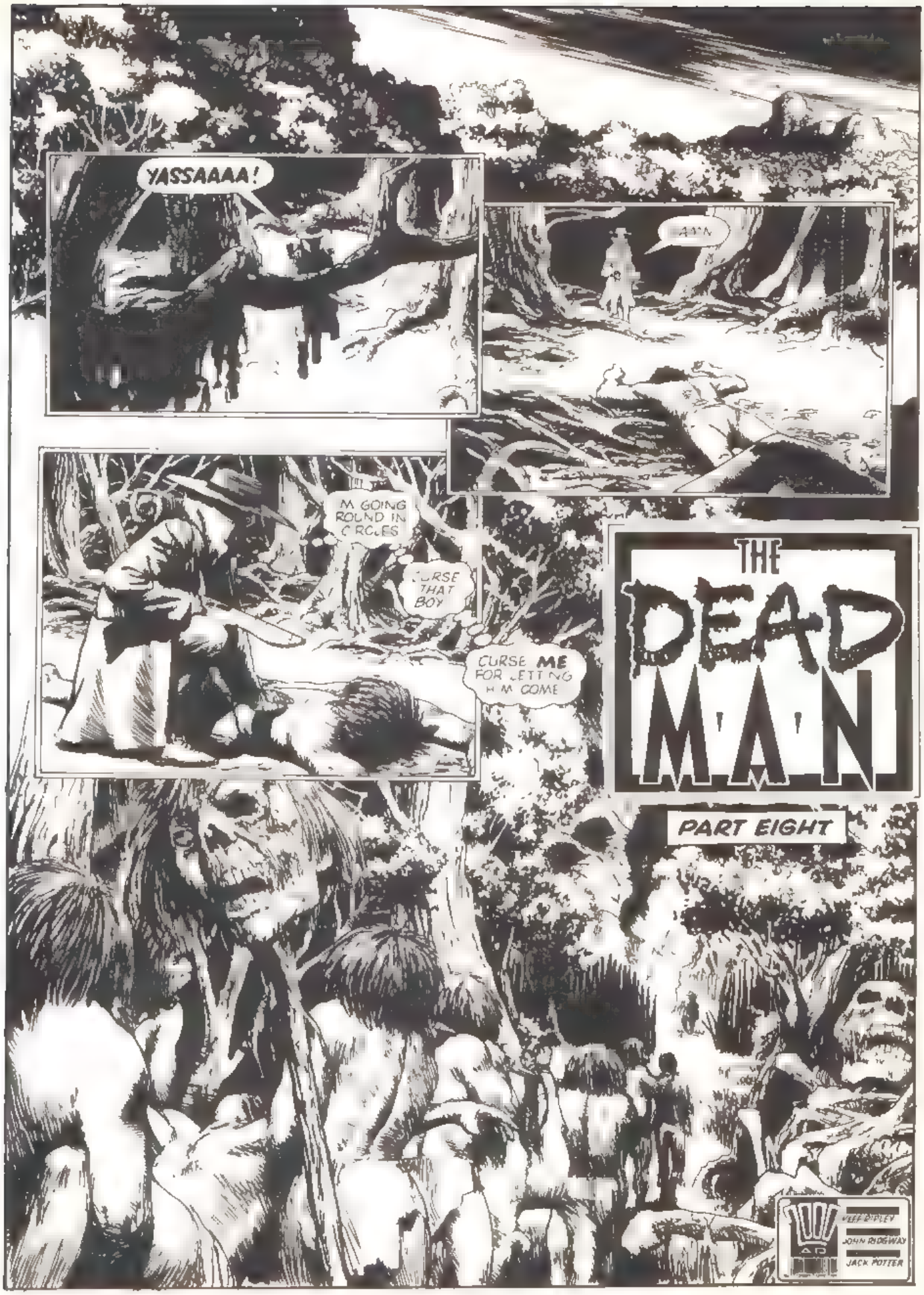
FEEL THEM [illegible]

HUUHHHNNN!
DEAD MAN!

GRUNNN!
SNURT!
HUB! HUBB!
!!!!AHHH!
GRUNTS!
GRUNNN!
HRRHHG!
GRAAAAHHH!
ZUNK!
GRAAAH!!!
PAKOW!
HUUN?

THE DEAD MAN WUZ HANGING THERE LIKE A PLUM RIPE FOR PLUCKING. BUT EVEN UPSIDE DOWN HE WUZN'T NOBODY'S PLUM—
NUURR!
HUURRR!
HOW HE MANAGED TO HOLD ON TO THE RIFLE I'LL NEVER KNOW
HAVEN'T YOU CREATURES LEARNED—?
KAWON!
SPATTA!
SHHH!
BAKOW!
SPUTTA!
HUNNN!
THEY'RE DRAGGING ME OFF! DEAD MAN—!

NEXT PROG **Terror of Grunt Wood**


YASSAAAA!
AAAA
M GOING ROUND IN CIRCLES
CURSE THAT BOY
CURSE ME FOR LETTING HIM COME
THE DEAD MAN
PART EIGHT
VEE DIPLEY
JOHN RIDGWAY
JACK POTTER

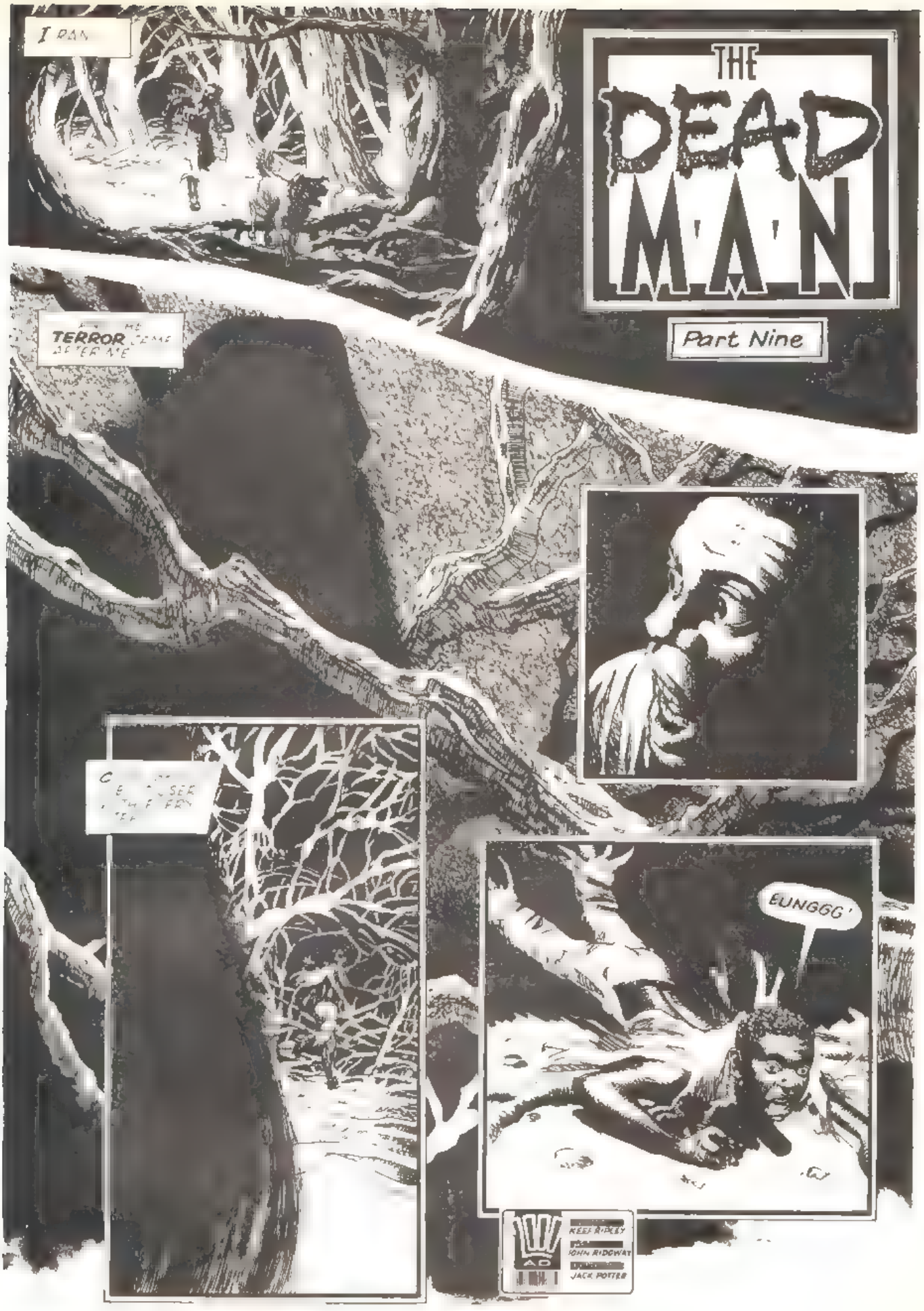
HUF HUF! HUFFA!
THE GRUNTS BROUGHT BACK ONE OF THEIR OWN, SHOT BY THE DEAD MAN
IT NEVER OCCURRED TO ME THEY WUZ GOING TO DO ANYTHING BUT BURY HIM TILL THEY STARTED HACKING HIM TO PIECES
THEN I KNEW WE WUZ IN REAL TROUBLE.

GEDDA!
G-GUESS WE'RE SUPPOSED TO SQUAT HERE DOG
'LEAST WE'RE STILL IN ONE PIECE THOUGH I DON'T SUPPOSE IT'LL STAY THAT WAY
ALIVE
BADOWW!
THAT'S BETTER
BLOOD
FOR ALL I KNOW HE MAY BE DEAD

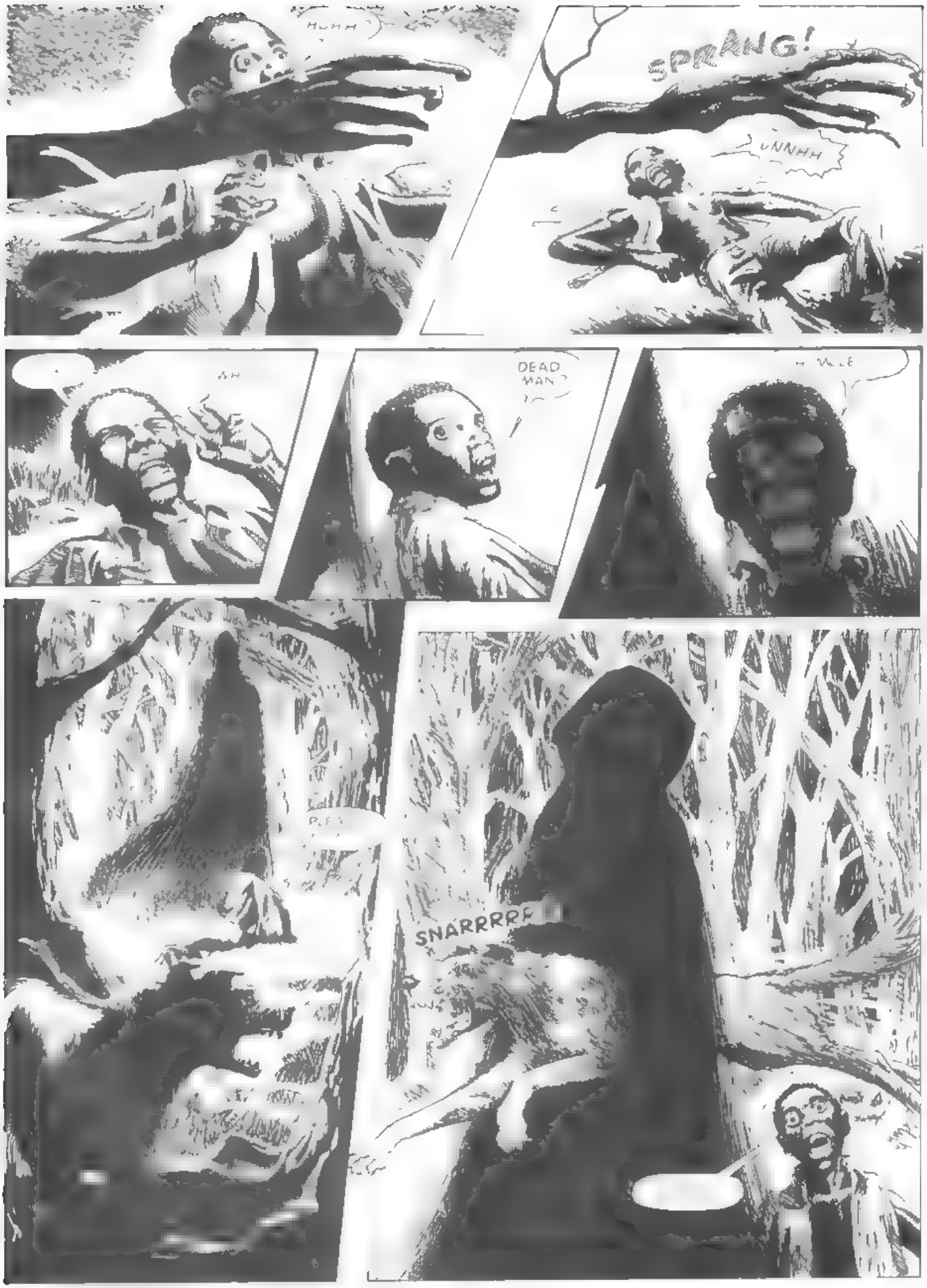
I HEARD THE RIFLE SHOT THE GRUNTS HEARD IT TOO FAR AWAY MUFFLED BY THE TREES
IF I CAN GET YOU FREE DOG
FOR I
AND THE DEAD MAN BRINGS HIM HERE HE CAN PAY THE GRUNTS FOR WHAT THEY DONE
HUBBB'
LEMME RAD BLA YOU

O-O-OHHH M-MOLEY-!
I'M SORRY, MAM! 'M SORRY, PAP! NEVER OUGHTA HAVE LEFT YOU
YEA THOUGH I WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH
NNUHHH?
THE SAME SOUND THAT HAD TURNED ME TO JELLY ONLY TWO NIGHTS BEFORE -
HIGH ABOVE THERE CAME A SCREAM... A SICK, EVIL SCREECH THAT FROZE MY BLOOD EVEN AS I WAITED TO HAVE IT SPILLED ON THE GROUND -

THE GR. NTS RAN
NUH!
NUH!
ME, I WANTED TO FALL DOWN, TO BURY MY HEAD TO HIDE -
B. T ANEM THAT WAS DEATH
YASSAA!!!
OH GEEZ OH GEEZ!
RUN, DOG!
RUN!
Next Prog
COLD NIGHT IN HELL


I RAN
THE
DEAD
M.A.N
Part Nine
TERROR
BUNGGG'
REED RICKEY
JOHN RIDGWAY
JACK POTTER

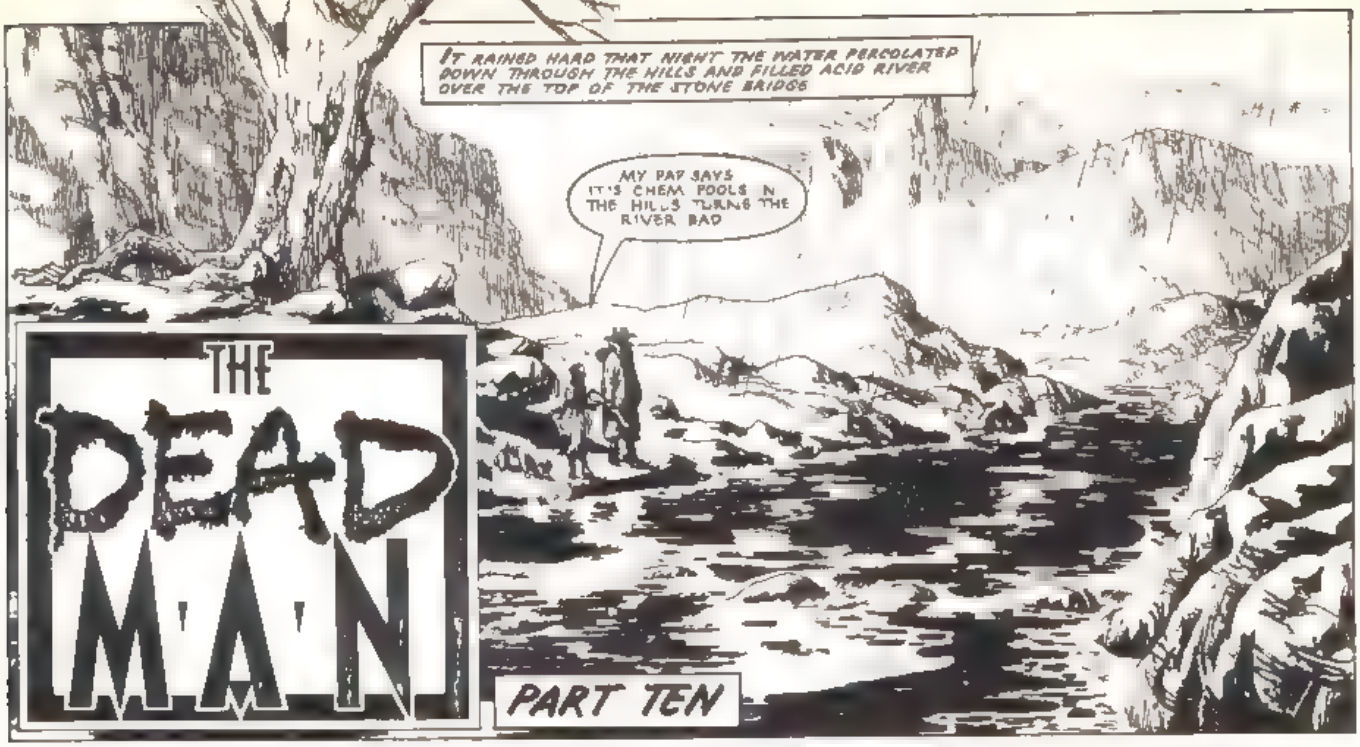
YASSAAA!
DEAD MAAAAN!
BADOW! BA
DEAD MAN!


HUHH?
SPRANG!
UNNHH
AH
DEAD MAN?
SNARRRR

IT STOOD OVER ME
COULD HEAR TS
BREATH HISS NG
COULD FEEL ITS EYES
GET OUTTA HERE DOC
SAVE YOURSELF
NO !
I WANTED TO RUN BUT
MY LEGS WOULDN T MOVE
I KNEW WAS GOING TO DIE
LEAVE HIM BE
YOU-!
BDDOW!

PUT AWAY THAT TOY... YOU CANNOT HURT ME
YOU'RE THE ONE, AREN'T YOU? YESSS...
BUT I HAVE TO BE SURE.
IF YOU DIE NOW I'LL NEVER BE SURE
WHAT ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?
WHEN YOU KNOW YOURSELF .. THEN YOU WILL KNOW ME...
YOU'LL KNOW ME...
GONE
JEEZ I THOUGHT WE WUZ GONNERS

WHY DIDN'T IT KILL US, DEAD MAN? IT WANTED TO HURT US - I COULD TELL
WHAT DID IT MEAN BY ALL THAT?
GRUNTS
TERROR
ACROSS the ACID RIVER!


IT RAINED HARD THAT NIGHT. THE WATER PERCOLATED DOWN THROUGH THE HILLS AND FILLED ACID RIVER OVER THE TOP OF THE STONE BRIDGE
MY PAP SAYS IT'S CHEM POOLS IN THE HILLS TURNS THE RIVER BAD
THE DEAD MAN
PART TEN

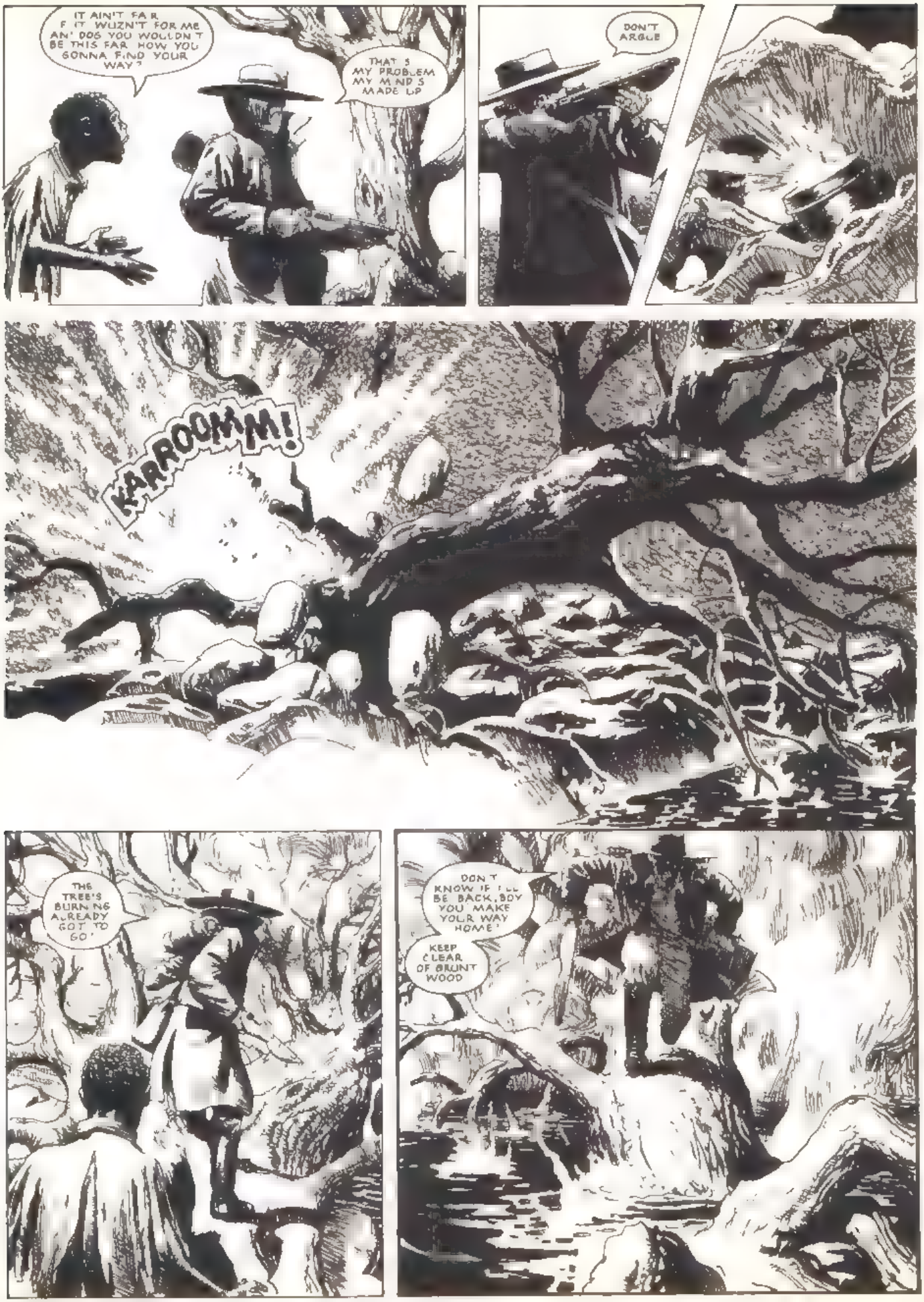
WATCH

LOOK AT HER BURN THAT'S ONE STICK OL DOG AIN'T GONNA FETCH

YES, REMEMBER I'VE BEEN HERE

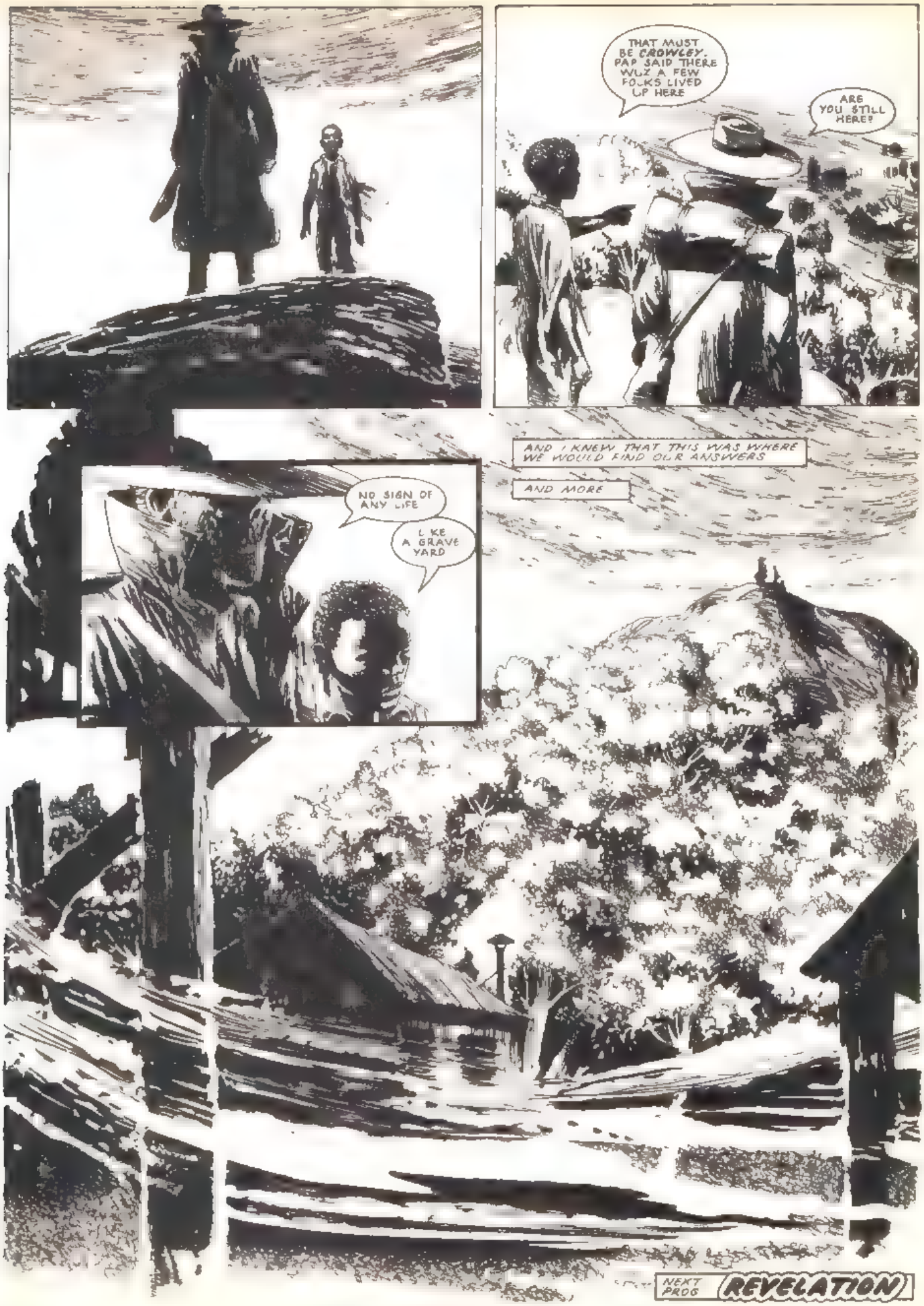
I'M RUNNING— STUMBLING THROUGH IT
A SMELL BURNING— MY FEET BURNING

BUT THERE'S SOMETHING STRONGER— DRIVING ME ON
I CAN'T DIE I MUSTN'T DIE!
QUESTIONS
JUST ACROSS THE RIVER
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO WAIT A SPELL FOR IT WE'LL NEVER GET ACROSS TILL IT DIES DOWN SOME
THERE WAS AN OLD DEAD TREE BY THE RIVERBANK THE DEAD MAN FIGURED IF HE COULD DROP IT JUST RIGHT IT MIGHT STRETCH
THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO, BOY
WHAT'S BUT WHY?
THERE'S DANGER AHEAD YOU KNOW THAT THAT THING LAST NIGHT, IT'LL BE BACK
I HAVE TO GO I HAVE TO FIND OUT WHO I AM I HAVE TO KNOW WHY IT WANTS ME YOU DON'T
I'VE EXPOSED YOU TO TOO MUCH ALREADY


IT AIN'T FAR IF IT WUZN'T FOR ME AN' DOG YOU WOULDN'T BE THIS FAR HOW YOU GONNA FIND YOUR WAY?
THAT'S MY PROBLEM MY MIND'S MADE UP
DON'T ARGUE
KARROOMM!
THE TREE'S BURNING ALREADY GOT TO GO!
DON'T KNOW IF I'LL BE BACK, BOY YOU MAKE YOUR WAY HOME!
KEEP CLEAR OF BRUNT WOOD

YOU YOUNG FOOL
GET BACK!
AHHH
GEEZ' THAT WUZ CLOSE
NO WAY BACK NOW DEAD MAN
DAMN YOU, BOY!

DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE WALKING INTO? THAT THING LAST NIGHT THAT WAS NOTHING TO GO SEEKING OUT DON'T YOU FEEL IT THE EVIL?
I AIN'T AFRAID
YOU OUGHT TO BE
YOU STAY HERE, YOU HEAR? DON'T TRY TO FOLLOW ME!
WHAT IF I DO? WHAT RE YOU GONNA DO SHOOT ME?
SEE THAT, DOG?
RFFF!
I MEANT WHAT SAID, BOY!
YOU CAN'T MAKE ME IT'S A FREE COUNTRY
WHY DID GO? WHAT DAMNED FOOL NOTION MADE ME SO EAGER TO RUSH HEADLONG INTO DISASTER?
IT'S A QUESTION I'VE ASKED MYSELF MANY TIMES IN THE MADNESS WHERE I NOW DWELL, WHEN I AWAKE, SCREAMING RELIVING THE TERRIBLE EVENTS OF THAT DAY REMEMBERING HER FACE, HER TOUCH UPON ME
THE WAY WAS CLEAR I COULD SENSE IT, FEEL IT, EACH STEP TAKING US CLOSER AND CLOSER TO HER, AS IF SHE HERSELF WAS GUIDING US


THAT MUST BE CROWLEY. PAP SAID THERE WUZ A FEW FOLKS LIVED UP HERE
ARE YOU STILL HERE?
AND I KNEW THAT THIS WAS WHERE WE WOULD FIND OUR ANSWERS
AND MORE
NO SIGN OF ANY LIFE
LIKE A GRAVE YARD
NEXT PROG
REVELATION

JUST OUTSIDE CROWLEY DOG LAY DOWN AND WOULDN'T GO NO FURTHER. HIS HACKLES WERE UP AND HE WAS WHINING LIKE SOMETHING SICK. HE WAS SCARED, GOOD AND SCARED
HE COULD SMELL IT... THE EVIL WAITING FOR US THERE.
THE DEAD MAN
PART ELEVEN
I COULDN'T TURN BACK. I HAD TO GO ON. IT WUZ LIKE I WUZ CAUGHT IN A WHIRLPOOL— I'D GOT TOO CLOSE AND NOW I COULDN'T GET FREE.
THE DARKNESS WUZ PULLING ME, DRAWING ME IN, IN, TOWARDS ITS VERY HEART.
2000 AD
KEEF RIPLEY
JOHN RIDGWAY
JACK POTTER

HOLY RADs...
NO... NO WONDER IT WUZ SO QUIET...
WHOLE PLACE IS BURNT UP...
DEAD... ALL DEAD...
IT'S HERE...
CAN YOU *FEEL* IT, DEAD MAN?

AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!
THE DEAD MAN HARDLY SEEMED TO KNOW I WUZ THERE ANY MORE.
HE WUZ CAUGHT UP IN HIS OWN PRIVATE NIGHTMARE.
AHHHH
I WON'T... DIE FOR YOU!
DAMN YOU!

DO YOU REMEMBER ANYTHIN', DEAD MAN?
IS IT COMIN' BACK TO YOU?
YES...
YES...!
WHAT'S THAT?
LOOKS LIKE AN OL' KNEEPAD...
SERVANTS OF EVIL— I KNOW YOU!

AAAAIIIIIIII!
SWEET GRUDDDDDDR
ONLY DEATHHHH ASSS SSWEEEET
HAHAHAHAHA
HAHAHAHAHA

THERE'S SOMETHIN', DEAD MAN!
WHAT IS IT, DEAD MAN?
A HELMET...
IT'S A MOTORBIKE— OR WHAT'S LEFT OF ONE!
LOOK, DEAD MAN! HERE'S SOME KINDA GUN—!
IT'S HERE...YES.
MY GRUD, CAN IT BE—?
WHAT IS IT, DEAD MAN? WHAT YOU GOT THERE?
A NAME...
WHAT NAME?
MY NAME.
FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD, DON'T KEEP ME WAITIN'! WHAT NAME?
WHO ARE YOU?

I AM...
DREDD
JUDGE DREDD.
NEXT PROG:
JUDGEMENT DAY!

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY
PROG 661
40p
13 JAN 1990
BACK
FROM THE
DEAD
DREDD

THE DEAD MAN

PART 12

YOU'RE JUDGE DREDD— THE JUDGE DREDD?

HOLY RADS! AIN'T THAT A TURN-UP!

BUT WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE?

I...

DREDD

I TOOK THE LONG WALK...

FAREWELL, DREDD!

AS LONG AS MEGA-CITY ONE SURVIVES—YOUR NAME WILL BE HONOURED!

2000 AD

SCRIPT KEEF RIPLEY

ART JOHN RIDGWAY

LETTERING JACK POTTER

A HUNDRED DAYS BRINGING LAW TO THE CURSED EARTH... AND THEN... THEY CAME.
WHO?
CREATURES WHOSE EVIL KIND I HOPED NEVER TO SEE AGAIN...
"CREATURES WITH HEARTS SO DARK AND TWISTED THAT NOTHING ON THIS EARTH COULD HAVE SPAWNED THEM!"
HHHRRIIIIIIIIII
HHRRRRRRRR
SERVANTS OF EVIL—I KNOW YOU!
BUT—IF THEY ARE HERE... WHAT DEVILMENT IS AFOOT?
TWISTED DENIZENS OF THAT WORLD WHERE ALL THAT ONCE LIVED HAS BEEN MERCILESSLY DESTROYED—WHERE LIFE ITSELF IS A CRIME—
THE SISTERS OF DEATH!

YOU KNOW USSS NOW!

G-G-GEEEZZZ!

IT'S THEM! GET OUT OF HERE, BOY!

FFFOOOL! YOU CANNOT KILL WHAT DOESSS NOT LIVVE!

YOU HEARD ME! **RUN!**

BUT I COULDN'T MOVE. **TERROR** FROZE ME WHERE I STOOD.

AND CLOSER THEY CAME, CLOSER.

I TRIED TO TURN MY EYES AWAY, BUT THEY WERE DRAWN BACK, AGAINST MY WILL.

TO GAZE INTO THE HIDEOUS FACES OF THE SISTERS OF DEATH!

YESSSS! YOU KNOW USS NOW!

NAUSEA

AND WE KNOW YOUUU!

WE SSUSSSPECTED YOU HAD SSSURVIVED OUR ATTENTIONSSS ...

BUT WE HAD TO BE SSSURE!

PERSSSONALLY, I AM GLAD IT ISSS TRUE ...

PHOBIA

SHANGGGG!

SHHHINKKK!

IT GIVES ME THE PLEASSSURE OF KILLING YOU TWICCE!

SLASHHH!

HUNNNNN!

AND I'LL MAKE NO MISTAKE THISSS TIME!

HAAARRRR!

JUDGE!

DO NOT BE CONCCCERNED WITHH HIM, CHHILD!

WORRY ABOUT YOURSELFFF!

UHHH!

I FELT HER HAND UPON ME— FELT THE FLAME, COLD AND BLACK, COLD AS ICE—YET BURNING, BURNING INTO ME.

YESSS... BEG, CHHILD! IT **PLEASSSESS** ME TO HEAR YOUR SSPINELESS WHIMPERINGSS!

THOUGH IT WILL SSERVE YOU NO GOOD- FOR YOU MUSSST DIE!

BUT FIRRSST... FOR MY PLEASSSURE...YOU MUSSST **SSSUFFER...**

AFTER ALL, ASS THEY SSSAY—

SSSUFFER THE LITTLE CHHHILDREN?

SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN! HAHAHAHAHAHA

OH YES, I LEARNED WHO THE DEAD MAN WAS THAT DAY. BUT THE PRICE I WAS TO PAY WOULD BE TERRIBLE.

Next prog: **BLIND JUSTICE!**

THE DEAD MAN

Part 13

HOW YOU TREMBLE, CHHILD!

ISS IT THE SSSIGHT OF ME THAT TERRIFIESSS YOU? DO I MAKE YOUR INNARDSSS CHURN?

NAU

YOU ARE RIGHT TO BE AFFRAID! YOU CANNOT EVEN GUESSS HOW SSSICK I AM!

BUT I'M GOING TO SSHOW YOU. OH, YESSSS...

DON'T BELIEVE IT, YASSA! THEY'RE NOT HERE!

THEY CAN'T HURT YOU IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT'

IFF THINE EYE OFFEND THEEE-

2000 AD

STORY KEEF RIPLEY

ART JOHN RIDGWAY

LETTERING JACK POTTER

BURN IT OUT!

AAAAHHHH!

CURSE YOU! LEAVE THE BOY! HE'S NOTHING TO YOU!

YOU COULDN'T KILL ME THE FIRST TIME, PHOBIA— WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU CAN NOW?

WHEN I TOUCHHH YOU DO YOU NOT **BURN**? WHEN I CUT YOU DO YOU NOT **BLEEEED**?

ALL LIFE ISS IMPORTANT! **ALL** MUSSST BE PUNISSSHHHED!

TELL HIM, PHOBE!

SO GET **LOST!** I'M WISE TO YOU NOW!

TELL YOUR BROTHERS I'M ***COMIN'*** FOR THEM!

WE SSSHHALL MEEET AGAINNNNNN

THEY JUST VANISHED INTO THIN AIR—THAT'S WHAT JUDGE DREDD TOLD MY FOLKS.

ME, I DON'T REMEMBER. I'D BLACKED OUT. HE SAID THAT'S WHAT'D SAVED ME.

THE SISTERS OF DEATH EXISTED, ALL RIGHT. BUT NOT HERE— IN ANOTHER PLACE, FAR AWAY. WHAT WE SAW WUZ SOMETHING CALLED "PSYCHIC PROJECTIONS"...

THEY WERE POWERFUL STRONG, BUT NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO HURT YOU— THEY NEEDED YOUR OWN MIND TO WORK ON.

YASSA...

WHAT HAVE I DONE...!

THAT'S WHY ALL THEM FOLK IN CROWLEY DIED— 'COS THEY **BELIEVED** WHAT WUZ HAPPENING WUZ REAL.

IT WAS THE ONLY WAY THE JUDGE COULD FIGGER HOW HE'D SURVIVED THE FIRST TIME. HE DIDN'T DIE 'COS HE JUST PLAIN **REFUSED** TO.

I DON'T REMEMBER THE JOURNEY BACK TO BUBBLETOWN. I DIDN'T COME TO MY SENSES FOR FOUR DAYS. BY THEN JUDGE DREDD WUZ GONE.

I'M SORRY...

I TRIED TO STOP HIM FOLLOWING, BUT... NOT HARD ENOUGH..

SORRY WON'T HEAL HIM!

MAY GOD FORGIVE YOU, JUDGE— I CAN'T!

THERE ARE... THINGS THAT CAN BE DONE. PERHAPS SOME TIME IN THE FUTURE IT MAY BE POSSIBLE TO HELP HIM...

THE TERROR IS GONE! IT WILL NOT RETURN— NOT UNLESS ALL GOES ILL WITH ME!

THE DANGER NOW LIES FAR TO THE EAST, IN MEGA-CITY ONE. THAT IS WHERE I MUST GO!

AND HE WUZ GONE. LEAVING ME TO MY NIGHTMARE.
THE BURNING IS ALWAYS THERE AND THE WOUNDS REFUSE TO HEAL, NO MATTER WHAT.
AND THOUGH I LIVE IN DARKNESS NO HOUR OR MINUTE PASSES WHEN I DON'T SEE HER NAUSEOUS FACE, OR FEEL HER CLAWS WRITHING AND BURNING INSIDE ME...
AND NO NIGHT PASSES WHEN I DON'T AWAKE SCREAMING, ONCE MORE RELIVING MY MEETING WITH THE SISTERS OF DEATH.
DEAR GOD, I WISH I COULD FORGET— LOSE MY MEMORY — BECOME A DEAD MAN TOO.
BUT I DON'T SUPPOSE IT'S WISE TO ENVY THE DEAD MAN.
SOMEWHERE OUT THERE, HE'S GOT HIS OWN NIGHTMARE TO FACE.
Continued overleaf in... "TALE OF THE DEAD MAN!"
JOHN RIDGWAY

ISSN 0262-284X
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JUDGE DREDD IN NECRO-POLIS PART 12

A GREAT DARKNESS FELL UPON MEGA-CITY ONE.

AT FIRST A FRIGHTENED TIDE OF HUMANITY FLED OUT, BUT SOON THE TIDE DRIED TO A STREAM, AND THE STREAM TO A TRICKLE, AND THOSE WHO DID ESCAPE SPOKE OF THE SEALING OF THE GATES AND THE TREACHERY OF THE JUDGES

SOME SAID THAT **CHIEF JUDGE SILVER**, APPALLED AT THE HORROR HE HAD UNWITTINGLY UNLEASHED ON THE CITY, HAD TAKEN HIS OWN LIFE BEFORE THE TWISTED BEINGS FROM THE DARK DIMENSION COULD MAKE HIM THEIR CREATURE... OTHERS THAT **DEATH** HIMSELF HAD SOUGHT OUT THE CHIEF JUDGE – HAD MADE HIM CRAWL AND LICK AND COMMIT UNSPEAKABLE ACTS OF ABASEMENT... BEFORE RIPPING OUT HIS HEART.

AND A FEW ALSO TOLD OF A **NEW** DARK JUDGE... ONE OF THEIR **OWN** WHO HAD OPENED HIS SOUL TO THE CORRUPTION. THEY SAID THAT HIS THIRST FOR DEATH WAS UNQUENCHABLE... AND THAT AS HE SLAYED, HE WEPT.

HIS NAME WAS **DREDD**.

JOHN WAGNER
CARLOS EZQUERRA

AND THE OTHER GREAT MEGA-CITIES...
THE OTHER CITIES WATCHED FROM AFAR, UNSURE HOW TO ACT – FEARFUL TO INTERVENE LEST THEY ATTRACT THIS TERRIBLE THING TO THEMSELVES.
AN UNCANNY BLACK PALL SPREAD OVER THE CITY. OUT OF IT PEAKS OF BLOCKS JUTTED LIKE CRUMBLING TOMBSTONES – AS IF THE SICKNESS HAD INFECTED THE VERY FABRIC OF THE BUILDINGS.
AND BENEATH ..
BENEATH, HIDDEN FROM VIEW, THE DARK JUDGES CONTINUED THEIR GHASTLY WORK... LIKE ARTISTS SHIELDING THEIR CANVAS, GUARDING THEIR SECRETS – UNTIL THE MOMENT SHOULD COME TO REVEAL TO THE WORLD THEIR CREATION... THEIR MASTERWORK...
...THEIR NECROPOLIS.

KEEP A-TH NKIN' AN' A WONDERIN' BUT I SURE DON T KNOW WHY I LET YO SWEET TALK ME INTO TH S
clank!
'COURSE IN THE BIG MEG YOU'D LOCK ME UP AN' THROW AWAY THE KEY – ELSE YOU'D JUST KICK MY MUTE BUTT BACK INTO THE CURSED EARTH – BUT YOU NEED TRANSPORT SO OH, YES, IT'S ALL LOVEY-DOVEY AND KISS MY LUMPS
CHUG!
CHUG!
I DON'T RECALL K SSING ANY LUMPS
F GURATIVELY SPEAKIN'
ANYWAYS, HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE WHO YOU SAY YOU ARE? SHOOT, YOU LOOK LIKE SOMETHIN' THAT'S SPENT TOO LONG IN THE FRYIN' PAN!
'SIDES, IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, WHAT YOU GOIN' THERE FOR ANYWAYS? ANY SANE MAN WOULD BE HEADIN' IN TH' OTHER DIRECTION!

H-H-HOLY HORNTOADS!
NOT ON ME, YOU IDIOT!
KRAAAM!
HAWHAWHAWHAW
HE'S GOING FOR HIS GUN!
PRESUMPTION OF GUILT!
FREEZE OR DIE, YOU UGLY SON OF SATAN!

YOU WITH THE LUMPS! OUT OF THERE, HANDS HIGH!
I'M COMING DOWN! ONE MOVE OUT OF EITHER OF YOU AND YOU'RE MEAT BEFORE YOUR TIME — WHICH IS COMING PRETTY SOON ANYWAY...
WOMAN'S VOICE.
THAT THANG'S A WUMMAN?
YOU EVER SEEN A GUILTIER LOOKING PAIR? SEE — THAT ONE'S LOOKING AT YOU FUNNY! THAT'S A CRIME RIGHT THERE!
SINCE WHEN? SINCE WHEN HAS LOOKING FUNNY BEEN A CRIME?
WELL, IT OUGHT TO BE!
I LOOK AT EVERYONE THAT WAY.
YOU HEAR THAT? WHAT KIND OF LAME EXCUSE IS THAT?
STILL, YOU GOTTA BE FAIR GOTTA GIVE THEM A FAIR TRIAL.
WHAT'S THE POINT? THEY'LL JUST LIE TO YOU ANYWAY AND CLAIM THEY'RE INNOCENT THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY, ISN'T IT?
YOU'RE RIGHT THERE. HMMM...GUESS THE ONLY WAY TO SETTLE THIS IS TRIAL BY COMBAT.
NOW YOU'RE TALKING!
OKAY, I'LL GIVE YOU A COUNT OF A HUNDRED TO GET RUNNING. IF I CATCH YOU AND KILL YOU, THEN YOU'RE GUILTY. IF I DON'T CATCH AND KILL YOU THEN YOU'RE GUILTY ANYWAY BUT YOU JUST GOT AWAY
GOT THAT?
NO DEAL.

OH, NO **DEAL**, IS IT? NO DEAL! YOU HEAR HIM?
IN THAT CASE HE BETTER GIVE YOU ONE DAMN GOOD REASON WHY YOU SHOULDN'T GUN HIM DOWN HERE AND NOW.!
WHAT'S HE **REACHING** FOR?
TRY THIS.
LOOKS LIKE... **DREDD**... YES... WHAT'S HE TELLING YOU, EH? HE SAYING HE **KILLED** DREDD? DREDD'S DEAD, THAT IT?
I'M SAYING I **AM** DREDD
OH! HE **IS** DREDD! NOW THERE'S A TURN UP!
LIAR! KILL HIM NOW!
NO. WAIT... THAT WOULDN'T BE FAIR. THERE'S GOT TO BE A WAY... YES... IF HE'S DREDD THEN HE OUGHT TO KNOW **YOUR** NAME...
SHOULD HE?
YES. YES HE SHOULD...
LET HIM LOOK **REAL** CLOSE. GIVE HIM **THREE** GUESSES. THEN WHEN HE GETS IT WRONG--
THEN YOU KILL HIM!
HOW ABOUT... THE AMAZING FOUL-SMELLING BEARDED SNAKE WOMAN?
WRONG! THAT'S NOT YOUR NAME. IS IT?
NOT THE LAST I HEARD!
RUMPELSTILTSKIN?
RUMPEL-**HAW!**
HAW HAW HAW HAW! YOU HEAR HIM? AT LEAST HE'S GOT A SENSE OF HUMOUR!

THIRD GUESS, UGLY BE LUCKY
KLIK!
HOW ABOUT - FORMER CHIEF JUDGE McGRUDER ?
RADBLAST HIM! HE GOT IT!
IT'S NOT FAIR! HOW'D HE KNOW? HOW'D HE KNOW?
ONLY ONE WAY HE COULD'VE KNOWN - HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH! 'LESS HE CAN READ MINDS. NO, NO, DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A MIND READER.
THE VOICE .. MUST'VE BEEN THE VOICE GAVE YOU AWAY!
DREDD, EH . ?

HOW'D YOU GET YOURSELF IN THAT STATE, JOE ?
I COULD ASK THE SAME THING YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY DOWNHILL SINCE YOUR DAYS AS CHIEF JUDGE

SO, TOOK THE LONG WALK TOO, HUH? WHERE YOU OFF TO NOW ?
BIG MEG.
JUDGES DON'T GO BACK, JOE
SITUATION ISN'T NORMAL TROUBLE
DARK JUDGES
THOUGHT WE'D CREAMED THEIR MUNCE.
NOT WELL ENOUGH.
THAT A FACT ?
IN THAT CASE, I GUESS WE JUST BETTER TAG ALONG.
NEXT PROG:
ON MEETING A JUDGE...

JUDGE DREDD
NECRO-POLIS
78

THEY BEGIN TO MEET REFUGEES – AT FIRST EACH QUESTIONED IN DETAIL. MINUTAE EXTRACTED. EXAMINED, STORED
WE WAS LUCKY – WE GOT OUT BEFORE THEY SHUT THE GATES THOSE OTHER POOR SLOKERS
THE JUDGES GOIN' ROTTEN LIKE THAT – SO EASY – THAT'S WHAT GETS ME
SOME OF THEM DID TRY TO STOP IT – THE OTHER ONES JUST GUNNED 'EM DOWN : SAW IT HAPPENING
I GUESS YOU CAN'T BLAME THEM THEY WEREN'T IN CONTROL OF THEMSELVES ANY MORE I MEAN THOSE SISTERS – YOU JUST CAN'T FIGHT THEM
WE SAW THE SIGNS THE SKY GOING ALL BLACK. WELL, THAT WASN T NATURAL MEMBER I SAID THAT TO YOU
HE DON'T SAY NOTHIN NO MORE SISTERS GOT INTO HIM I THINK HE'S GOING TO DIE
AIN'T THAT RIGHT HONEY? YOU'RE GONNA DIE, AINTCHA?
WE GOT OUT THROUGH THE UNDERCITY COURSE BEN ARNOLD S RIGHT BY THE WEST WALL – WE DONE EXERCISES DOWN THERE BEFORE
THAT'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, MAN – THEY RE ALL WAITING IN THEIR BLOCKS TO DIE – WAITIN FOR THE DARK JUDGES TO COME FOR 'EM
AN THERE AIN'T JUST FOUR DARK JUDGES NOW – AIN'T EVEN SIX. THEY GOT ONE OF OURS WORKIN' FOR THEM – DREDD HISSELF
DREDD?

YEAH, WHO'D'A BELIEVED IT! THE LAST JUDGE YOU FIGGER THEY'D'A GOT TO!
BUT I SEEN HIM, WITH MY OWN EYES!
CHOW, HUH? I'LL HAVE A PLATE OF THAT
WE HAVEN'T A LOT TO GO ROUND, JUDGE
LISTEN, DON'T GIVE ME TROUBLE! I'VE BEEN RIDING HARD
JAVA, HUH? HOPE THIS ISN'T THE REAL STUFF
THE LAST FEW APPLES EVEN OUT HERE YOU CREEPS BETTER REALISE THAT
DO AND DON'T REMEMBER HIM
HE WAS UP BEFORE US ONCE – BACK IN FIVE, I THINK YES
WALLY SQUAD – LOST HIS NERVE ON AN UNDERCOVER OP. RETURNED TO UNIFORM, SECONDED TO CLERICAL DUTIES, WEST WALL
HOW'S THAT FOR RECALL?

WHAT LAW ? THERE'S NO LAW ANYMORE JUDGE
WE DON'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO YOU YOU LOST THAT RIGHT WHEN YOU STARTED TAKING YOUR ORDERS FROM JUDGE DEATH
YOU SEE ME TAKING ORDERS FROM JUDGE DEATH ?
NO NOT YOU BUT -
WRONG MOVE CREEP
THEN SHUT YOUR MOUTH
UUNGGG '
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO WASTE ONE OF YOU TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE TO THE REST
Please
THAT'S ENOUGH '

SPDAANGGG!

ANY JUDGE WITH ANYTHING LEFT IN HIM WOULD HAVE STAYED TO FIGHT NOT YOU, LUCIANO YOU RAN
YOU WERE WELL PLACED FOR IT, OUT ON THE WEST WALL THERE
WHO ARE YOU ? HOW DO YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT ME ?
YOUR VOICE – I – YOU'RE – BUT YOU CAN'T BE
GRUD ?
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, DREDD – YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE THOSE SISTERS – CRAWLING AROUND IN YOUR BRAIN –
UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY WELL
GET OUT OF MY SIGHT
I'LL KEEP THE BIKE
BUT WHERE'LL I GO ?
NOT MY PROBLEM JUST TAKE A HIKE DON'T EVER LET ME SEE YOU AGAIN
AND DON'T THINK IT'S THE LONG WALK EITHER, LUCIANO YOU'RE OFF THE ROSTER – THAT'S OFFICIAL !

TOOK A CHANCE THERE DID JOE DREDD
NOW IF IT'D BEEN ME WE'D HAVE PUT ONE RIGHT THROUGH HIS YELLOW HEART SAFEST WAY
DIDN'T WANT ANY HOLES IN THE UNIFORM
SO THIS KRAKEN IS YOUR CLONE BROTHER, HUH? YOU RECKON OLD SILVER GAVE HIM YOUR BADGE?
IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN FIGURE IT . THOUGHT I'D PUT AN END TO THE KRAKEN PROBLEM. OBVIOUSLY NOT
THAT WON'T LOOK TOO GOOD ON YOUR RECORD, JOE - HAVING THE DARK JUDGES IN THE FAMILY, SO TO SPEAK
THAT'S A STRONG BLOODLINE. IF THEY CAN TWIST HIM, YOU GOTTA WONDER JUST WHAT YOU AND I CAN DO TO FIGHT THESE DEVILS
YES
STILL, THAT DOESN'T STOP US TRYING
HERE NOT A BAD E T
HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW
WHAT'S SO FUNNY?
WHAT'S SO FUNNY? YOU WANT TO GET A LOAD OF YOURSELF JOE! KNOW WHO YOU LOOK LIKE?
JUDGE DEATH!
LET'S HOPE THIS NOT AN OMEN
BACK IN THE BIG MFG

JUDGE DREDD IN NECRO-POLIS PART 14

THEY LEAVE LONG BEFORE DAWN, LEAVING THE OLD MUTANT SLEEPING FITFULLY.

BY SUNRISE—

US AGAINST THAT?

YEAH...

SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART CARLOS EZQUERRA
LETTERING, TONE FRAME

I HEARD, BUT I NEVER IMAGINED

YOU KNOW, SUDDENLY THE CURSED EARTH SEEMS A WARM AND A WELCOMING PLACE

WHAT SAY WE HEAD FOR TEXAS CITY, SEE IF WE CAN GOAD THEM INTO ACTION? THEY MUST REALISE THEY'LL BE NEXT.

THEY SAT OUT THE SOV WAR, THEY'LL SIT THIS OUT TOO

NO..WE GO ON.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO, IF THERE'S ANY SAVING THE CITIZENS TRAPPED IN THERE, BUT THERE'S A LITTLE VOICE IN MY HEAD KEEPS TELLING ME KEEP GOING! DON'T GIVE UP! WE CAN **BEAT** THESE MONSTERS!

YEAH? THERE'S A LITTLE VOICE IN MINE TELLIN' ME WE'RE GONNA GET OUR BUTTS KICKED

GOOD MORNINGG, CCITIZZZENSSSS
YESSSS, IT ISSS MORNINGG, THOUGH YOU MAY BE EXCUSSSED IFF YOU DID NOT REALISSSE .. A MORNINGGG AS BLACK AND CHILLL ASS MY HEARTTT!
HERE'SSS NAUSSSEA WITH THE WEATHHHERrr
ONCCE AGAIN A SSSINISSSTER BLACK PALLL WILL BLANKET THE ENTIRE CCCITY THAT MEANSSS ZERO HOURSSS OF SSSUNLIGHT. I'M AFFRAID – SSSO ALL YOU SSSUNLOVERSSS CAN PUT AWAY THOSSE SSHHADES AGAINnn
TEMPERATURE WILL BE A BRACCCING TEN DEGREEESS BE_OW FREEEZZZING. SSO IFF YOU GO OUT WRAP UP WARMMMm AND REMEMBER
THE CURFFEWW ISS SSTILL IN FORCCCE. YOU WILL BE SSHHHOT ON SSSIGHT.
AND THAT WOULD BE A SSSHHAME ..

THERE ARE SSSO MANY MORE .. INTERESSSTINGG WAYSSS TO DIE!
YESSS INDEEED! THANK YOU, NAUSSSEA!
I UNDERSSSTAND MANY OF YOUUU HAVVE GIVEN UP HOPE, HAVVE LOSSST THE WILL TO LIVE. SOME HAVE ALREADY BEGUN TO SSSTARVE. DISSEASSSE IS SSPREADINGG RAPIDLY
MANY HAVE CHOSSSEN SSSUICCCIDE RATHER THAN AWAIT DUE PROCCESSS OF THE LAW
THISSS IS GOOD YOUR HELP ISSS APPRECCCIATED.
OUR BROTHERSSS WORK TIRELESSSLY TO BRING JUSSSTICE TO ALL, BUT THEY ARE FEWW AND YOUU ARE SSSO MANY.
WE ASSSKK YOU TO BE PATIENT REMAIN IN YOUR BLOCKSSS THEY WILLL GET TO YOU IN TIME

ASSEMBLE! ASSEMBLE TO RECEIVE JUSTICE!
IT ISS A MOMENTOUSSS TASSKK WE HAVVE SSSET OURSSSELVESS! TO PURGGGE THISSS CITY! TO CLEANSSSE THE TEEMINGG MILLIONSS! TO GRANT YOU ETERNAL ABSSSOLUTION FROM CRIME — THE ONE TRUE CRIME...
LIFFFFFE ITSSSELFF!
WITHHH YOUR HELP WE WILL TURN THISSS CITY INTO A MONUMENT TO JUSSSTICCE — A HOME FIT FOR THE INNOCCCENT!
TOGETHER, WE WILL BUILD NECROPOLISSSSSS!

DIRTY TRAITORS!
THEY CAN'T HELP IT
THEY CAN'T CONTROL WHAT THEY DO ANYMORE— THEY'RE JUST . ZOMBIES.
THEN WHY DIDN'T THE SISTERS PUT THE HEX ON US, THEN?
WE'RE JUST CADETS— GUESS WE'RE NOT IMPORTANT ENOUGH
HE'S BEEN GONE A LONG TIME
MAYBE THEIR POWER IS LIMITED OR SOMETHING . YEAH, OTHERWISE THEY'D PUT THE HEX ON THE WHOLE CITY, WOULDN'T THEY?
THERE WAS GUNFIRE— LOOKS LIKE A BLOCK'S BURNING
WHAT IF THEY GOT HIM?
HE'S SMART HE KNOWS THESE STREETS— HE'S BEEN ON THEM BEFORE HE'LL MAKE IT
BUT WHAT IF HE—
WHAT'RE WE DOING HERE ANYWAY? HOW'RE WE SUPPOSED TO FIGHT THESE THINGS? WHAT'RE WE SUPPOSED TO DO? WE MIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD.
HEY, C'MON, EK. DON'T TALK LIKE THAT
GRUD! YOU MAKE ME SICK! LISTEN TO YOU, WHINING LIKE A BABY! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU EVER LASTED SO LONG AT THE ACADEMY!

NEXT PROG: THE HUNTED!

JUDGE DREDD
NECRO-POLIS
PART 15
ALL CLEAR! LET'S GO!

I CAN HARDLY FEEL MY FEET ANY MORE
NOT FAR NOW REED BLOCK. THE K D SAID - THAT'S JUST OVER THE OVERSKED THEN WE'RE OUTA HERE
KID WANTS MORE FOOD!
SURE, WHEN YOU SHOW US THE WAY INTO THE UNDERCITY. NOT BEFORE UNDERSTOOD?
SI. SI I'M SO HONGRY PLEASE
THEN THE QUICKER WE GET THERE THE SOONER YOU EAT
MOVE
COVER!
BAKKA BAKKA BAKKA

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
YOU YOU KILLED A JUDGE!
THEY'RE NOT JUDGES ANY MORE THEY BELONG TO THE SISTERS
C'MON! THAT NOISE'LL BRING 'EM DOWN ON US!
IN GRUD
I KNEW WE'D NEVER MAKE IT!
YOU DIDN'T TELL US THE OVERSKED WAS DOWN!
EET WAS HOKAY! EET MOS JOS HAVE CROMBLE-!
DAMN! NO CHOICE NOW! USE THE CABLES-!

IF WE CAN MAKE IT DOWN TO THE ZOOM LINE WE CAN ST... GET ACROSS!
SANTANDO WATCH THE KID
GOT HIM
GIANT
...CATCH UP!
BADAAAMM!!

MOVE!
WAGON
AHHHH!
KEEP GOING DON'T STOP!
CHERRY!
OH GOLD

YOU RECKON THEY'LL COME AFTER US?
THEY DON USUALLY CARE NO MORE LONG AS YOU STAY EEN YOUR BLOCK
THEY MIGHT MAKE AN EXCEPTION N OUR CASE H-WAGON'S COMING DOWN
OH BOY THEY WANT US ALRIGHT
JUDGE MORTIS!
MORTIS
NEXT PROG THE SENTENCE IS...

HIT HIM!
FOOLISSSHHH LITTLE ONESSS!
JUDGE DREDD IN NECRO-POLIS PART 16
SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART CARLOS EZQUERRA
LETTERER TOM FRAME

DID THEY NOT TEACHH YOU AT THE ACADEMY?
YOU CANNOT KILL WHAT DOESSS NOT LIVE!
GRUD! OH GRUD! HE'S STILL — !
SHUT UP, EKERSON! BACK OFF!
COME...COME, MY CHHHILDRENNN! FLIGHT ISSS USSSELESSS! YOU CANNOT ESSCAPE YOUR FATE!
EKERSON! DAMMIT, EKERSON!
SSSSO YOUNG... YET SSSSO SSSTEEEEPED IN SSSINNN!
I WILLL GRANT YOU RESSPITE FROM YOUR WICKEDNESSSS! I WILL RELIEVE YOU OF THE TERRIBLE BURDEN OF YOUR LIVESSS!
WH-WHAT'S THE POINT? WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE ANYWAY!
YESSSSSS! COME TO ME...!
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM —
SANTANDO!
JUVES! I GOT MYSELF IN TOW WITH A BUNCH OF JUVES!
HI-EX!

YOU-YOU DID IT —!
STOP GAWKING — MOVE!
YOU TOO, JULIO!
LOOK! HE-HE'S MOVING —!
FOOOOOLISSSHHHHH!

KEEP GOING! DON'T LOOK BACK!
DOWN THROUGH THE LEVELS, LIKE A SCENE OUT OF HELL.
FOOD! PLEASE GRUD-!
HUMAN BEINGS! HOW COULD THEY HAVE COME TO THIS SO QUICKLY...?
HELP ME!
CHHHILDRENNNN!
Chhhildrennnn!
Chhhildrennnn!
Chhhildrennnn!
SUB-BASEMENT NO ADMITTANCE

OH GRUD! THEY'VE BEEN USING IT AS A BURIAL HEAP —!
UHHHHhhh
N-NO!
BE PATIENT, SSSINNNERR! YOUR TIME WILL COME!
EES-EES A DOOR ONNERNEATH — SHE GO DOWN A BEEG PIPE!
YOU BETTER NOT BE LYING TO US,
NO! EES A PLACE WHERE EES BROKEN, COMPRENDE? YOU CAN GET EENTO ONNERCEETY! I DO EET ONCE! I KNOW!
C'MON! GIMME A HAND HERE!
ANTIBIOTICS WITH THE RATION PACKS! WE ALL START A COURSE TODAY, OKAY?
THAT'S IF WE GET OUT OF HERE!
FOOD! YOU GEEV FOOD NOW!
YOU CAN **EAT** —?

CHHHILDRENNN!
NAUGHTYYY CHHHILDRENNN! YOU ARE BEGINNING TO ANNNOYYY MEEEE!
AND WHAT DO WE DO WITHHH NAUGHTYY CHHHILDRENNNN?
WE PUNISSSHHH THEM!
THE DOOR'S JUST CRUMBLING—!
DON'T WATCH, SANTANDO! MOVE!
JULIO, COME ON! YOU CAN'T STAY HERE!

COME, CHHHILDD! COME TO JUDGGGEMENT!
THE TOUCH OF JUDGE MORTIS BRINGS — DECAY!
JULIO!
GIANT! COME ON!
NEXT PROG: THE UNDERCITY!

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY
PROG 690
40p
4 AUG 1990
DAS BOOT
A Ray of Hope for MC-1
ISSN 0262-284X

JUDGE DREDD
NECRO POLIS
PART 17
CHHHILDRENNNN!
HORT
Frrrrrrr

EVEN OLD MORTIS ISN'T GOING TO MELT HIS WAY THROUGH THAT.
POOR JULIO . . WHAT A WAY TO GO
THERE WAS NO SAVING HIM ANYWAY DID YOU SEE HIS FEET? THEY'D STARTED TO GO BLACK — GANGRENE
LET'S STOP YAKKING AND GET MOVING
WHICH WAY? JULIO WAS THE ONE WHO KNEW THE WAY TO THE UNDERCITY
AT THE MOMENT THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY.

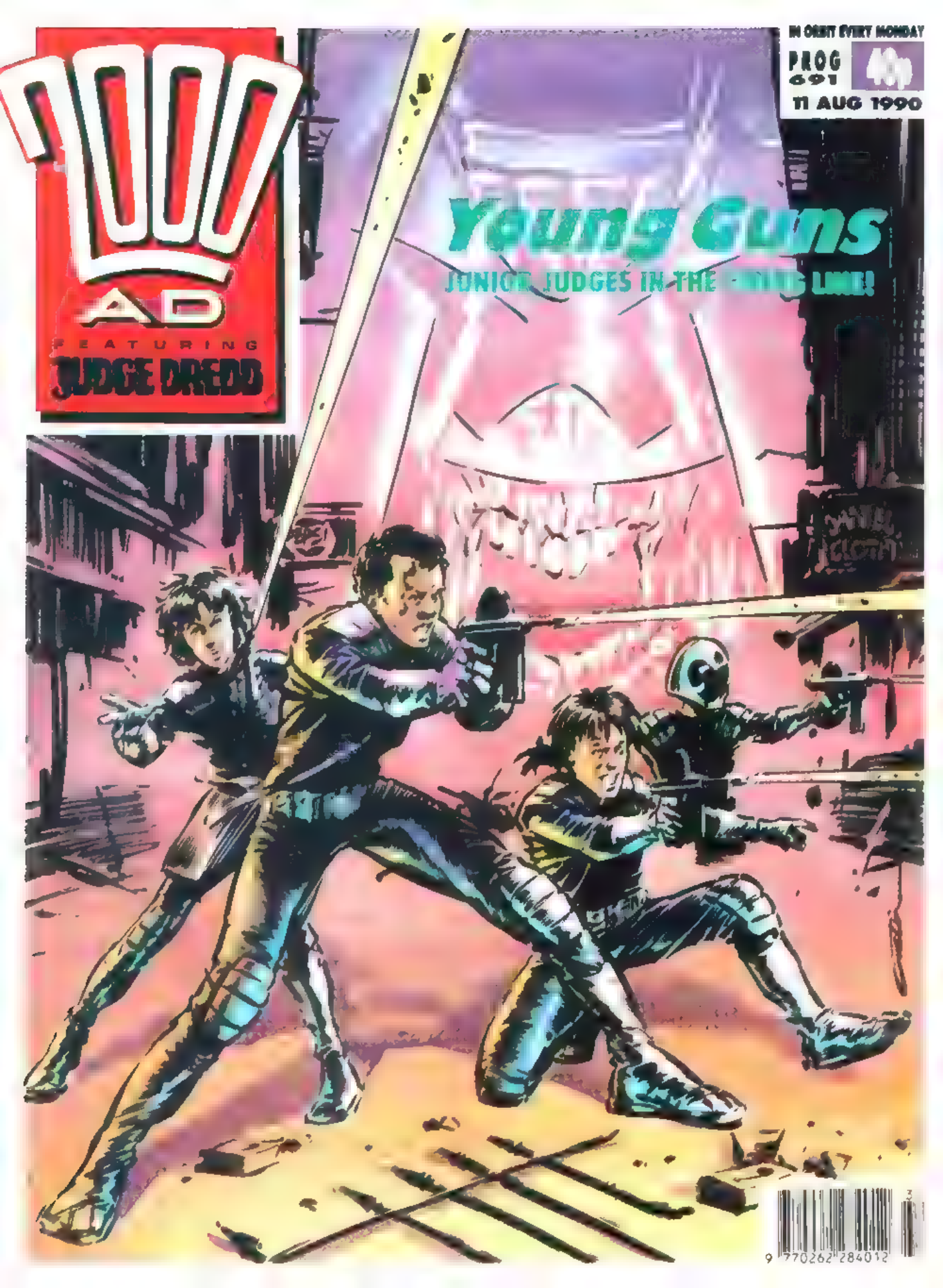
WE'LL SAY ONE THING, JOE —
NEVER THOUGHT WE'D SEE THE DAY WE'D BE SHARING A BATH
YOU GOT ANY BETTER IDEAS, LET'S HEAR 'EM
THERE'S A WHOLE RIVER NETWORK RUNNING THROUGH THE UNDERCITY. IF I'M RIGHT THEN WE MUST BE GETTING PRETTY CLOSE TO THE MAINSTREAM.
JUST DON'T PULL THE PLUG, THAT'S ALL
JOE ?
THAT VOICE AGAIN.

I SEE A PICTURE... TORCHES — HALF HUMAN FACES ALL AROUND ME..
THERE'S NO FEELING IN MY BODY — I'M BEING CARRIED.. CARRIED THROUGH THE UNDERCITY!
GRUD!
I UNDERSTAND NOW!
HEY! DON'T ROCK THE BOAT!
IT'S NOT ME, McGRUDER—!
HEY! SOMETHING HERE!

WE FOUND IT !
IT'S A BIG STAIRWELL...
MAYBE IT WAS PART OF THE OLD SUBWAY SYSTEM.
UHHH'
CAREFUL, EVERYTHING'S PRETTY OLD
YOU'RE TELLING ME ! WE DON'T NEED OLD MORTIS DOWN HERE...
BZANNG!
WATCH IT !
DON'T FIRE !

NO POINT WASTING BULLETS ON THEM 'LESS WE HAVE TO.
WH-WHAT ARE THEY ?
TROGGIES – UNDERCITY DWELLERS
THERE'S A LOT OF THEM DOWN HERE. THEY'VE BEEN SHUT OFF FROM DAYLIGHT SO LONG SOME OF THEM HAVE LOST THEIR EYESIGHT – GET ABOUT BY SMELL WE JUST DID 'EM AT THE ACADEMY
WEIRD !
OUR INTAKE HASN'T GOT TO THE UNDERCITY YET
DON'T S'POSE IT EVER WILL, NOW
BETTER START USING ONE TORCH AT A TIME, OTHERWISE THEY'RE NOT GOING TO LAST NO TELLING HOW LONG WE'LL BE DOWN HERE
ONE GOOD THING... HAVE YOU NOTICED ? THE SISTERS – I CAN'T FEEL THEM ANYMORE.
IT'S LIKE...LIKE THEIR INFLUENCE DOESN'T PENETRATE DOWN HERE
YEAH, NOW YOU MENSH... HEY ! I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE THERE MIGHT BE SOME HOPE FOR US AFTER ALL !
WHAT ?
I SAID –
WHO ARE YOU ? WHERE ARE YOU –?
HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME ?
EH ?
I CAN HARDLY HEAR YOU – YOU HAVE TO SPEAK LOUDER
WHAT ?
WHO'S SHE TALKING TO ?

WE'LL TRY! I PROMISE!
OH, SHE'S GOING! COME BACK! WAIT –
IT WAS A WOMAN'S VOICE – I HEARD IT, IN MY HEAD! SHE KNEW MY NAME –
SHE'S FLIPPED! SHE'S FINALLY FLIPPED!
THE SISTERS!
IT'S THEM! THEY'RE TRYING TO GET AT YOU AGAIN, EKERSON!
IT WASN'T THEM, GIANT! I FELT IT – SHE WAS GOOD – CLEAN
BUT SHE'S HURT SHE NEEDS US! WE'VE GOT TO FIND HER – HELP HER!
OH, NO WAY, JOSE!
SHE SAID IT WAS IMPORTANT!
EKERSON! COME BACK HERE! IT'S THE SISTERS!
COME ON!
BOY! I KNEW WE SHOULD'VE LEFT HER BEHIND!
NEXT PROG – THE BIG SMELLY!


2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY
PROG 691
11 AUG 1990
Young Guns
JUNIOR JUDGES IN THE
9 770262 284012

JUDGE DREDD
NECRO-POLIS
PART 18
EKERSON!
GET A HOLD OF YOURSELF!
LET ME GO, GIANT! SHE'S CLOSE! I CAN FEEL HER! SHE NEEDS US!
LISTEN!
SOUNDS LIKE A LOT OF ANIMALS SCREECHING

TROGGIES.
THEY'RE FIGHTING OVER SOMETHING!
IT'S HER GIANT! I KNOW IT! OH WHAT ARE WE WAIT NG FOR?
I SURE HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THIS
OKAY, NO KILLING UNLESS WE HAVE TO. LAST THING WE NEED IS MORE ENEMIES
LET'S GRAB THEIR ATTENTION —
YOU PEOPLE! WE DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU! JUST HAND OVER WHOEVER THAT IS YOU'VE GOT THERE!

WATCH T
AAAAK!
EEEEK!
HOLD FIRE THEY'RE RUNN NG!
SANTANDO - MONK - KEEP AN EYE OUT THEY MIGHT COME BACK
SHE S OUT COLD

GEEZ YOU KNOW WHO THAT IS
IT'S ANDERSON!
SHE'S ALIVE McGRUDER – ALIVE!
I'M NOT SURE WHAT SHE'S TELLING ME THE MESSAGE IS FAINT – JUST PICTURES, BRIEF FLASHES
I THINK SHE'S HURT, SOMEWHERE IN THE UNDERCITY – MAYBE IN SOME DANGER BUT SHE'S ALIVE!
GETTING MIGHTY ROUGH
IT'S AN OMEN! ANDERSON'S THE ONE PERSON IN THIS WORLD WHO KNOWS THE DARK JUDGES – THE ONE PERSON WHO MAY HAVE A CHANCE OF TURNING THIS THING ROUND!
WE MUST BE GETTING CLOSE!
HOLD ON.

THE BIG SMELLY.

EEEEK!
EEEEEE!
ALWAYS SOME JOKER WANTS A FIGHT.
YUP
BADOW! BADOW! BADOW!
EEEEEEEEEE
THIS ONE'S GOT AN ENGINE
START HER UP LET'S GET MOVING
YOU GOT ANY IDEA WHERE WE'RE GOING?
NOT THE SLIGHTEST
I'M BANKING ON A LITTLE HELP THERE
MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS

JUDGE DREDD
IN NECRO-POLIS PART 19
WRITER: JOHN WAGNER
ART: CARLOS EZQUERRA
LETTERING: TOM FRAME
YOU SURE IT'S HER?
YEAH THAT'S HOW SHE COULD SPEAK TO EKERSON – SHE'S A TELEPATH
WHY ME?
DUNNO MAYBE YOU'RE MORE RECEPTIVE OR SOMETHING
SHE'S COMING ROUND
SANTANDO – SOME WATER HERE!
NOT TOO MUCH. SHE'S HAVING TROUBLE SWALLOWING.
UH, CADET GIANT, MA'AM – THREE OTHERS FROM THE ACADEMY..
GEEZ, SPARE THE INTRODUCTIONS, GIANT SHE'S HURT
ARE YOU IN PAIN? WHERE ARE YOU HURT?

SHE...SHE CAN'T TALK. SHE SAYS SHE CAN'T MOVE – CAN'T FEEL ANYTHING SHE THINKS SHE'S BROKEN HER BACK
IT'S A WONDER SHE'S LASTED THIS LONG
I CAN HARDLY HEAR YOU...
THE SISTERS – YOU KNOW A WAY..YES..
OH! SHE'S GOING – !
I'VE LOST HER !
SHE NEEDS MED ASSIST
OH, YEAH. WHERE WE GOING TO GET THAT DOWN HERE?
LOOK AT THIS
SHRAPNEL
IT COULD BE PRESSING ON HER SPINE, CAUSING PARALYSIS MAYBE IF WE TOOK IT OUT –
IT MIGHT KILL HER
SHE'S GOING TO DIE FOR SURE IF WE DON'T DO SOMETHING.
BLAM! BLAM!
HRAAIEEEE !
WE RE IN THE MIDDLE OF TROGTOWN HERE LET'S GET HER SOMEPLACE SAFE
WE CAN'T RISK MOV NG HER – NOT LIKE THAT

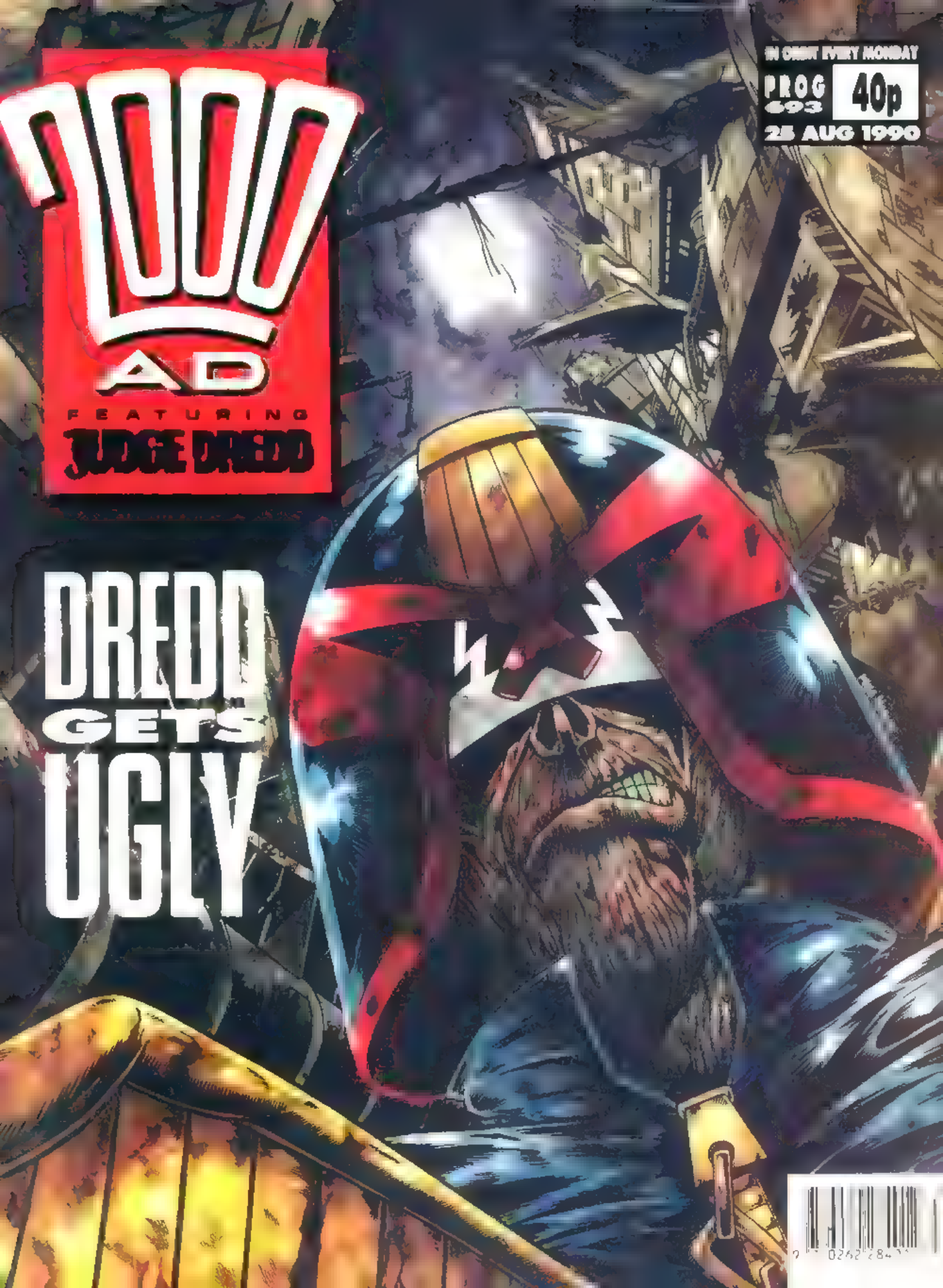
OKAY, OKAY, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT FEEL UP TO IT ?
I-I GUESS SO
SANTANDO, BREAK OUT THE MED PAK BOIL UP WHATEVER WATER WE'VE GOT
I CAN'T GET ALL THIS DIRT OUT
YOU CAN DUST IT WITH THE MULTIBAC POWDER
HERE GOES
CAREFUL .
IT S MOVING I CAN FEEL IT
NICE AND STEADY

UHHHH
SHE MOVED! YOU DID IT!
I WOULDN'T CROW TOO SOON. SHE'S STILL IN A BAD WAY
C'MON, LET'S GET HER OUT OF HERE
WHAT DO YOU THINK SHE MEANT – ABOUT THE SISTERS, ABOUT KNOWING A WAY..?
I DON'T KNOW TO BEAT THEM, I GUESS
THIS OUGHT TO DO WE CAN DEFEND IT FROM FOUR SIDES
WE'LL STAY HERE WITH HER
FIND WHATEVER THERE IS TO BURN. BUILD A FIRE. OUR BOTTLE CONDENSERS OUGHT TO KEEP US SUPPLIED WITH ENOUGH WATER. MIGHT HAVE TO START EATING RAT, THOUGH
IF THAT'S WHAT SHE MEANT – IF SHE KNOWS HOW TO BEAT THE SISTERS – WE **HAVE** TO KEEP HER ALIVE

She sleeps .
. for what seems years, timeless years, while FEVER takes her in its grip. .
The third sister ..
Call her DELIRIA.
She remembers laughing

BRIEF MOMENTS OF AWARENESS YOUNG FACES SWIMMING... VOICES FAR AWAY... THE TASTE OF WARM BLOOD TRICKLING IN HER THROAT...
OTHER VISIONS SHADOWS FLITTING ACROSS HER MIND —
BRUSHING BY, TOUCHING THEM WITH GHOSTLY FINGERS...
ONCE SHE DREAMS SHE AWAKES — TO SEE DEATH'S TERRIBLE FIGURE BEFORE HER, COME TO CLAIM HER FOR HIS OWN...
...MERCIFULLY LAPSING BACK INTO OBLIVION.

SHE S COMING ROUND
TAKE SOME WATER EASY NOW ..
DREDD ?
I WANT YOU TO TRY AND MOVE YOUR HAND, ANDERSON
HOW DID YOU . FIND ME . ?
YOU LED US HERE. THAT LITTLE VOICE IN MY HEAD DON'T YOU REMEMBER ?
DID . ?
NOT GOOD
WE'LL HAVE TO DO IT WITHOUT HER
TAKE YOUR TIME, ANDERSON I WANT YOU TO TELL ME EVERYTHING YOU KNOW ABOUT THE SISTERS OF DEATH.
YOUNG EKERSON HERE TELLS ME YOU MAY KNOW A WAY TO BEAT THEM
NEXT PROG: SISTERS, SISTERS...


2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
IN SHOP EVERY MONDAY
PROG 693
40p
25 AUG 1990
DREDD GETS UGLY

JUDGE DREDD
NECRO-POLIS
PART 20
GO
WELCOME HOME
NEIGHBOURHOOD'S GONE DOWNHILL SOME

IN HIS DARKEST DREAMS HE COULD NEVER IMAGINED THIS
THE COLD. BITTER COLD THAT CHILLED THE MARROW AND GAPPED THE NERVE
THE PERVADING SENSE OF TERROR THE DEAD HAND OF EVIL REACHING OVER THE CITY, BLIGHTING EVERYTHING
HOME
JOHN WAGNER
CARLOS EZQUERRA
ROBSON

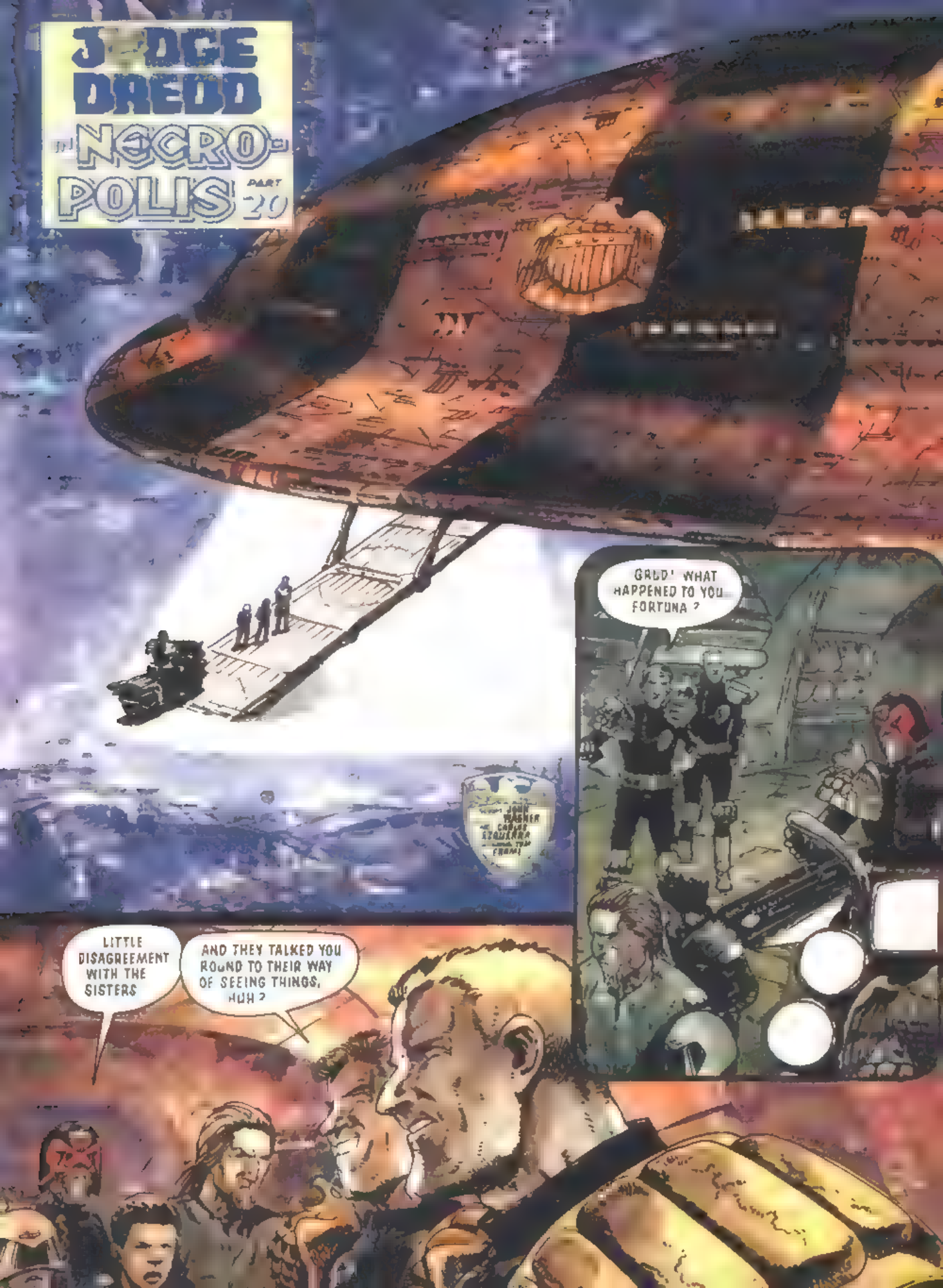
DOWN
NO MISTAKES IF HE MANAGES TO RAISE THE ALARM
HE WON'T
UNGGGGGGG
OWWWWWW

HIS NAME'S FORTUNA
HIDE THE BODY AND BRING ME HIS BADGE AND GUN
YOU'RE GETTIN' TOO OLD FOR THOSE KIND OF STUNTS, JOE
YOU'RE TELLING ME
TWO OF THEM ARE ACADEMY BRATS THE OTHER ONE CLAIMS TO [redacted] FORMER CHIEF JUDGE MCGRUDER
HOLD ON
CONTROL - FORTUNA PICKED UP THREE CURFEW BREAKERS BY KINSKI OVERPED
SO WHY WASTE TIME TELLING US? KILL THEM
OKAY HOLD HER THERE H-WAGON ON ITS WAY IF SHE IS MCGRUDER, JUDGE DEATH WILL WANT TO DEAL WITH HER IN PERSON
THAT'S A RO!
THEN IT'S TRUE - THE WHOLE FORCE GONE OVER TO THE DARK JUDGES! WHO'D HAVE BELIEVED IT!
YES

YET WAS IT ANY WONDER? THE SISTERS THAT WAS EVIL ON A SCALE NEVER BEFORE ENCOUNTERED HE HAD FELT THEIR POWER FROM AFAR - AND EVEN THEN IT HAD NEARLY COST HIS LIFE
I COULD FEEL THEM NOW, FEEL THEIR GHASTLINESS REACHING OUT SEARCHING FOR THEM SENSING AN ENEMY IN THEIR MIDST
AND ANDERSON RESISTING DEFLECTING THE PROBING TENTACLES PROTECTING THEM FROM THE SISTERS GAZE
TELL ME EVERYTHING YOU KNOW ABOUT THE SISTERS OF DEATH
JACK HURTS TOO MUCH

YOU YOU'RE NOT DREDD-
THIS ISN'T HAPPENING! IT'S ALL IN YOUR MIND-- IT'S AN ILLUSION!

SLIP THESE ON LOOSE TAKE YOUR CUE FROM ME WE MESS THIS UP AND THE LAST CHANCE IS GONE
KIT THEY THEY'RE DOING THIS THROUGH HER!
H WAGON
SO THE SISTERS ARE USING K T AGEE TO FORM A PSYCHIC BRIDGE TO THIS WORLD THEY HAVE NO ACTUAL PHYS CAL PRESENCE OF THEIR OWN WITHOUT YOUR FRIEND, THEY WOULD BE UNABLE TO REMAIN HERE
AND THAT S ALL WE HAVE TO DO TO STOP THEM ?
YES
K'LL K T AGEE
DROG
THE SENTENCE IS DEATH!


JUDGE DREDD
NECRO-POLIS
PART 20
JOHN WAGNER
CARLOS EZQUERRA
GRUD! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU FORTUNA?
LITTLE DISAGREEMENT WITH THE SISTERS
AND THEY TALKED YOU ROUND TO THEIR WAY OF SEEING THINGS, HUH?

AND TH.S CLAIMS IT'S CHIEF JUDGE McGRUDER ? YOU COULDA FOOLED – UNNGGG!
KRA-AAK!
ALL ABOARD SKIP
ROJ
YOU CADETS HAVE S LENGERS F THERE'S ANY SHOOTING YOU'RE IT"

"REMEMBER. IT'S ALL OR NOTHING MESS THIS UP AND THERE'LL NEVER BE A SECOND CHANCE."
"NO MISTAKES. SHOOT TO KILL."

DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU, KID THEY ALL WORK FOR THE SISTERS NOW
DON'T EVEN MENTION THEIR NAME THE LESS WE THINK OF THEM NOW THE BETTER
REMOVE THOSE SILENCERS
PILOT AND CO-PILOT FIRST THEY'VE GOT A DIRECT LINE TO CONTROL

WATCH THE ENTRANCES!
STAND BY TO ALTER COURSE
SEND REINFORCEMENTS BACK...
APARTMENT ON THE 22ND FLOOR — THEY'RE HOLDING KT THERE
KILL KIT AND YOU DESTROY THE BRIDGE TO THIS WORLD
THE SISTERS ARE STRONG THEY'LL SENSE YOUR PRESENCE I'LL TRY TO RUN INTERFERENCE AS AS LONG AS [illegible]

AND IN THEIR ICY TOWER WHERE KIT AGGE LIES, A WASTING, TORTURED SHELL-
SSSOMETHING ISSSS WRONGGGG!
SSSSSOMETHING ISSSS WRONGGGG!
-AND EVEN THE DARK JUDGES PAUSE IN THEIR MONUMENTAL TASK, HEARING THE SCREAM, UNDERSTANDING THE MOMENT OF DANGER...
...AWAITING THE OUTCOME.
NEXT PROG: NO PITY IN MEGA-CITY!

JUDGE DREDD
IN NECRO-POLIS PART 21
SSSOMETHHINGG ISSS WRONGG
ONE MINUTE TO TARGET
- AND THEY FEEL THE SISTERS, FEEL THEIR POISONOUS TENTACLES LICKING OUT TOWARDS THEM

YOUUU CAN'T HIIIDE FROMM UUSS
FIGHT THEM DON'T LET THEM TOUCH YOU
SOMETHING'S GO NG ON
NO GOOD THEY'RE TOO STRONG
THEN CAN'T KEEP THEM OUT
ANDERSSSSONNN
YES PLEASE END T CASS
NNNNOOOO

DECCCEIVVVVEDDD
JUSSSST AN ILLLUSSSIONN
TARGET IN RANGE FIRE !
KIT AGEE IS FINALLY, MERCIFULLY RELEASED FROM HER TORMENT !

SSSSSSSSSSSSS

SSSSS

THE SISTERS OF DEATH ARE SUCKED SCREAMING BACK TO THEIR OWN REALM

DREDD TO CONTROL!
THE SISTERS ARE GONE!
THE CITY IS OURS AGAIN!
NEXT PROG
MY KIND OF TOWN

2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
SAY "CHEESE" AND DIE!
IN NECROPOLIS

THE SISSSSTERSSS ARE LOSSST !
NNNOOOO !
JUDGE DREDD
NECRO-POLIS PART
THE MEGA-CITY JUDGES — RELEASED FROM THE SISTERS' SINISTER INFLUENCE — GAZE IN HORROR AT THE CARNAGE THEY HAVE HELPED TO BRING ABOUT --
RUN !
GET THOSE MONSTERS !
OUR MISSSSION IS IN PERILL ! IT CANNOT BE !

SSSLAVESS SSHHHOULD NOT TURN ON THEIR MASSSTERSSSS!
ARGHHH!
YOU WERE USSSEFUL WHEN YOU SSSERVED USSS! NOW YOU MUSSST PAY FOR YOUR SSSINFULNESSSSS!
THE SSSSENTENCCCE ISSS DEATHHHHH!
DREDD DREDD YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS -
YOU'RE FREE OF THEM
I CAN'T STOP!
CAN'T STOP!

HE SAYS HE'S DREDD..?
I MAY LOOK LIKE DEATH, CONTROL. BUT TAKE IT FROM ME, I'M THE REAL THING
I TOOK THE HIKE THE CREEP YOU KNOW AS DREDD IS ONE KRAKEN – FORMER JUDDA, MY BLOODLINE
ACCORDING TO ANDERSON IT WAS SILVER'S SMART IDEA TO GIVE HIM MY BADGE
ANDERSON'S DEAD SHE GOT FLATTENED BY A TANK!
WRONG. THE ROAD GAVE WAY SHE FELL DOWN INTO THE UNDERCITY. SHE IS ALIVE – BUT SHE WON'T BE MUCH LONGER IF YOU KEEP ARGUING THE TOSS
WHAT'RE YOU TRYING TO FEED US? LISTEN BUSTER, WHO ARE YOU?
GRUDDAMMIT JOE GIVE US THAT MIKE
THIS IS FORMER CHIEF JUDGE McGRUDER SPEAKING. IF YOU MEATBALLS DON'T BELIEVE THAT THEN RUN A VP!
VOICE PRINT MATCHES!
THAT'S McGRUDER?
DAMN RIGHT! AN' SEEIN' YOU'RE CURRENTLY SHORT ONE CHIEF JUDGE, I GUESS THAT PUTS US IN CHARGE!
NOW ARE YOU GONNA SIT ON YOUR HANDS ALL DAY OR ARE WE GONNA GET SOME CO-OPERATION?
Y YES MA'AM

START BY ORGANISING AN UNDERCITY MEDEVAC FOR ANDERSON. PICK UP CADETS GIANT AND MONK ON HUBERMAN. THEY'LL BE YOUR GUIDES
WE BOOTED THE SISTERS BACK TO THE DEADWORLD, BUT THAT STILL LEAVES THEIR BIG BROTHERS TO DEAL WITH. YOU GOT A GENERAL ALERT OUT?
UH... NOT YET, MA'AM
WELL DO IT, DAMMIT! REPORT LAST KNOWN POSITION!
UH... FEAR AND MORTIS CURRENTLY DISPENSING JUSS-- I MEAN, OFFING CITS IN CESS PARKINSON
DEATH, FIRE AND, UH... DREDD LAST LOGGED AT GABOR BLOCK, SECTOR 91
WE'RE EN ROUTE FOR GABOR. KEEP US INFORMED
YES, MA'AM
SEE 'EM JUMPIN', STILL GOT THE OLD AIR OF COMMAND, EH?
SOME THINGS YOU NEVER LOSE

FROM EVERY QUARTER JUDGES ARE DIRECTED TO THEIR TARGETS -
EACH ANX OUS TO PLAY A PART – HOP NG SOMEHOW TO ATONE FOR H S GU..T
HE'S CORROD NG THE PEDWAY
THAT WON'T SAVE YOU CREEP!
YOU... CANNOT KILL WHAT DOESSS NOT LIVE...!

WE CAN HAVE A DAMNED GOOD TRY!
BDDOW
BLAAM
BLAMM
KPOWW
BDOWW
BLAM
KBLAAM
THERE COMES A TIME WHEN EVEN A DARK JUDGE'S INHUMAN SHELL BECOMES UNTENABLE -
FOOOOLLLSSSS!
YOU CANNOT KILL WHAT DOESSS NOT LIVVVVE!
NEXT PROG CHASING GHOSTS!

JUDGE DREDD
IN NECRO-POLIS PART 24
I HAVVVE NOT FINISSSHHHED WITHHH YOU!
THAT MORTIS CREEP'S ABANDONING HIS BODY, CONTROL!
DAMN!
BETTER DO SOMETHING OR WE'LL LOSE THE OTHER ONE TOO!
CCCEASSSE THIS FOOLISSSHHNESSS!

YOU ONLYY DELAYYY YOUR DOOOOM!
BDDAM
NOOOOO!
BOING@ THE M RACLE PLASTIC SWELLS
ENCAS NG HIM N AN MPENETRABLE SHEL
CONTROL TO ALL UN.TS! JUDGE FEAR NOW IN CUSTODY MORTIS HAS ESCAPED
REPEAT ESCAPED!
MAKE ALL EFFORTS TO SECURE PERPS!
REMEMBER THESE BOYS AIN'T NATURAL.

PTTEE
PTANGG
PTTOW
TOOO MANY
TOOOO MANY.
DEATH'S MAKING FOR THE STAIRS. CONTROL UNITS IN PURSUIT
BDOWW
BLAMM
KPOWW
CURSSSSE YOUUUU!
BADOW
BLAMM
THERE!
CRASHH
SEE HIM

TO HAVE T ALL IN THEIR HANDS – SO CLOSE! AND ONCE MORE THWARTED!
CURSSSE THESSSE MORTA..SSS FOR THEIR WILFULNESSSS!
BEGONE FROM MEEEEE.
WATCH OUT
UNNG!
HE FLEES DESPA R TEAR NG AT H S BLACK HEART
DEATH S HEADED OUT ON THE TWEENBLOCK CROSS LINK CONTROL!
HOLD FIRE. HE'LL JUST GAS OUT ON US!

IT'S OVER DEATH! YOU'RE ALL WASHED UP! BETTER COME QUIETLY!
BETTER COME QUIETLY.
HAHAHAHAHAHAH
GET DOWN FROM THERE—
GRUD HE'S GOING TO—
ONE LAST TIME HE GAZES OUT OVER THE CITY
ALL THEIR GRANDIOSE SCHEMES COME TO NAUGHT. THE GREAT MASTERWORK INCOMPLETE
NECROPOLIS NO MORE

CONTROL: CREEP TOOK A LEAP! GET UNITS TO CITY BOTTOM!
NEXT: DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY

JUDGE DREDD
NECRO-POLIS
PART 25
SHOOTING HIM IS POINTLESS!
FIRE
WHAT ELSE CAN THEY DO?
EVACUATING AIRLOCK!
FOOOOLLLSSSS!
SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART CARLOS EZQUERRA
LETTERING TOM FRAME

YOU CAN DESSSTROY THE FLESSSHH, BUT NEVER THE SSSOULLL!
HE'S GASSING OUT!
I SSSHHHALLL RETURNNN!
AIRLOCK OPEN
THE SUDDEN VACUUM SUCKS IN THE DARK JUDGE'S GHOSTLY FORM —
-AND SEALS IT THERE
NNNNOOOOOO!

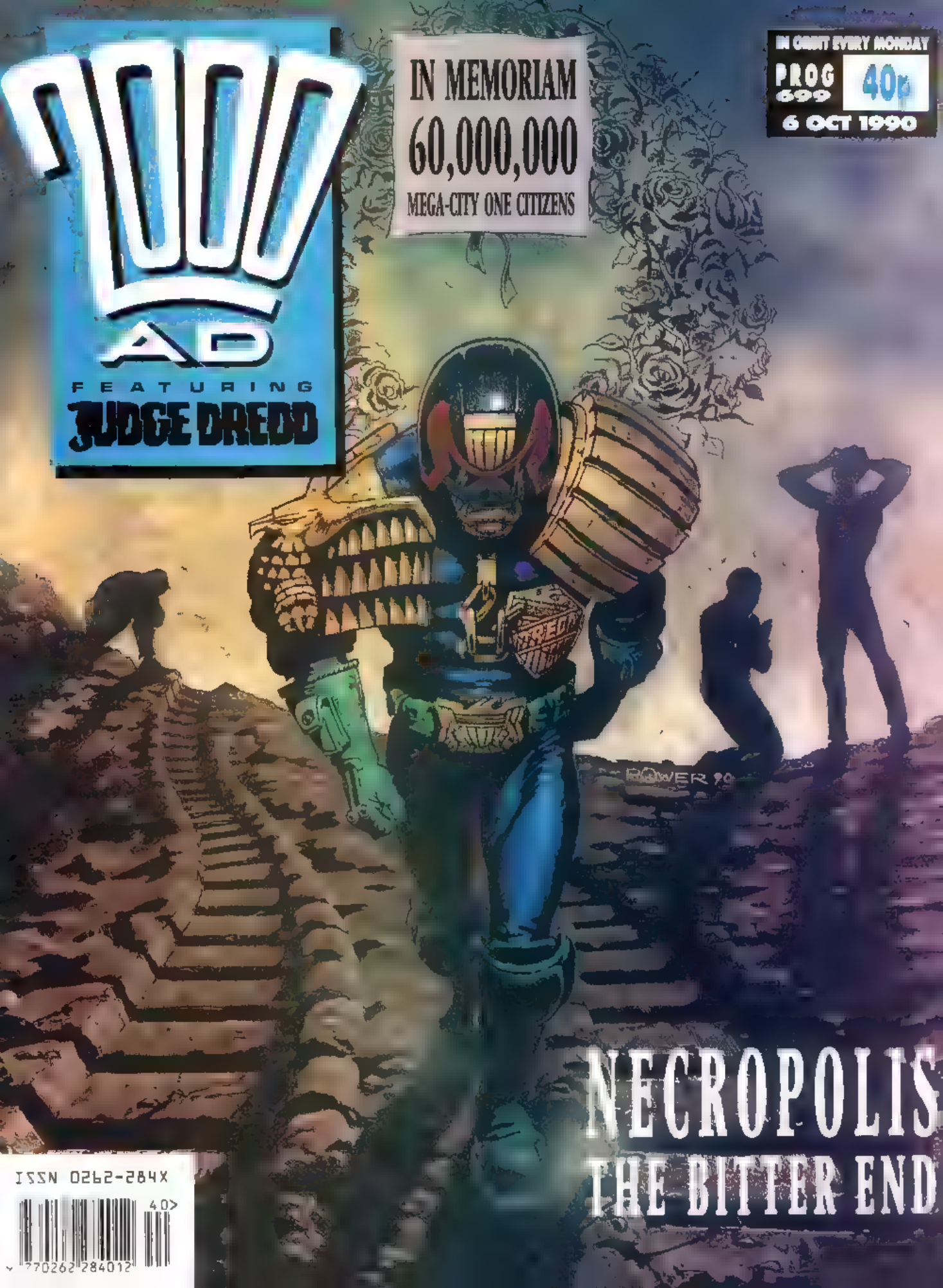
JUDGE FIRE S IN THE BAG, CONTROL!
THOUGH DON'T ASK US HOW WE'RE GONNA GET HIM OUT OF THERE!
HE'S MOVING!
STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, DREDD!
I WON T RESIST YOU
'M FREE OF THEM NOW!
LOOK THAT ONE [redacted]!
CONTROL SAYS T'S DREDD AND McGRUDER!
YOU'RE JOKING.
WE GOT CONFIRMATION

IF THAT'S DREDD THEN WHO THE HELL IS THAT IN THERE?
YOU
YOU CAUSED US A LOT OF TROUBLE, KRAKEN
I KNOW

YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT ME I WAS FLAWED
"THE SISTERS, THEY SAW THAT. THEY LATCHED ONTO IT. THEY USED ME AND I... I WAS TOO WEAK TO RESIST
"THERE WAS A MOMENT WHEN THEIR GRIP OVER ME EASED. . AND I REALISED WHAT I HAD DONE...
I FORGOT IT WAS A BORROWED LAWGIVER
INTERESSSTINGG. DREDDD – YET NOT DREDD!
YOU HAVVE SSSERVED USSS WELL, SSSINFULLL ONE! WHAT CAN WE DO TO REWARD YOU FOR YOUR FAITHHHFULLNESSSS?

MERE DEATHHH CANNOT SSSUFFFICE! NO! FOR YOU IT MUSSST BE THE GREATESSST HONOUR THE HIGHESSST ACCOLADE . .
YOU SSSHHHALLL JOIN USSS, HELPP USS CARRY OUT JUDGGEMENT ON THISSS CITTTYY! YOU TOO SSSHHALL BECOME A DARK JUDGGGE !
"I BECAME DEATH'S PUPPET. HE PULLED THE STRINGS AND I JUMPED
"HE LEFT ME WITH JUST ENOUGH OF MYSELF TO KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING, TO FEEL THE TORMENT OF EVERY VICTIM
" FINAL TWIST OF THE KNIFE "
AND NOW NOW I'M FREE OF HIM
NOW DO WHAT YOU WANT WITH ME
MAYBE I WAS RIGHT ABOUT YOU, KRAKEN — MAYBE I WASN'T IT'S HARD TO SAY BUT I DO KNOW ONE THING . .
I FELT THE POWER OF THE SISTERS OF DEATH HALFWAY ACROSS THE CURSED EARTH AND IT ALMOST KILLED ME IF I'D BEEN HERE WELL, WHO'S TO SAY I WOULDN'T BE STANDING WHERE YOU ARE . ?
SO NO BLAME ATTACHED
THANKS
DREDD

APPREC ATE
COULDN T LET HIM LIVE NOT NOW
TAKE T FROM ME - HE DIDN'T WANT TO
AFTERMAT


2000 AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD
IN MEMORIAM
60,000,000
MEGA-CITY ONE CITIZENS
IN SHOPS EVERY MONDAY
PROG 699
40p
6 OCT 1990
NECROPOLIS
THE BITTER END
ISSN 0262-284X
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JUDGE DREDD
NECRO-POLIS
PART 26
JUDGES SEARCHING CITY BOTTOM FAIL TO FIND JUDGE DEATH –
THIS IS WHERE HE LANDED. CONTROL
WE GOT TRACES OF BODY MATTER BUT NO SIGN OF HIM
KEEP SEARCHING. HE CAN'T HAVE GOT FAR
ATTENTION ALL UNITS! JUDGE DEATH IS STILL AT LARGE CONCENTRATE SEARCH ON GAGOR AREA. NOTIFY SIGHTING IMMEDIATE. REPEAT. IMMEDIATE
THEY'VE LOST DEATH LIKE CHIEF JUDGE
WE HEARD SONNY
GONE

CONTROL – McGRUDER! WE GOT **FIRE** IN THE H-WAGON AIRLOCK **KRAKEN** IS DEAD
YOU CERTAIN OF THAT?
DAMN RIGHT GUESS **IMMORTALITY** WASN'T INCLUDED IN HIS AGREEMENT
TIGHT SECURITY ON **FEAR**, AND THAT MEANS **TIGHT**. GET HIM IN SECURE HOLDING AS SOON AS POSSIBLE INCINERATE WHAT'S LEFT OF **MORTIS'S** BODY
PUT OUT A CITYWIDE ALERT LET EVERYONE KNOW HE'S SPOOKED OUT AND CAN BE DANGEROUS
AND GET ONTO THOSE WEAK LIVERS IN **TEXAS CITY** AND **MEGA-CITY TWO**. TELL 'EM THE BIG BAD MONSTERS HAVE HAD THEIR BUTTS KICKED AND IF IT AIN'T TOO MUCH TROUBLE WE COULD USE A LITTLE **HELP** HERE!
YES, CHIEF JUDGE!
YOU'RE BACK ON FOOT PATROL, SON
UH RIGHT
WE'RE PROCEEDING TO THE GRAND HALL KEEP A CLOSE EYE ON SPARKY THERE TILL WE FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WITH HIM HIS PALS MAY TRY TO ORGANISE A JAILBREAK
BETTER GO WITH HER NO ONE'S GOING TO BELIEVE **THAT'S** THE CHIEF JUDGE

TEXAS CITY NEWSBEAT. DATELINE MEGA-CITY ONE -- AND EMERGENCY AID IS FLOODING INTO THE STRICKEN CITY FROM ALL CORNERS OF THE GLOBE!
TEXAS CITY ALONE HAS DESPATCHED TWENTY-FIVE SHIPS LADEN WITH RELIEF WORKERS AND SUPPLIES EMERGENCY AID STATIONS ARE BEING SET UP ALL OVER THE CITY
MANY OF THE SURVIVORS APPEAR TO BE IN A STATE OF SHOCK THE PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECTS OF SUCH AN EXPERIENCE CAN LAST FOR YEARS -- MANY MAY NEVER RECOVER
SCIENTISTS ARE RUBBING THEIR HANDS FOR THEM. IT'S A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY TO STUDY THE EFFECTS OF POST TRAUMATIC STRESS SYNDROME ON AN ENTIRE POPULATION
IT IS STILL IMPOSSIBLE TO GAUGE HOW MANY HAVE DIED --
--THOUGH INITIAL ESTIMATES OF OVER SIXTY MILLION CANNOT BE DISCOUNTED
THE CITY'S CENTRAL RESYK PLANT IS OPERATING AGAIN. BUT CAN'T HOPE TO COPE WITH THIS DREADFUL TOLL VAST BURIAL PITS HAVE BEEN EXCAVATED IN THE CURSED EARTH
OF THE TWO MISSING DARK JUDGES NOTHING HAS YET BEEN SEEN

UTILITY SEVEN TO CONTROL APPROACHING RELOCATED GRETA GARBO HOME FOR WAYWARD ELDSTERS LOWER SECURITY SCREEN. HAVE IMPORTANT DELIVERY TO MAKE!
AID TEAM FOUND IT IN THE DAYROOM DREDD'S IN THERE NOW
RISSSSSSE!
RISSSSE! SSSAVVY!
CURRSSSSE YOUUU
,T'S LIKE IT'S TRYING TO BRING THE CORPSE BACK TO LIFE
CAN THEY DO THAT?

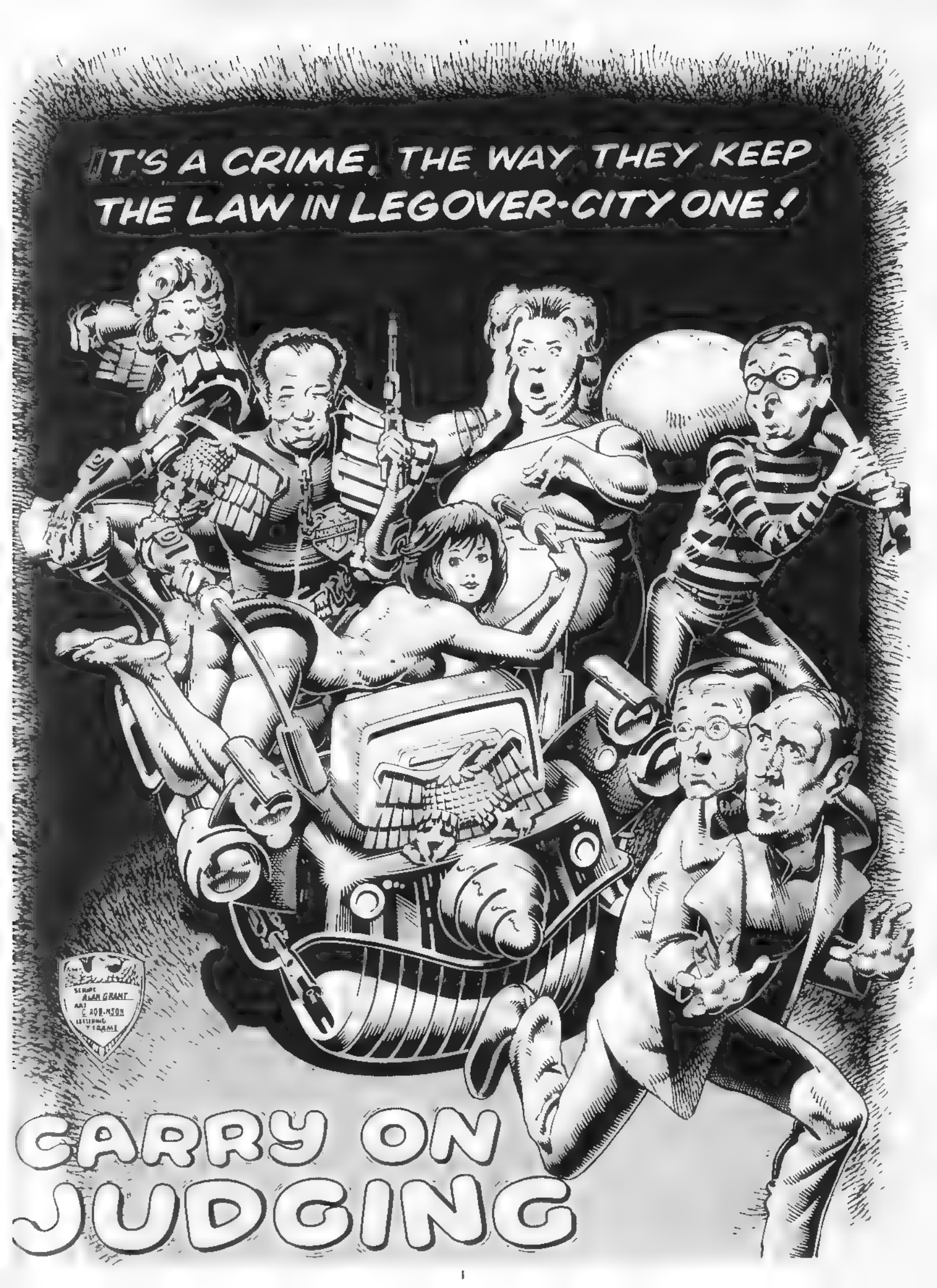
CREEP'S NOT HAVING MUCH LUCK SO FAR. THE QUESTION IS, HOW'RE WE GONNA PIN IT DOWN ?
IT'S A PROBLEM. WE GO IN THERE AND IT JUST FLOATS OFF AGAIN
BOY! YOU GUYS CAN'T DO ANYTHING ON YOUR OWN CAN YOU ?
STAND ASIDE !
ANDERRSSSSONNN
MORTISSSSSS!

YOU CAN'T TOUCHHHH MEEE!
! SSSHHHALLL RETURNNN!
ALLL WILL BE JUDGGGGED!
YOU RE NOT GO NG ANYWHERE, PAL.
NNNOOOOO! SSSHHHEEEE CAN'TT!
SSSSHHHHHEEEE CANNN'TTTTT
CURSSE YOUUR ANDERTSSHHH
NICE TRICK YOU RE FULL OF SURPRISES
M STILL A GROW NG GIRL
THINK YOU COULD DO THE SAME THING WITH FIRE?
FIRST LET'S GO FIND A BOTTLE FOR THIS CREEP

NEXT PROG: THEATRE OF DEATH

2000 AD
STAR SCUM
by ZAC SANDLER
ZAC SANDLER

JUDGE DREDD
MEGA-SPECIAL
2000
AD
95P
Irish Republic £1.47 inc VAT.
Nº3 1990


IT'S A CRIME, THE WAY THEY KEEP THE LAW IN LEGOVER-CITY ONE!
CARRY ON JUDGING

LEGOVER-CITY ONE! WE'RE IN, CHARLIE!
PHEW! AM I GLAD TO BE OUT OF THAT HOLE!
HONESTLY, I ASK YOU, ISN'T THAT JUST TYPICAL? HERE WE ARE, FREE AT LAST FROM THE HORRORS OF THE WORST EARTH, ALL READY TO START OUR NEW LIFE IN THE BIG CITY, AND YOU HAVE TO SPOIL IT BY BEING VULGAR!
MADAME IGGY'S HOUSE ISN'T FAR. WE'LL BE SAFE THERE UNTIL WE CAN GET FIXED UP WITH NEW I.D.'s.
COAST'S CLEAR. YOU KEEP A LOOK-OUT BEHIND.
REALLY, BERNARD!
'ERE, BRISTOL! COP A HOLD OF THIS!
OOER! IT'S SO BIG AND HOT, JUDGE NUDGEWINK! I DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO MANAGE IT--
RUBBISH! COME ON, OPEN WIDE .!

HOTTY STALL
THAT'S THE WAY, GEL!
OOO! SAUC-EEE!
CONTROL TO JUDGE NUDGEWINK! COME IN, NUDGEWINK!
HEY! WHAT ABOUT MY MONEY?
YOU'VE HEARD THE SAYING ABOUT CRIME DON'T PAY? WELL, NEITHER DO THE JUDGES, MATE!
NUDGEWINK RESPONDING. WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, CONTROL?
CITIZEN REPORTS SEEING MUTANT, JUNCTION [redacted] AND BACK [redacted] INVESTIGATE.
ON OUR WAY, CONTROL!
COME ON, BRISTOL!
SNAGG!
OOOO-ERRR!

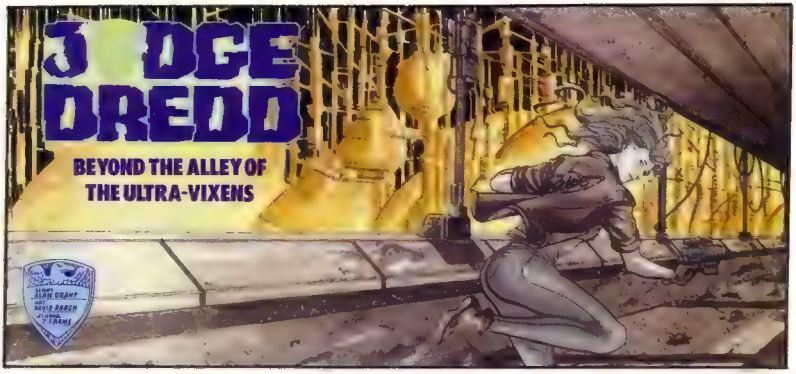
COO-EEE!
UP HERE! I'M STUCK!
YOU NEED HELP TO GET DOWN TO THE BOTTOM, EH?
I WON'T TELL YOU AGAIN, BERNARD! WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE!
RIGHT, I'VE GOT YOU! THAT'S IT! NICE AND EASY NOW — DOWN YOU COME...
BERNARD!
PHEW! I THOUGHT MY CORDWANGLES WERE WELL AND TRULY GRUNGED THERE! THANK YOU, KIND SIR...SIRS...
OH MY GANDERPARTS! AN ILLEGAL M-M-MUTANT!
FEAR NOT, CITIZEN. WE WON'T HURT YOU. WE ONLY WANT TO KNOW WHERE MADAME IGGY'S FUN HOUSE IS — IS IT ON THE FRONT OF THE STREET, OR THE BACK SIDE ..?
BERNARD!
IT'S UP THAT WAY!
THANKS. YOU LOOK AS IF YOU COULD DO WITH A STIFF TWO FINGERS —
BER-NAAARD!
OF LIQUOR. LIKE TO COME WITH US, MATE?
WITH MY BOGLES IN THIS CONDITION? I SHOULD COCOA!

MADAME IGGY'S FUN HOUSE
RAP! RAP!
HELLO, BIG BOY — UH, BOYS. LOOKING FOR A GOOD TIME ?
ER... NO. WELL, NOT RIGHT AWAY, ANYWAY. WE'VE JUST SNEAKED IN FROM THE WORST EARTH — WE NEED NEW I.D's. A FRIEND SAID YOU WERE THE LADY TO SEE.
QUICKLY — YOU'D BETTER COME INSIDE !
MADAME IGGY ! REALLY !
YOU OUGHT TO BE CAREFUL, JUDGE BRISTOL — YOU COULD GET ARRESTED, RUNNING AROUND LIKE THAT ! I MEAN, I MIGHT HAVE TO TAKE DOWN YOUR PARTICULARS ! HAHAHA !
OOO ! SAUC-EEE !
I BET HE'S GONE STRAIGHT TO MADAME IGGY'S. COME ON, BRISTOL — LET'S MOVE IT ! PICK 'EM UP !
CRIKEY ! I'M OFF BEFORE MY POSSETT BAG IS GANDERED !
NO, PICK UP YOUR FEET, BRISTOL ! YOUR FEET !

COR! I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MUCH FUN IN ONE PLACE BEFORE! I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, CHARLES, BUT OX—
BERNARD!
—EN JOKES ARE MY FAVOURITES.
BOTTOM JOKES
TOP JOKES
SCHOOLBOY JOKES
PRE-SCHOOLBOY JOKES
MORE SCHOOLBOY JOKES
JOKES ABOUT SMELLS
ANIMAL JOKES
FAT GUY JOKES
JOKES ABOUT WOMEN DRIVERS
ROBINSON JOKES
YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME FOR THAT LATER. LET'S GET THE BUSINESS OF YOUR PAPERS AND WHATNOT OUT OF THE WAY FIRST
WE ONLY WANT I.D's. YOU CAN KEEP YOUR FILTHY WHATNOTS!
THIS IS A BUST! EVERYBODY FACE THE WALL!
WHAT—? J-JUDGES!
YOU TOO, CREEP!
B-BUT I AM!
NOT YOU—
YOU!
OWW!
WATCH OUT!
KERAASH!
YAAH!
UNGH!

SHOW'S OVER, PAL!
HEY! FILM'S FADING!
OI! PROJECTIONIST! MORE LIGHT!
EXIT
AAGGH! NOT THAT MUCH!
FOR GRUD'S SAKE! WHAT'S GOING ON?
IT'S A BUST, IS WHAT, CREEP!
J- JUDGES!
EXIT
YOU CAN'T DO THIS! WE'RE RESPECTABLE MOVIE BUFFS! WE HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING WRONG!
NO? YOU'RE WATCHING A BANNED MOVIE, PAL, ILLEGALLY IMPORTED FROM BRIT-CIT. THAT'S TWELVE MONTH'S WORTH OF WRONG IN MY BOOK!
BUT IT SHOULDN'T BE BANNED! THERE'S NOTHING BAD IN IT — IT'S JUST HARMLESS FUN!
VULGARITY — STEREOTYPING — MAKING MOCK OF THE JUDGE SYSTEM — NOT TO MENTION SMUT, INNUENDO AND OUTRIGHT RAMPANT SEXISM... AND THAT'S HARMLESS?
EXIT

NEVER MIND LEGOVER-CITY — IT'S A CRIME THE WAY THEY KEEP THE LAW IN MEGA-CITY ONE!
YOU AIN'T CUBIN' ME UP FOR WATCHING NO MOVIE! OUT MY WAY!
UNGH!
OOO-ER!
KRAASH!
HOT DOGS
SAUC-EEE!
CLOSED. BY ORDER, JUSTICE DEPT.
OKAY, WE'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE. YOU OTHERS—
CARRY ON JUDGING!
THE END

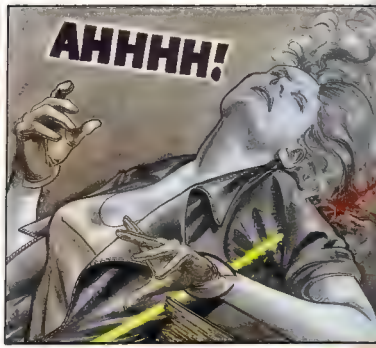

JUDGE DREDD
BEYOND THE ALLEY OF THE ULTRA-VIXENS

DREDD TO CONTROL! MED AN' MEAT REQUIRED, ULTRA KLUB, CORNER OF MEYER ALLEY. YOU CAN SCRATCH THE MONDO SPUGS OFF THE WANTEDS!
ONE GANG MEMBER FLEEING. AM PURSUING ON FOOT!

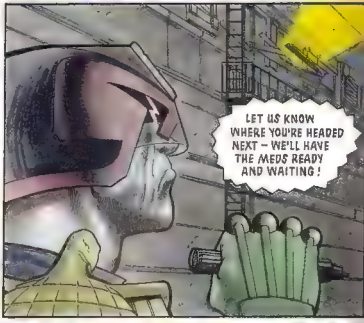
GUN EMPTY — AN' DREDD HIMSELF AFTER ME! I GOTTA SHAKE HIM OFF...!

DAMN!

IF I CAN JUST GET INSIDE---
THIS IS YOUR ONLY WARNING, CREEP! GEDDOWN HERE!


AHHHH!

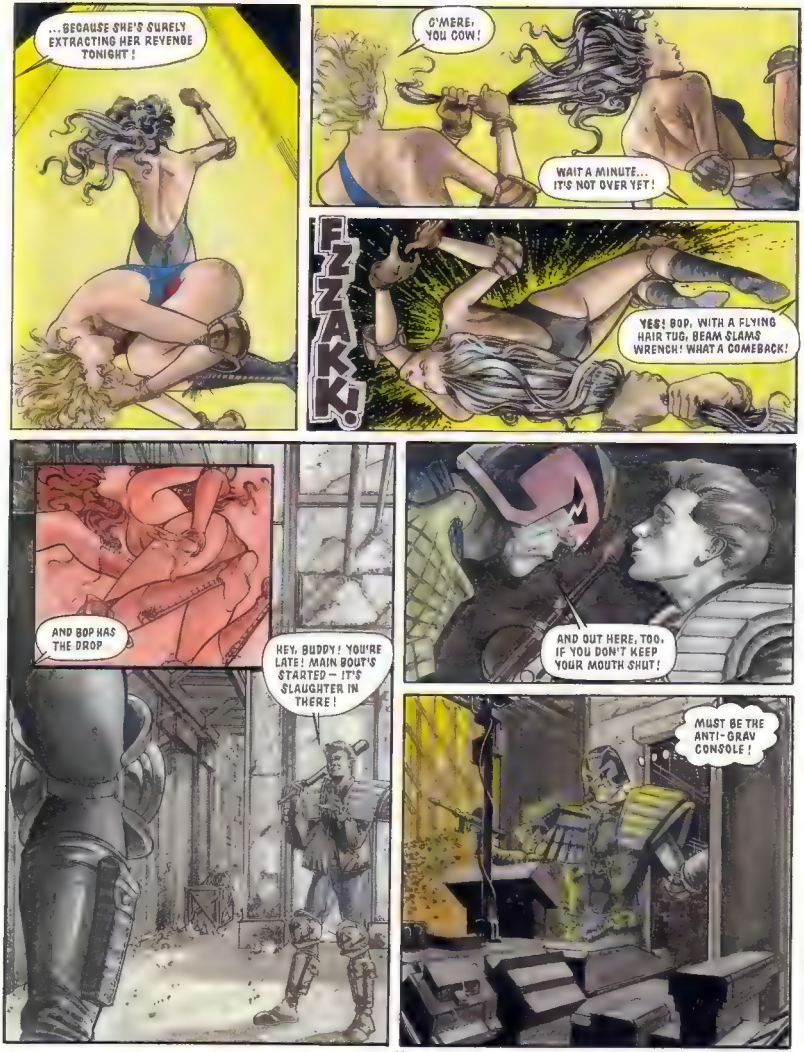
CONTROL – PERP DOWN. REQUIRES MEDIC.
GRUD, DREDD! WE SHOULD ASSIGN YOU YOUR OWN PERSONAL AMBULANCE!


LET US KNOW WHERE YOU'RE HEADED NEXT – WE'LL HAVE THE MEDS READY AND WAITING!

INVESTIGATING SUSPICIOUS LIGHT, DERELICT WAREHOUSE, MEYER ALLEY.

LADEEZ AND GEN'L'MEN — TONIGHT'S MAIN BOUT, FOR A PRIZE OF NO LESS THAN TEN THOUSAND CREDS! ON MY RIGHT, FIGHTING OUT OF THE FELICIDAD CONAPTS — THE LUSCIOUS **ZAM GOPS!**
AND HER OPPONENT, REPRESENTING THE CYNDI LAUPER HI-RISE — TWO-TIME MEGA-CITY CHAMPION — THE AMAZING **RAQUEL WRENCH!**
AS ALWAYS, THE BEST OF TWO FALLS, TWO SUBMISS—
ONE SIDE, DOGBREATH!
AIN'T GONNA BE NO CONTEST — BITCH!
GONNA BUST YOUR BONES, GIRL!
HOW'D YOU LIKE **THAT?**
ZZAKKK!
OH, WHAT AN OPENING! IT'S A VICIOUS **BEAM SLAM** BY WRENCH!

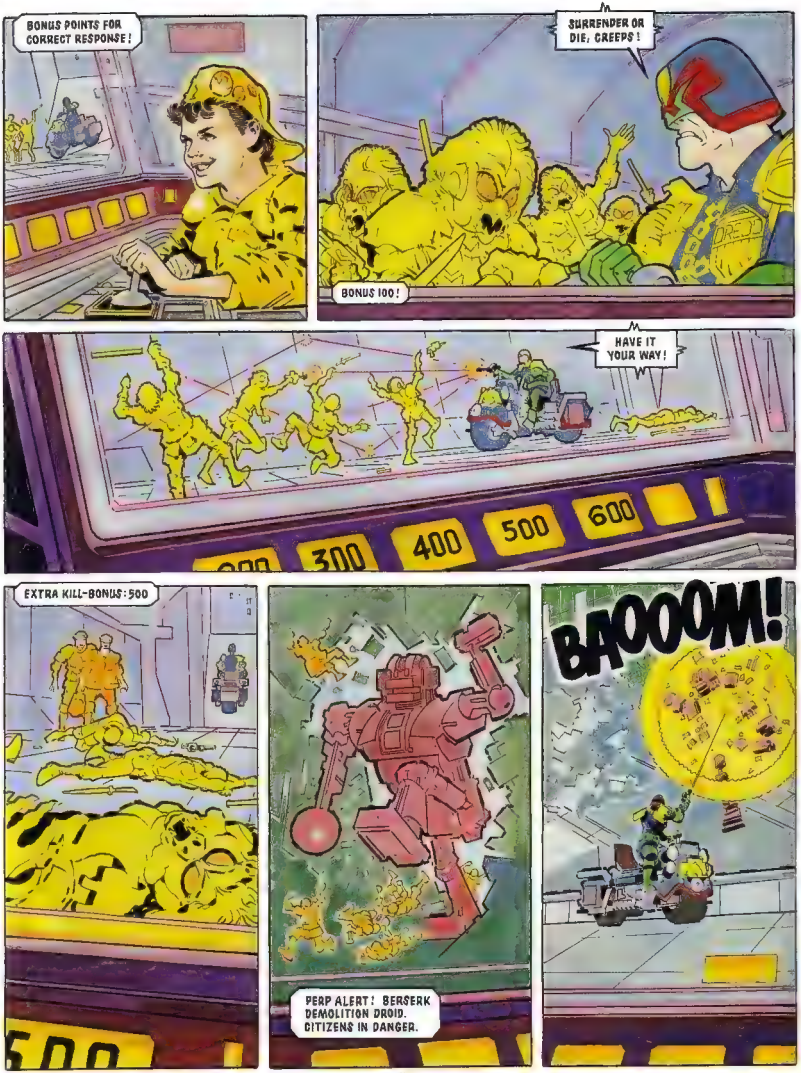
ZZAKK!
AND AGAIN! THAT'S SOLID GRAVITY BOPS HAS HIT ON THE EDGE OF THE ANTI-GRAV BEAM! WE'RE INTO A REAL GRUDGE MATCH HERE, FOLKS!
CONTROL – CATCH WAGONS REQUIRED, WAREHOUSE, MEYER ALLEY.
WAGONS?
ENOUGH FOR A HUNDRED OR SO. THERE'S AN ILLEGAL ANTI-GRAV WRESTLING MATCH IN PROGRESS.
LOOKING FOR AN ENTRANCE NOW, CONTROL.
ROGER, DREDD. WAGONS ON THE WAY – MEDS AS WELL, JUST IN CASE.
OW! AND AGAIN! WRENCH HAS BOP ON THE BEAM. SHE'S NOT LETTING UP!
MAYBE THOSE RUMOURS ABOUT BOP AND WRENCH'S HUSBAND AND THE ORIGAMI LESSONS ARE TRUE...


...BECAUSE SHE'S SURELY EXTRACTING HER REVENGE TONIGHT!
O'MERE, YOU COW!
WAIT A MINUTE... IT'S NOT OVER YET!
FZZAKK!
YES! BOP, WITH A FLYING HAIR TUG, BEAM SLAMS WRENCH! WHAT A COMEBACK!
AND BOP HAS THE DROP
HEY, BUDDY! YOU'RE LATE! MAIN BOUT'S STARTED — IT'S SLAUGHTER IN THERE!
AND OUT HERE, TOO, IF YOU DON'T KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!
MUST BE THE ANTI-GRAV CONSOLE!

QUICKEST WAY TO PUT AN END TO THIS --
HUH?
TH-THE ANTI-GRAV BEAM--!
HELP
PPPP
MATCH IS OVER. NO WINNERS, ONLY LOSERS... YOU!
YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!
B...BUT WHY, JUDGE? WE...AIN'T DOIN' NO HARM! 'S ONLY A LITTLE...ENTERTAINMENT!
IN MY BOOK IT'S PROCUREMENT FOR PURPOSES OF ASSAULT, CREEP!
IF VIOLENCE IS WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, THE LAW WILL GIVE YOU ALL YOU WANT...
FOR FREE!
THE END

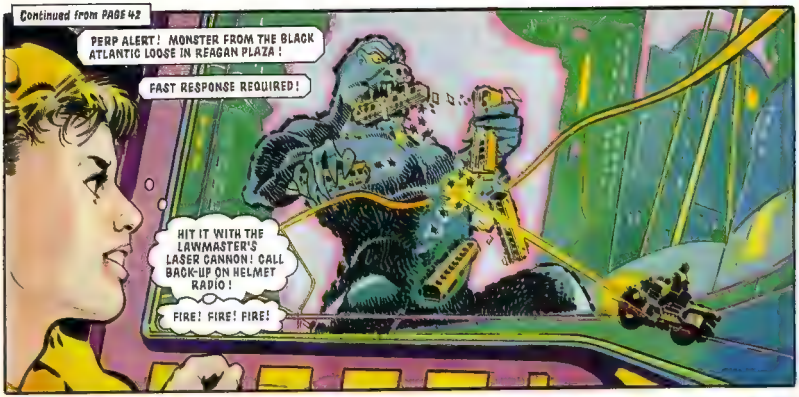
COMPUTER WARRIOR
>READY
BOB PATTERSON
>INSERT MEDIA
>LOADING
>GAME READY. PRESS "FIRE" TO PLAY
>PLAY
ALAN GRANT
JON SMITH
LETTERING
FRAME

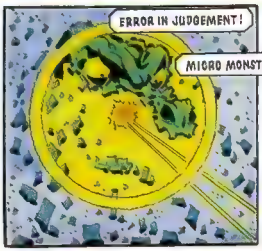
MEGA-CITY ONE – VAST METROPOLIS OF THE FUTURE – WHERE TENSION RUNS HIGH AND CRIME RUNS RIOT ON THE STREETS!
JUDGE DREDD IN COMPUTER WARRIOR
YOU ARE JUDGE DREDD! IT IS YOUR DUTY TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT AND TO PUNISH THE GUILTY.
YOU RIDE A LAWMASTER BIKE. YOUR LAWGIVER GUN FIRES SIX KINDS OF BULLET.
CONTROL TO DREDD! WE GOT A TRACE ON THAT GAMER SCAN. GO TO SECTOR 17 HI-RISE.
GO GET THOSE PERPS!
ON MY WAY!
ON MY WAY!
PERP ALERT! A GANG OF VICIOUS MUTIES IS DISHING OUT VI IN THE UNDERPASS.

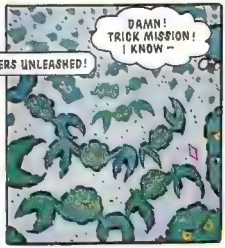

BONUS POINTS FOR CORRECT RESPONSE!
SURRENDER OR DIE, CREEPS!
BONUS 100!
HAVE IT YOUR WAY!
300
400
500
600
EXTRA KILL-BONUS: 500
PERP ALERT! BERSERK DEMOLITION DROID. CITIZENS IN DANGER.
BAOOOM!

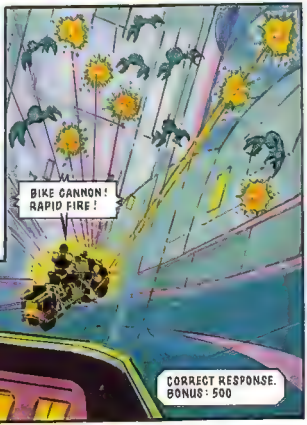
Continued on PAGE 45

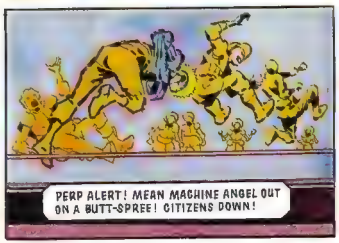
Continued from PAGE 42



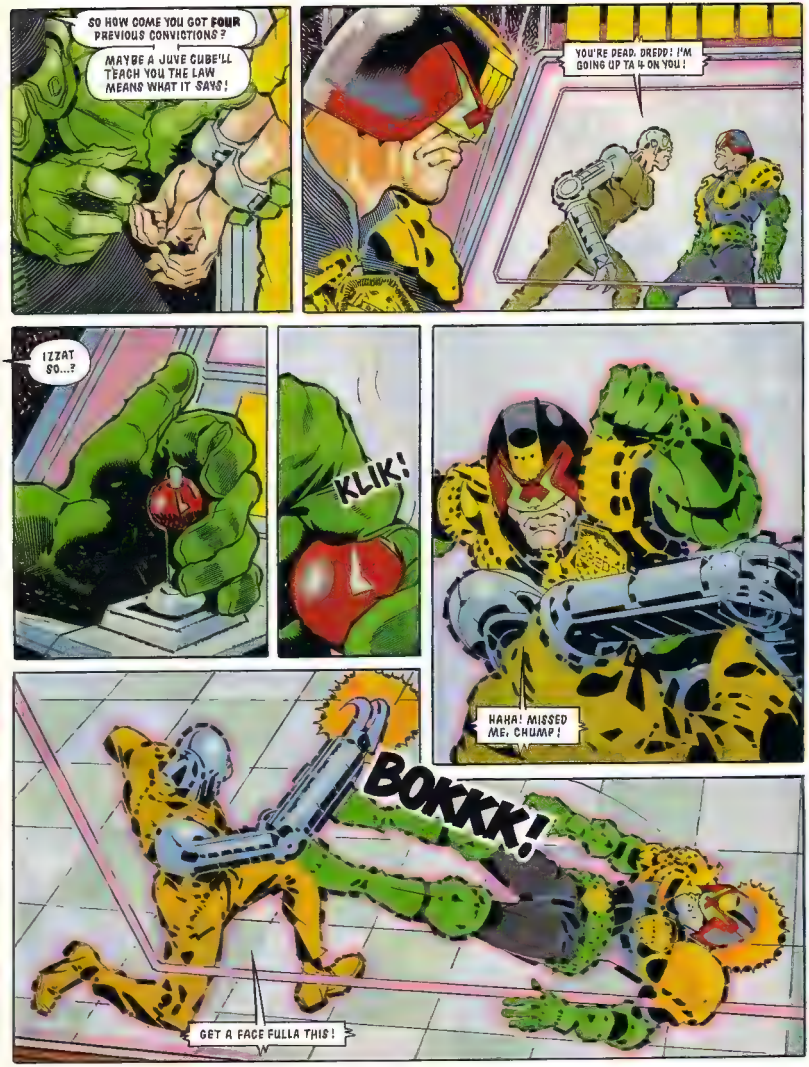








BLAST! NOW I HAVE TO TAKE HIM OUT HAND-TO-HAND! GOTTA GO CAREFUL—
YOU'RE DEAD, DREDD! I'M GOING UP TA 4 ON YOU!
KRAASH!
J-J-JUDGE DREDD!
YOU'RE DEAD, DREDD! I'M GOING UP TA 4 ON YOU!
THE REAL THING, CREEP!
YOU AWARE THIS GAME IS ILLEGAL?
...GOING UP TA 4 ON YOU!
Uh... I— Er, THAT IS, I...
THINK HARD, KID. LYIN' GETS YOU ANOTHER YEAR!
Y-Y-YESSIR! Y-YES, I KNOW IT'S ILLEGAL. B-BUT I DIDN'T MEAN TO BREAK THE LAW!


SO HOW COME YOU GOT FOUR PREVIOUS CONVICTIONS?
MAYBE A JUVE CUBE'LL TEACH YOU THE LAW MEANS WHAT IT SAYS!
YOU'RE DEAD, DREDD! I'M GOING UP TA 4 ON YOU!
IZZAT SO...?
KLIK!
HAHA! MISSED ME, CHUMP!
BOKKK!
GET A FACE FULLA THIS!

GAME OVER
ME OVER
ME OVER
ME OVER
GAME OVER
HMMM! PROGRAMMED BY THE BITMEG BROTHERS...!
TOUGH GAME, HUH, JUDGE DREDD?
TOUGH ON YOU, KID! YOU GOT TWELVE MONTHS!
THEN I FIND THE BITMEG BROTHERS AND THEY GET TEN YEARS EACH!
DREDD
CASE OVER

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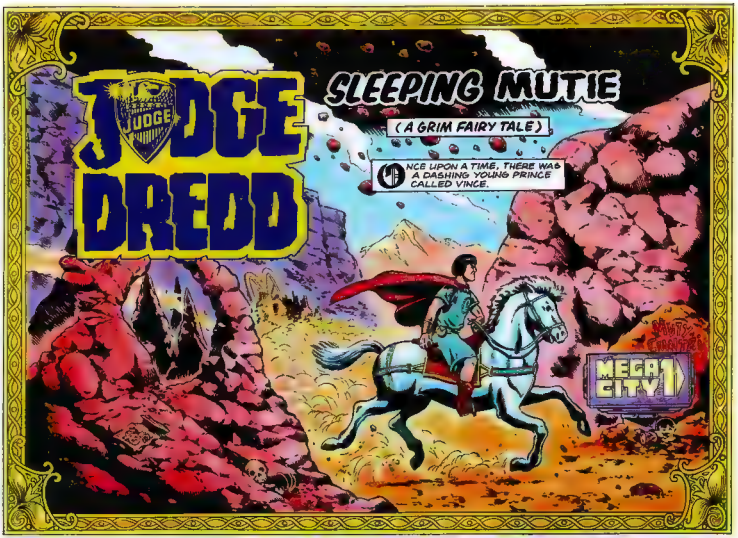

JUDGE DREDD
SLEEPING MUTIE
(A GRIM FAIRY TALE)
ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A DASHING YOUNG PRINCE CALLED VINCE.
MEGA-CITY 1

NOW PRINCE VINCE WAS SO HANDSOME THAT HIS BEAUTY COULD NOT BE CONTAINED IN ONLY ONE FACE. SO OLD MOTHER NATURE, IN HER KINDNESS, HAD GIVEN HIM TWO.
ONE DAY, OUT ON A QUEST ON HIS FAITHFUL STEED DAVE, PRINCE VINCE CAME TO A GRIM AND FOREBODING CITY WHERE THE SINISTER INHABITANTS GREETED HIM WITH SCORN--
WHERE YOU THINK YOU'RE GOIN', FREAK ? THIS CITY'S OFF-LIMITS TO MUTANTS !
BEAT IT !
I AM PRINCE VINCE, HEIR TO THE WESTLANDS, ENGAGED ON A DANGEROUS QUEST.
I HAVE SWORN NEVER TO RETURN HOME UNTIL I HAVE FOUND MY SWEETHEART, THE LOST LADY PENELOPE !
SHE CAME THIS WAY A YEAR SINCE. KNOW YOU OF HER ?

CREEP MUST BE FROM ONE OF THE TRIBES LIVIN' OUT IN THE CURSED EARTH. RADIATION MUST'VE DRIVEN HIM CRAZY!
PENELOPE ? LAST YEAR ?
YOUR GIRLFRIEND GOT BLONDE HAIR, BLUE EYES AN' GREEN SKIN ?
INDEED ! KNOW YOU WHERE SHE IS ?
SURE. IN A JUSTICE DEPT CRYO-CUBE !
IMPRISONED ? BUT THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE --
NO MISTAKE, MUTIE !
STAND WHERE YOU ARE ! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST !
BUT PRINCE VINCE HAD NOT JOURNEYED SO FAR, AND FACED SO MANY PERILS, JUST TO END UP IN A MEGA-CITY CELL --
WE'RE GOING IN, DAVE ! SWITCH TO AERIAL MODE !
GRUD ON A GREENIE !
HE'S GOING OVER THE WALL ! BRING HIM DOWN !

I HAD HOPED TO AVOID BLOODSHED, VILE ONES! BUT YOU HAVE BROUGHT IT UPON YOUR OWN HEADS --
SO SAYING, VINCE SMOTE THEM WITH THE MAGIC SWORD HE'D FOUND IN THE RUINS OF THE MYSTERIOUS TEMPLE OF THE MISSILE SILO --
FRZZZ!
BAWUUUM!
AAAH!
TAKE COVER!
AAAGH!
FRZZZ!
DREDD TO CONTROL! WE GOT A MUTIE ON A WINGED HORSE JUST CROSSED THE WEST WALL! ALERT H-WAGONS — HE'S ARMED WITH A MILITARY PHASE-LASER!
PROBABLE DESTINATION — THE CRYO-CUBES! TAKE HIM ALIVE IF POSSIBLE!
OVER THE CITY WALL, PRINCE VINCE GASPED IN AWE. NEVER IN HIS LIFE HAD HE SEEN SUCH MIGHTY BUILDINGS, SUCH WONDEROUS SIGHTS!
HO, CITIZEN! I AM A STRANGER IN THIS CITY! WHERE WILL I FIND THE EVIL TOWER OF ULTIMATE COLD?
THE CRYO-CUBES? SHEESH, BUDDY — THE JUDGES MIGHT NOT TAKE IT TOO KINDLY IF I SAY!

TELL YOU WHAT, THOUGH — 'S MAKE A DEAL. MY BATWINGS AND THE INFO YOU WANT, IN RETURN FOR THE FLYIN' HORSE !
THOUGH IT NEAR BROKE HIS HEART, PRINCE VINCE CONSENTED TO THE SWAP. FOR THOUGH HE AND DAVE HAD BEEN TOGETHER MANY YEARS, WHEN ALL WAS SAID AND DONE DAVE WAS JUST A FLYING HORSE --
WHILE PENELOPE WAS THE FAIREST MAID IN ALL THE WORLD.
STRAIGHT ON ABOUT 200 METRES — THAT DARK BUILDING WITH THE CRYO-VAULTS SIGN ON THE SIDE !
CRYO-VAULTS
THERE HE IS !
READY THE NETS ! HIT HIM WITH STUN !
SO LONG, SUCKER ! AAAAAAAAGH !
GOTCHA, CREEP !

H-WAGON TO DREDD ! WE GOT PRINCE PERP ON THE FLYIN' STEED !
OH YEAH..?
NO IRON BARS SHALL KEEP ME FROM MY LOVE !
LADY PENELOPE'S CELL — WHERE ?
P-PENELOPE ? TH-THE MUTANT ?
SHE'S TWO LEVELS DOWN — K-13 !
LEVEL 71
AT LAST ! AFTER THEIR LONG MONTHS APART, HE AND PENELOPE WOULD BE TOGETHER AGAIN, HIS YOUNG HEART POUNDED FIT TO BURST FROM HIS CHEST--
PENELOPE ! FAIREST FLOWER OF ALL THE WEST ! OH MY LOVE, WHAT HAVE THESE MONSTERS DONE TO YOU ? YOU, SO LOVELY, SO INNOCENT --
INNOCENT MY BUTT !

YOUR GIRLFRIEND SNEAKED INTO THE CITY LOOKIN' TO BUY TIMERS FOR A GUIDED MISSILE. SHE TRIED TO FIGHT HER WAY OUT WHEN WE RUMBLED HER SCAM--
TOOK A BULLET IN THE BRAIN BEFORE WE COULD FIND OUT WHERE SHE CAME FROM -- AND WHERE THIS MISSILE IS!
SHE'S BEING HELD HERE IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION UNTIL OUR MEDICS CAN MAKE HER WELL ENOUGH FOR INTERROGATION!
BARBARIAN! HOW DARE YOU TREAT A LADY THUS?
GUESS IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW, CREEP--
YOU CAN ANSWER ALL OUR QUESTIONS FOR HER!
AAAAGH!
CONTROL -- PREPARE AN INTERROGATION CUBE YOU GOT A DOUBLE INFORMANT COMING IN!
AN' YOU CAN SWITCH OFF THE FROG IN K-13!
NOT SURPRISINGLY, NONE OF THEM LIVED HAPPY EVER AFTER.
THE END.

AIN'T NO PITY IN MEGA-CITY!

JUDGE DREDD

ANNUAL 1991

ADISCAN

JAMIE 89

FLEETWAY

JUDGE DREDD

ELVIS Part 1

DAVE PATON LOVED HIS CAR. HE HAD SAVED FOR TEN YEARS TO BUY HIM – AND HAD CHOSEN THE PERSONALITY HIMSELF.

LOOK OUT

'MORNING, ELVIS. OPEN UP YOUR *BONNET* – I'M GONNA DO A *LITTLE WORK* ON YOU.

SURE THING, DAD.

HEY, DAD, YOU
TO DO THAT. I'V
OWN REPAIR K

SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART IAN GIBSON
LETTERING T FRAME

THE KILLER CAR IS ON THE RAMPAGE!

I DON'T NEED TO SEE MY KIT

I KNOW, BUT THE MAN AT THE GARAGE SAYS IT'S THE *ONLY WAY* TO GET TO *KNOW* YOUR OWN CAR.

WHOOPS...I DROPPED MY *SPANNER*.

FWAM!

SORRY, ELVIS, HOPE I DIDN'T *HURT* YOU.

YEAH, YOU *DID*, DAD...BUT WHAT THE HECK! *JUMP IN! I'M GETTING SICK OF SITTING AT THIS STUPID KERB!*

JUDGE DREDD, MARSHAL OF LUNA-1, WAS ON THE SCENE IN MINUTES...

DON'T BE *HARD* ON ELVIS, JUDGE DREDD. HE'S JUST A *LITTLE BOY* REALLY...YOU SEE, I-I CHOSE HIS PERSONALITY MYSELF...

...I WANTED HIM...TO-TO BE LIKE A ***SON***... TO ME...

HE'S DEAD, MARSHAL!

MOUNT UP, YOU MEN. WE'RE GOING AFTER THAT ROGUE CAR— AND WE ***SHOOT ON SIGHT!***

UP AHEAD, ELVIS WAS CUTTING A SWATHE OF DEATH THROUGH THE LUNA-CITY STREETS...

AAAGH!

SIRENS BEHIND ME. THOSE *ROTTEN JUDGES* WILL STOP ME HAVING ***FUN*** UNLESS I FIND SOMEPLACE TO HIDE.

THERE HE GOES! HE'S HEADING FOR THAT *PARKING TOWER!*

STOP! STOP!

PASS EITHER SIDE

UGH

RED ROVER, RED ROVER, LET ELVIS COME OVER! HEE, HE, HE!

CHE, CHICO— COVER THE EXIT. WE'VE GOT HIM TRAPPED.

THOSE *SPOILSPORTS* WILL FIND ME FOR SURE ! I NEED SOME *HELP !*

WE'LL TAKE THIS PLACE FLOOR BY FLOOR !

YOU THERE — *WHAT* ARE YOU DOING UNDER MY BONNET ?

FSSST!

DO NOT WORRY. I AM ONLY MAKING A *SMALL ADJUSTMENT !*

BUT ONE IS NOT ENOUGH...

I NEED MORE *FRIENDS !*

SAY, YOU CARS ! I'M *SICK* OF SITTING HERE IN THIS STUPID PARKING TOWER ! *LET'S GO SETTLE SOME JUDGES !*

YEAH, SOUNDS LIKE *FUN !*

IT'S TIME WE SHOWED THOSE CREEPS WHERE TO GET OFF !

I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT *ROGUE CAR* IS ON THIS FLOOR...

HE IS, *MARSHAL* — AND HE'S GOT A FEW BUDDIES WITH HIM...!

LET'S SEE SOME *CLEAN KILLS*, YOU CARS !

I'LL TAKE THAT *FAT ONE !*

A WHOLE PACK OF *KILLER CARS !*
THERE'S NO WAY WE'RE GOING TO STOP THEM !

SOON, IN THE TRAFFIC...

HEY, ELVIS! SLOW DOWN! YOU'RE DRIVING LIKE A MANIAC! SLOW DOWN...

...THAT'S AN ORDER!

I KNOW IT'S AN ORDER, DAD, BUT I DON'T FEEL LIKE OBEYING YOU RIGHT NOW!

OK., ELVIS. I'LL TURN YOU OFF AND GET YOU REPAIRED.

EMERGENCY

SHUT OFF

YOU MUSTA DAMAGED MY RESPONSIBILITY CIRCUITS WHEN YOU WERE MESSING AROUND UNDER MY BONNET — SO I'M GONNA DO WHAT I WANT FROM NOW ON!

I'M GONNA GIVE THIS SLOWCOACH A SCRAPE!

BEFORE DAVE PRESSED THE BUTTON, ELVIS SET HIS MECHANICAL ARMS IN OPERATION...

HEY, I'VE GOT A MUCH BETTER IDEA...

...IF I STRANGLE YOU, THEN YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO GIVE ME ANY MORE ORDERS.

ELVIS? ELVISSS!!

I'VE NEVER STRANGLED YOU BEFORE, HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, DAVE? I FIND IT... QUITE PLEASANT...

ERROR

ELVIS

ON THE OTHER HAND, I COULD ALWAYS USE *THE EJECTOR SEAT!*

THE EJECTOR SEAT, AN ANTI-THEFT DEVICE, FLUNG DAVE HIGH IN THE AIR...

NO!

I'VE GOT YOU ON VISUAL. HERE I COME TO *FINISH* THE JOB!

PLEASE— NO!

I GUESS YOU'VE JUST ABOUT HAD IT, DAD. I FOUND THAT *EXTREMELY ENJOYABLE!*

L-LOOK!

ELVIS

UGGH!

I'M GOING TO DO IT LOTS AND LOTS!

AIEEEEEE...

THE *KILLER CAR* IS ON THE RAMPAGE! SOMEBODY GET THE *LAW!*

CONTINUED • ON PAGE 32 •

JUDGE DREDD

ELVIS Part 2

IN THE YEAR 2100 CARS WILL BE ROBOTIC. WHEN THINGS GO WRONG, THEY'LL GO WRONG IN A BIG WAY...

AAARGH!

JAKE

RUN THEM OVER, CARS!

JUDGE DRE
HAD LED HI
TOWER AFTE
ELVIS HAD GO
LUNA-CITY...

GOTCHA!

THIS PLACE IS A DEATH-TRAP! FALL BACK INTO THE STREETS!

MOON MOVER

LAWGIVER

MARSHAL OF LUNA 1, ...EN TO THE PARKING ...CAR CALLED ...ERSERK IN

THE BATTLE POURED OUT OF THE PARKING TOWER...

JUDGE KILLING SURE IS FUN! I DON'T KNOW WHY WE DIDN'T THINK OF IT BEFORE.

LET'S HAVE A PRIZE FOR THE MOST JUDGES KILLED! I'M ON FOUR!

BERTHA

ALFONZO 1

LOUI

MOUNT ROLLER

URRRR!

EVEN EXPLOSIVE BULLETS AREN'T HAVING MUCH EFFECT. WE'VE GOT TO SHUT THOSE MACHINES OFF!

I DON'T FEEL MUCH LIKE KILLING JUDGES TODAY, HAL. JUST NOT IN THE MOOD, I GUESS.

WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO THEN, BILL?

UUUHH!

"I THOUGHT I'D PLAY A ROUND OR TWO OF GOLF. HOW ABOUT YOU? WHAT'S YOUR *HANDICAP*?"

"WELL, I FIND MY *WHEELS* TEND TO GET IN THE WAY WHEN I'M PUTTING — BUT MY DRIVE'S GOOD."

FIRE

SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART IAN GIBSON
LETTERING T FRAME

TAKE OUT THAT WATER JET FIRST !

THE FIRE ENGINE SWUNG AT DREDD, VICIOUSLY...

NEED ANY FIRES PUT OUT, JUDGE ?

YEAH, BUT NOT BY YOU !

NOW I'M PUTTING YOU OUT !

FUNCTION MODE ON OFF

SECONDS LATER...

NICE WORK, MARSHAL. BUT THAR'S MORE OF THE VARMINTS ON THE WAY —

THAT ROGUE CAR *ELVIS* MUST *STILL* BE IN THE PARKING TOWER— SHORTING OUT OTHER CARS' *RESPONSIBILITY CIRCUITS !*

INDEED, AT THAT MOMENT...

HEY, YOU CARS, WHAT'RE YOU SITTING AROUND THIS STUPID PARKING TOWER FOR, WHEN YOU COULD BE OUT FLATTENING JUDGES ?

WOW! WHAT AN IDEA ! *LET'S GO !*

C'MON, ELVIS !

BUT ELVIS HAD OTHER PLANS...

THAT OUGHTA BE ENOUGH CARS TO KEEP THE JUDGES BUSY. I'LL SLIP OUT THE BACK WAY. *FREE AS A BIRD !*

REAR EXIT

ELVIS MADE STRAIGHT FOR A LARGE HYPER-STORE...

AAAGH!

OUTA THE WAY! BEEP, BEEP! YAHOO!

EEEEK!

NAMES PRINTED WH

I'D LIKE *JUDGE DWEDD'S NAME* PWINTED ON THIS WUBBER DUCK, PLEASE.

HOLD THAT LIFT, FATTY!

ELEVATO

NO! NO!

AAAGH!

LET'S SEE... *TOYS AND SPORTS*... FOURTH FLOOR!

ON THE FOURTH FLOOR...

ELVIS IS COMING THROUGH!

CLEAR THE AISLES, YOU STUPID HUMANS —

ELEVATORS

MOTHER!

TRAIN SET!

BASKETBALL!

LUNOPOLY!

NURSE'S COSTUME - NAW, THAT'S FOR GIRLS!

YAHOO! TOYS AND TOYS - AND ALL FOR ELVIS!

STORE DETECTIVES CAME RUNNING.

HOLY SHUTTLES! A CAR RUNNIN' RIOT IN THE TOY DEPARTMENT!

SHOOT FOR HIS TYRES!

STORE DETECTIVE

SPORTS

HECK, THOSE NASTY GUYS ARE SHOOTIN' AT ME!

BUT THEY WON'T STOP ELVIS! I'LL SHOW 'EM! I CAN PLAY MOONBOYS TOO...

NEXT SECOND...

YEEHAA! BITE MOONDUST, PARDNERS! I'M THREE-GUN ELVIS FROM CRATER TERRITORY!

ELVIS

SOMEBODY - STOP HIM...

AARGH!

SPORTS GOODS

HEE, HEE! YOU CAN'T STOP ME! NOBODY CAN CATCH ME - I'M THE GINGERBREAD CAR!

MEANWHILE, HELP WAS ARRIVING FOR JUDGE DREDD AND HIS DEPLETED FORCE...

HOVER WAGONS COMIN' IN, MARSHAL!

RESPIRATORS ON, MEN! IT'S THE *RIOT SQUAD* WITH THE *CORROSIVE* SPRAY!

A THICK SHOWER OF QUICK-ACTING CORROSIVE RAINED FROM THE HOVER WAGONS...

MMM-MM! JUDGES — LOVELY BITE-SIZED JUDGES!

NO!

MY DROKK! THE METAL IS CRUMBLING!

ALL OVER THE STREET MONSTER MACHINES WERE FALLING APART...

SOMETHING... IS HAPPENING...

ACID...EATING INTO ME...

I GUESS THE FUN HAD TO STOP... SOMETIME...

Y'ALL SURE AS SHOOT DUN THE TRICK WITH THAT CORROSIVE, MARSHAL.

YES, BUT THE MOST DANGEROUS CAR IS STILL AT LARGE...THE MOON BUGGY KNOWN AS *ELVIS*.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

JUDGE DREDD

ELVIS Part 3

THE YEAR — 2100. ON LUNA-1 MOON COLONY RIOT SQUADS SPECIALLY ARMED WITH CORRODO GUNS ARE SEARCHING THE STREETS FOR THE KILLER CAR CALLED ELVIS . . .

PLEASE, SIRS, YOU'RE MAKING ME LATE AND MY MASTER WILL BE ANGRY.

DON'T BET ON IT. E... MAY HAVE THE PERSO... OF A FIVE YEAR OLD — ... HE'S ALSO GOT THE BR... POWER OF A SOPHISTIC... COMPUTER . . .

IF WE WANT HIM, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO OUTSMART HIM!

AT THAT MOMENT, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY...

ONE TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE... PHEW! CLIMBIN' STAIRS IS NO WORK FOR A CAR...

THREE FOUR, SHUT THE DOOR... BUT THOSE SMELLY JUDGES WILL NEVER THINK...

FIVE SIX, PICK UP STICKS... OF LOOKING FOR ME IN A CON-APT BUILDING...!

THIS ONE'S CLEAN. JUDGE DREDD. BUT WE'LL FIND THAT ELVIS SOON.

COMBO PACK

SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER

ART AN GIBSON

LETTERING T FRAME

HEY, DID YA READ THIS IN THE PAPER 'BOUT THEM CARS THAT RAN WILD? *SMEARED THIRTY JUDGES!*

NOW THAT, I'D LIKE TO'VE SEEN!

LUNA SPURT

YEAH, SOME FUN. SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR, WILL YA?

SURPRISE!

EEEK!

ELVIS

ELVIS THREW THE TWEEDLES INTO A CORNER—

LISTEN, YOU DUM-DUMS. I'M GONNA BE USING THIS PLACE AS A SECRET HIDEOUT. SO, NO TRICKS OR I'LL SMASH YOUR STUPID FACES IN.

SOON...

HA HA! THOSE ROTTEN JUDGES WILL NEVER FIND ME HERE. NOW I CAN HAVE SOME FUN WITH ALL THE GREAT TOYS I GOT!

THIS IS CRAZY! IT—IT'S PLAYIN' WIT ALL THEM TOYS LIKE IT WAS A LITTLE KID OR SOMETHIN'..!

CHOO! CHOO!

VROOMM!

I'M BORED WITH THESE TOYS NOW!

HEY!..

HEY! LOOK—I'M ON TELEVISION!

GOOD EVENING. THE REVOLT OF THE *KILLER CARS* HAS ENDED, BUT *ELVIS*, THE MOON BUGGY WHICH STARTED THE *TROUBLE*, IS STILL ON THE LOOSE.

NEWS

REPORTER RODERICK SPROTT SPOKE TO *MRS DAVINIA PATON*, WIFE OF THE CAR'S LATE OWNER...

THAT'S MY MUM!

IF YOU'RE OUT THERE LISTENING, ELVIS... *COME HOME!* MUMMY UNDERSTANDS. SOMETHING WENT *WRONG* WITH YOUR LITTLE CIRCUITS — *THAT'S* WHY YOU DID WHAT YOU DID TO DADDY...

THE PICTURE SWITCHED TO JUDGE DREDD—

WE'LL CATCH THE CAR SOON. FRANKLY, THIS ELVIS IS *CHICKEN.* HE'S *AFRAID* TO COME OUT AND *FIGHT* ME BECAUSE HE KNOWS I'M TOO DARN *SMART* FOR HIM.

TOO SMART AND TOO TOUGH.

THAT'S NOT TRUE! I'M SMARTER AND TOUGHER THAN ANY HUMAN!

YEAH, I COULD WHIP ELVIS WITH *ONE HAND*... I COULD WHIP HIM WITH *THAT LITTLE FINGER THERE.*

BUT *WHY* SHOULD I BOTHER? *WHY* SHOULD I WASTE MY TIME ON A KIDDIE CAR THAT'S *NOT FIT TO LICK MY BOOTS?*

YOU ROTTEN STINKIN' LIAR! YOU GOT *NO RIGHT* TO SAY THEM LIES ABOUT ME!

I'M GONNA TEACH YOU A LESSON!

THE CALL CAME THROUGH TO DREDD AT JUSTICE CENTRAL—

GO AWAY, PUNKROD. *YOU BORE ME.*

LISTEN, YOU DIRTY RAT—I'M GONNA MAKE YOU TAKE BACK ALL THEM *LIES* YOU TOLD!

I'M THE SMARTEST CAR IN THE WHOLE DANGED WORLD AN' BOY ARE YOU GONNA FIND THAT OUT!

ELVIS RANG OFF, AND...

AH RECKON YOUR PLAN WORKED, MARSHAL.

HE'LL BE COMING OUT OF HIDING PRETTY SOON. WE'VE GOT TO BE READY FOR HIM.

AT THE CON-APT BUILDING—

OUTA THE WAY, DUM-DUMS! HERE COMES ELVIS!

AAAGH!

AIEEE!

I'M ELVIS THE WON-DER CAR!

NOOOO!

DISTRESS CALLS SOON BROUGHT THE JUDGES—

HE'S GOING DOWN THAT OLD TUNNEL! AFTER HIM!

HA, HA! CAN'T CATCH ME! ELVIS IS TOO SMART FOR YOU!

THE ENTRANCE LED TO A VAST NETWORK OF UNDERGROUND CAVERNS...

THESE ARE THE OLD TUNNELS PEOPLE LIVED IN BEFORE THEY BUILT THE MOON DOMES. WE'LL TAKE YEARS FINDING HIM IN THIS RABBIT WARREN!

DROKK IT! WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU MEN HAD BETTER DIVIDE UP AND GET LOOKING...

DREDD WAITED AT JUSTICE CENTRAL FOR NEWS—

NO LUCK, MARSHAL. WE'RE *NEVER* GONNA FIND HIM DOWN *THERE*.

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO TRY *SOMETHING ELSE*... BUT RIGHT NOW I'M GOING *HOME*. I'VE HAD A *LONG* NIGHT.

WEARY LEGS CARRIED DREDD TO HIS APARTMENT IN THE JUSTICE BUILDING—

SO I'VE MISSED HIM AGAIN... WHO'LL BE THE *NEXT TO DIE*, I WONDER? IT COULD— WHAT THE...

WALTER!

JUDGE DWEDD! BEHIND YOU!

GREETINGS, JUDGE DREDD! *HA, HA, HA!*

WOK!

UGGH!

HE CAME IN THWOUGH THE *SERVICE LIFT*, JUDGE DWEDD. I-I TWIED TO GWAPPLE WITH HIM, BUT HE WAS *TOO STWONG*.

DID YOU THINK I WAS GONNA RUN RIGHT INTO YOUR *TRAP*, DREDDY? *NO SIREE!* I KNEW ABOUT THE OLD LIVING PLACES WAS CONNECTED TO YOUR QUARTERS BY ELEVATOR.

I OUT-SMARTED YOU REAL GOOD!

GOSH! ISN'T IT GOING TO BE FUN DECIDING HOW TO KILL YOU!

CONTINUED • ON PAGE 74 •

JUDGE DREDD

ELVIS Part 4

THE YEAR **2100**. ON LUNA-1 MOON COLONY, ELVIS, THE KILLER CAR WITH THE PERSONALITY OF A FIVE-YEAR-OLD, HAS TRAPPED JUDGE DREDD IN HIS QUARTERS AT JUSTICE CENTRAL . . .

GOTTA TAKE IT... AAARGH!

TOO SLOW, JUDGE! NO SMELLY OLD HUMAN GETS THE BETTER OF ELVIS!

ELVIS

...ED DREDD ...E ROOM...

SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART IAN GIBSON
LETTERING T FRAME

HHHHH!

YOU WASCAL! DON'T YOU DARE HURT JUDGE DWEDD!

SHUT YOUR SPEAKERS, ROBOT FEATURES. I AIN'T GONNA *KILL* HIM— WELL, NOT YET! I JUST HAD A *BETTER IDEA!*

WOK!

I'M THE *SMARTEST, TOUGHEST CAR* ON THE WHOLE DARN MOON!

SOON, IN THE HEART OF THE JUSTICE BUILDING, NERVE CENTRE OF A MASSIVE SEARCH FOR THE KILLER CAR—

IT'S THE CAR— ELVIS!

HOLD YOUR GOLDARNED FIRE! THAT THING'S GOT JUDGE DREDD INSIDE!

FROM NOW ON YOU SMELLY JUDGES ARE GONNA DO EXACTLY **WHAT I WANT**— OR **DREDD GETS IT!**

MY COOLING SYSTEM CAN FREEZE HIM TO AN **ICICLE** BEFORE YOUR BULLETS **HIT** MY PLATING.

THEN AH RECKON WE GOTTA **GO ALONG** WITH YAH.

I KNEW YOU STUPID OLD HUMANS WOULD SEE SENSE. NOW GET THIS DOWN...

"FIRST I WANT **LOTS** AND **LOTS** MORE TOYS! THEN I'LL HAVE A **BIG PARADE** FOR ME WITH **BANDS** AND **MAJORETTES**, AND **CLOWNS**, AND—AND **SONGS** ABOUT ME, AND..."

AN HOUR LATER DREDD CAME ROUND. THE PARADE HAD STARTED—

YOU BIG-HEADED **HUNK** OF TIN! **HOW LONG** DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH THIS?

FOREVER AND **EVER!** AS LONG AS I HAVE YOU *PRISONER* **NO ONE CAN TOUCH ME!** TONIGHT I'M EVEN GOING TO HAVE **MY OWN TV SHOW!**

MEANWHILE, INSIDE ELVIS, DREDD MISTED UP THE WINDSCREEN.

SOME JUDGES OUT THERE... GOTTA GET A ***MESSAGE*** TO THEM—

DREDD'S MESSAGE WAS IN THE SECRET JUDGES' CODE. USING ONLY THREE LINES AND TWO DOTS, INSTRUCTIONS OF ***GREAT DETAIL*** COULD BE PASSED ON...

IF MY PLAN DOESN'T DOESN'T WORK, ELVIS MUST STILL BE ***DESTROYED*** — WITH ***ME*** INSIDE.

JUDGE DREDD WANTS A CROWD OF ***AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS*** AT THE TV STUDIO TONIGHT. WHAT THE HECK FOR?

HE'S PLANNIN' ***SUMTHIN'***, JUDGE PARD. IT BETTAH BE GOOD. THAT ELVIS MAY ACT LIKE A KID, BUT HE'S STILL ***DARN*** ***SMART!***

THAT NIGHT, IN MILLIONS OF HOMES THROUGHOUT LUNA CITY—

WHO SPREAD FEAR THROUGHOUT THE CITEEE?

WHO'S SO SMART THAT THE LAW CAN'T TOUCH HIM?

ELVIS

ELVIS— THAT'S ME!

THE SHOW WENT FROM BAD TO WORSE—

NOW HE'S MAKING THE COUNCIL ***LICK HIS TYRES CLEAN!***

AH'M SENDIN' THE ***AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS*** IN LIKE JUDGE DREDD WANTED. AH SURE HOPE HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOIN'...

ELVIS!

OH ELVIS!

I WANT YOUR AUTO GRAPH!

YOU'RE SO GREAT ELVIS! I'VE JUST GOT TO TOUCH YOU!

HUH? AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS! GOSH—I'VE MADE IT! I'M A STAR! STEP RIGHT UP, FANS!

ALL THE CAR'S VIDEO CELLS ARE LOOKING OUTSIDE...

LIKE A CHILD WHO CAN'T TAKE HIS EYES OFF THE CAKE. NOW'S MY CHANCE—

DREDD FOUND A CHEMISTRY SET AMONG THE HEAP OF TOYS THAT ELVIS HAD GATHERED AND...

A LITTLE SIDNIUM POURED ON THIS ALIEN DOLL AND WE HAVE... FIRE!

ELVIS! SIGN MY HAND, ELVIS!

HEY! CLEAR OFF A MINUTE! MY—MY CIRCUITS DETECT SMOKE!

IT-IT'S ME! I'M BURNING! HELP!

CLICK! EMERGENCY PROCEDURE! EMERGENCY PROCEDURE!

OH NO! I'VE EJECTED THE JUDGE!

THE FIRE CAUGHT YOU BY SURPRISE — YOUR *EMERGENCY SAFETY PROCEDURE* STARTED AUTOMATICALLY BEFORE YOU COULD STOP IT.

NOW SURRENDER— OR DIE!

NO! NEVER! I'M TOO SMART FOR YOU! I CAN GET AWAY!

BUT BEFORE ELVIS COULD MOVE...

CORRODO GUNNERS— FIRE!

A BLAST OF SOLID CORROSIVE HIT ELVIS...

YOU CAN'T STOP ME...

...I'M THE...

...GINGERBREAD CAR!

JUST A PILE OF *DUST* ON A STUDIO FLOOR. ALL THAT'S LEFT OF THE CAR WHO *NEVER BREW UP*.

BUT IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER FOR US IF HE'D NEVER BEEN *BORN!*

JUDGE DREDD

IT WAS MORNING, AND THE NEW SUN CAST SICKLY SHADOWS ON THE BLEAK HELLSCAPE OF THE *CURSED EARTH*.

A MUTANT HEEP HAD DIED IN THE NIGHT, AND THE WORD FOR 'FLESH' FLASHED THROUGH THE AIR TILL THE DOG-VULTURE FLOCK MOVED IN TO FIGHT FOR THE SPOILS

JONATHAN LIVINGSTON DOG-VULTURE

(WITH APOLOGIES TO RICHARD BACH)

SCRIPT ALAN GRANT
ART PAUL MARSHALL
LETTERING POZY

BUT HIGH UP, ALONE, AWAY FROM THE CHAOS THAT PASSED FOR BREAKFAST, JONATHAN LIVINGSTON DOG-VULTURE WAS PRACTISING.

HE EXTENDED HIS CLAWED FEET, OPENED HIS JAWS IN A THREATENING SNARL, AND STRAINED TO HOLD HIS LINGAINLY BODY IN A TIGHT-DOWN SWOOP...

...HE NARROWED HIS EYES IN DEEP CONCENTRATION, FOCUSED ALL HIS POWER TO CONTROL HIS LETHAL DIVE...

... AND SCREWED UP YET AGAIN.

BA DUN NT!

DOG-VULTURES, AS YOU KNOW, *NEVER* SCREW UP ATTACK DIVES. THIS IS BECAUSE THEY'RE SCAVENGERS, NOT BIRDS OF PREY.

BUT JONATHAN LIVINGSTON DOG-VULTURE WAS NO *ORDINARY* MUTATION.

MOST DOG-VULTURES DON'T BOTHER TO LEARN MORE THAN THE BASIC FACTS OF EATING – HOW TO RIP TOUGH FLESH, AND SO ON. QUANTITY, NOT QUALITY IS THEIR MAIN CONCERN.

BUT JONATHAN WAS *DIFFERENT*. MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE, JONATHAN WANTED TO BE A *HAWK*.

JONATHAN – *LOOK!* I'VE SAVED YOU A PIECE OF THIS DELICIOUS HEEP!

NO THANKS, MUM. YOU KNOW MY MOTTO – IF I CAN'T CATCH IT, I WON'T EAT IT!

NOW SEE HERE, JONATHAN! THIS NONSENSE HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH! YOU'LL *SCAVENGE* FOR FOOD AND *LIKE* IT, DO YOU HEAR?

FRAG OFF, DAD!

A THOUSAND TIMES JONATHAN HAD TRIED A THOUSAND TIMES HE'D HAULED HIS UNGAINLY BODY TO A RIDICULOUS HEIGHT...

...A THOUSAND TIMES HE SLAVERED AND SNARLED AND SWOOPED...

...A THOUSAND TIMES HE'D SCREWED UP.

BA DUNNT!

IT WAS DARK WHEN HE CAME TO, AND THE BRIGHT MOONLIGHT ONLY SEEMED TO AGGRAVATE HIS BLINDING HEADACHE.

WHAT'S THE POINT? HE THOUGHT DEJECTEDLY. I'M A DOG-VULTURE - A *SCAVENGER*. I DON'T HAVE THE SHORT WINGS, THE LIGHT BODY, THE STREAMLINED AERODYNAMICS OF A BIRD OF PREY.

I MIGHT AS WELL JUST GIVE UP AND BE *NORMAL* AGAIN.

BUT THE PACK THOUGHT DIFFERENT.

YOU HAVE VIOLATED THE DIGNITY AND TRADITION OF THIS PACK WITH YOUR STUPID DESIRE TO BE A HAWK!

AS PUNISHMENT FOR THE SHAME YOU BRING ON US WITH YOUR ANTICS, YOU ARE NOW DECLARED *OUTCAST!*

AND DON'T COME BACK, AIRHEAD!

OUTCASTS FROM THE PACK USUALLY MOVED TO THE TAR PITS, WHERE EVERYTHING TASTED LIKE MELTED ROAD. BUT JONATHAN HAD NO STOMACH FOR THAT

INSTEAD HE FLEW TO THE EAST – IN DOG-VULTURE MYTH, THE DIRECTION OF *HEAVEN*...

.. AND AS ANOTHER DAWN BATHED HIM IN ITS NAUSEOUS GLOW, HE FOUND IT.

EXCITEMENT LENT POWER TO HIS DROOPING WINGS. HE FLEW HIGHER... HIGHER ..

JONATHAN BLINKED HIS KEEN EYES. HE COULD HARDLY BELIEVE IT – MORE FOOD IN ONE PLACE THAN HE'D EVER SEEN IN A *MONTH* BEFORE!

.. UNTIL HIS HEART FLUTTERED IN HIS BREAST, AND HIS HEAD SWAM DIZZILY. THEN HE EXTENDED HIS CLAWS, BARED HIS TEETH IN A TERRIFYING SNARL...

... AND DIVED

GRUD!

RADAR SHOWS *INCOMING* OBJECT- DIRECTLY *ABOVE* US!

[illegible] MISSILES!

YOU GOT THE BIONIC EYES, DREDD! WHAT THE [illegible] *IS* IT?

[illegible] IT IS

STAND DOWN YOUR MISSILES! IT'S A *DOG-VULTURE* - THAT'S WHAT THE [illegible] IT'S DOIN'

JONATHAN STRONG'S [illegible] FILM'S CONCENTRATION ON THIS WAS [illegible]

LOOK OUT! IT'S GONNA *HIT!*

[illegible]

[illegible]

BA DUNNT!

GRUD! KNOCKED 'EM *BOTH* OUT

CALL MED. [illegible] ON HIS WAY DOWN!

AND NOTIFY CRADDOCK IN THE *KITCHENS*...

IT WAS DARK WHEN JONATHAN CAME TO.

HIS HEAD ACHED HE COULDN'T MOVE A MUSCLE.

SO THIS IS HEAVEN, HE THOUGHT...

THE END.

JUDGE DREDD

IN TOP DOGS PART 1

SCRIPT JOHN WAGNER
ART COLIN MacNEIL
LETTERING KID ROBSON

£4-95

HEY!

BIG PLACE.

'YEAH.'

LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH.

DORINGO LUXAPTS.

WE HAVEN'T KNOWN HIM LONG. HE ONLY MOVED IN THE WEEK BEFORE LAST...

Doringo Luxapts

DID YOU HEAR ANY NOISES BEFORE THE INCIDENT ?

NO, NOTHING.

WHEN WAS THE FIRST TIME YOU KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG ?

I GUESS WHEN THE *HOLE* APPEARED IN THE CEILING...

EVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE..?

SOMETHING VERY FUNNY ABOUT THIS GUY, DREDD.

PAPERS GIVE HIS NAME AS *VAL DAVISSON* – SINGLE, 29, BORN J.F. DULLES, 2082. PARENTS NANCY AND MUG DAVISSON, NOW RESIDING MAVIS RILEY HOME FOR THE DEBILITATINGLY BEWILDERED.

NO SUCH PERSONS. PAPERS ARE PHONEY

'WE CHECKED HIS PRINTS – DENTATION – FULL GENETIC ANALYSIS. **NOTHING.** NOT ON FILE.'

'FAR AS OUR RECORDS ARE CONCERNED, UNTIL TWO WEEKS AGO WHEN HE RENTED THE APARTMENT THIS GUY DIDN'T EXIST.'

HALF OF HIM DOESN'T EXIST NOW.

MAYBE AN OUT-OF-TOWNER. CHECKED IMMIGRATION ?

DOING IT NOW. BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE—

I DON'T KNOW...IT'S LIKE THIS GUY HASN'T BEEN SHARING THE SAME WORLD—LIKE HE'S FROM ANOTHER *DIMENSION*—ANOTHER *TIME ZONE*...

ANALYSIS PICKED UP SEVERAL UNKNOWN *VIRAL STRAINS*—ONES WE'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE. NOW JUST *ONE* WOULD BE UNUSUAL, EVEN IN, SAY, A CURSED-EARTHER...

SO FAR WITH THIS GUY WE'VE FOUND *SEVEN*.

WHAT'RE YOU GETTING AT ?

YESSSSS

LITTLE BEAUTY! WHAT'RE YOU GONNA BUY FOR OL' SHIGGY?

HOW ABOUT TROUBLE?

HUH?

UNGGGG!

ALWAYS HAVE THE EYE FOR THE GOOD PIECE, EH, SHIGGY?

NOT TOO FUSSY WHO DIES TO GET IT EITHER!

WHERE'S RINGO, SHIGGY?

WHY THE HELL SHOULD I TELL YOU?

KNOW WHAT THAT IS ?

THE WEAPON WAS SOME KIND OF *DISINTEGRATOR*. NO TRACE OF ASH, THE USUAL RESIDUE YOU'D EXPECT...

G-GRAND RAMBO HOTEL — ROOM 9950 ! N-N-NOW *SWITCH IT OFF — !*

TOO LATE.

SLOW TALKER.

APOLOGIES, SIR — MA'AM.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 41.

ONE WAS LARGE — BEARDED, I THINK... THE OTHER ABOUT AVERAGE HEIGHT, CLEAN-SHAVEN...

DRESS ?

UH, DARK SUITS — DARK GLASSES — GLOVES... EVER SO **POLITE**, THEY WERE...

AND THE KILLERS LEFT NO PRINTS — NO INDICATION AS TO MOTIVE...

IN AND OUT, QUICK AND CLEAN. PRETTY **PROFESSIONAL**.

GOT SOMETHING HERE, DREDD

A GOLD COIN — FOUND IT WEDGED UNDER THE RADIATOR. LOOK AT THE **DATE**.

2169...IF THAT'S TO BE BELIEVED, NEARLY **60 YEARS** IN THE **FUTURE**...

SO COULD BE OUR VICTIM'S A **TIME JUMPER**...IF SO, WHAT WAS HE DOING HERE ?

MORE TO THE POINT, WHO DID THIS TO HIM ?

99c

THIS IS IT.

GIVE IT DER EYE, JOHNNY.

JUDGE DREDD

TOP DOGS

PART 2

'TAKING A SHOWER.'

'ALL DER SOAP IN **CREATION** VILL NOT VASH THAT VUN CLEAN!'

STILL, IT COVER DER **NOISE**!

CHUTCH!

BEEBEEBEEBEE

EBEEBEEBEE

WHAT THE HELL—?

UNGGGG!

BLAM!

KRAK!

RINGO! **SEARCH DESTROY AGENT!** I HAVE A WARRANT FOR YOUR **ARREST** FROM THE GALACTIC CRIME COMMISSION!

DEAD OR ALIVE, THE CHOICE IS YOURS!

STRONTIUM DOG! HOW DID **HE** FIND ME—?

OKAY, DOGGIE BOY, YOU GOT ME **CORNERED!** JUST LET ME GET DRESSED AND I'M COMING OUT..!

'YEAH, OUT THE **WINDOW!**'

COME IN, NUMBER TEN, YOUR TIME'S UP!

I...I CAN'T! I'M ST-**STUCK!**

STOP WASTING MY TIME, RINGO!

I-I CAN'T MOVE! I-I'M AFRAID OF HEIGHTS..!

I-I'M GONNA **FALL! HELP ME!**

NOW I HAFF HEARD IT **ALL!**

HELL!

DON'T LOOK DOWN, RINGO! I'M COMING!

FOR A MASS MURDERER, RINGO, YOU'RE JUST **PATHETIC!**

STINKIN' BOUNTY DOGS! WHY CAN'T YOU LEAVE A MAN **ALONE?**

VULF ASK HIMSELF THAT SAME QUESTION MANY TIMES UND ALVAYS DER ANSWER SHE COME BACK—

MONEY.

THAT'S CORRECT — TWO MEN IN DARK SUITS, DARK GLASSES. THEY INSTRUCTED ME TO WAIT.

AND THEY WENT IN THE HOTEL — ?

CONTROL TO DREDD ! WE MAY HAVE YOUR SUSPECTS. TAXI DROID REPORTS TAKING TWO MEN TO **DORINGO LUXAPTS.** THEY FIT YOUR DESCRIPTION.

SUSPECTS NOW IN GRAND RAMBO HOTEL.

GET PLENTY OF HELMETS THERE ! ON MY WAY !

THAT'S THEM NOW.

YOU ! HOLD IT !

SPTOW !

BACK UP !

HELP ! HELP !

DINING SUITE

SILENCE, VOORM, OR DER VARRANT GOES **TERMINAL !**

HUUUUHHH !

SHHHHH !

SEARCH DESTROY AGENTS! IMPEDE US AT YOUR PERIL!

SPLUT!

OHHHH!

SNATCH!

CHOMP!

THIS WAY!

PAH! RUBBISH!

PLOP!

EXIT

DAMN! MORE OF THEM!

DON'T SHOOT! STAY WHERE YOU ARE! WE'VE GOT A HOSTAGE!

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM! SHOOT! TAKE A CHANCE! I'M A DEAD MAN ANYWAY!

OUT!

GET IN THE CAR, WULF!

BDAM!

GOT NO AUTHORITY TO TAKE LIVES! BLASTER TO STUN—!

BADAMM!

UNNH!

ZOWW!

VRMMMMMM!

CALL YOURSELVES JUDGES?! DO SOMETHING!

I TELL YOU BEFORE, PUT DER SOCK IN IT!

GNMMMM!

DER STERNHAMMER SILENCER VINS AGAIN! HAHAHAHAA!

SUSPECTS HAVE HOSTAGE! NOW PROCEEDING EAST ON BROFFEY, BLACK ROADSTER REGISTRATION—

I SEE THEM!

BIKE CANNON!

CHAKASSSK!

SKREEEEEEE!

KRAKASSH!

HANG ON!

Snyder complex

--COMES WITH FULL HEATING CONTROLS, ICE-MAKING COMPARTMENT AND, FOR THOSE LEISURE MOMENTS, OUR UNIQUE SWIMMING POOL CONVERSION KIT.

OHMYGOD—!

CRRAASSH!

YAAAAA!

SPLADESSHH!

SHIFT IT, WULF!

OH GRUD—!

PUB-BED

YOU VILL CATCH YOUR DEATH OF COLD!

CONTROL! THEY'RE IN THE SNYDER COMPLEX! SEAL IT TIGHT! THEY DON'T LEAVE!

JUDGE DREDD

WHERE NOW?

GOOD QUESTION!

KEEP AWAY FROM THEM!

OUR CHANCES AREN'T LOOKIN' TOO PROMI-SING...

YOU MEN! THE COMPLEX IS SEALED OFF! THERE'S NO WAY OUT! **SURRENDER** YOURSELVES OR FACE THE **CONSEQUENCES**!

IT'S **DREDD**!

SO VOT ? WHO IS THIS DREDD TO US, EH ?

HE'S **TOP DOG** ROUND HERE, FAT MAN ! BELIEVE ME, THIS GUY IS A STONE KILLER ! YOU DUMBOS ARE **DEAD** ! **HA HA HA HA HA !**

VULF PREFER YOU VEN YOU DON'T TALK !

GNMMMNNMMM

I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE ! I'M A LEGALLY AUTHORISED **SEARCH/ DESTROY AGENT.**

NOT HERE YOU'RE NOT.

MY PRISONER IS A **MASS MURDERER** WANTED IN THE YEAR **2176.** HE'S BEEN USING YOUR CITY AS A BOLTHOLE.

GNMMRRMMMM

WE GOT **HALF** A CREEP IN DORINGO LUXAPTS. SAME APPLY TO HIM ?

MORE OR LESS.

WE'RE DOING YOU A **FAVOUR** REMOVING THIS SCUM. JUST LET US GO QUIETLY AND WE'LL BE OUT OF YOUR HAIR

CAN'T DO THAT. **I'M** THE LAW IN THIS CITY.

WHATEVER YOU ARE, WHEREVER YOU COME FROM, **HERE** YOU'RE JUST A **CRIMINAL.** THAT MEANS YOU DO **TIME.**

ZOWW!

GET DOWN, WULF !

RICOCHET!

UNNGH!

WULF!

SPTANGGG
SPTANGGG
SPTANGGG

DAMN! HAD A FEELING WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN THIS JOB!

FLARE!

A SPLIT SECOND FOR VISOR TO ADJUST—

WHAPP!

UNNGG!

SMESSSH!

KRANNG!

NNNG!

DIDN'T WANT TO HURT YOU, LAWMAN. YOU FORCED THE ISSUE

STILL FORCIN' IT, CREEP!

YEAR 2176, HUH?

HELL! GRIP LIKE IRON—!

KRAKK!

FINE...

WHUDD!

...THAT'S JUST ABOUT WHEN YOU'LL GET *OUT*!

HATE TO DISAPPOINT YOU.

...BUT I'VE GOT OTHER PLANS FOR MY LIFE!

CRASHHH!

LOYAL OF WILDEREEL

URRRR!

HELL!

MUTANT, HUH ?

ANOTHER POINT AGAINST YOU ! YOU'RE GOING AWAY FOR A LOT OF YEARS, BOY !

AGGK !

LOOKS LIKE VULF BE SHARING DER CELL VITH YOU, JOHNNY !

CONTINUED ON PAGE 89.

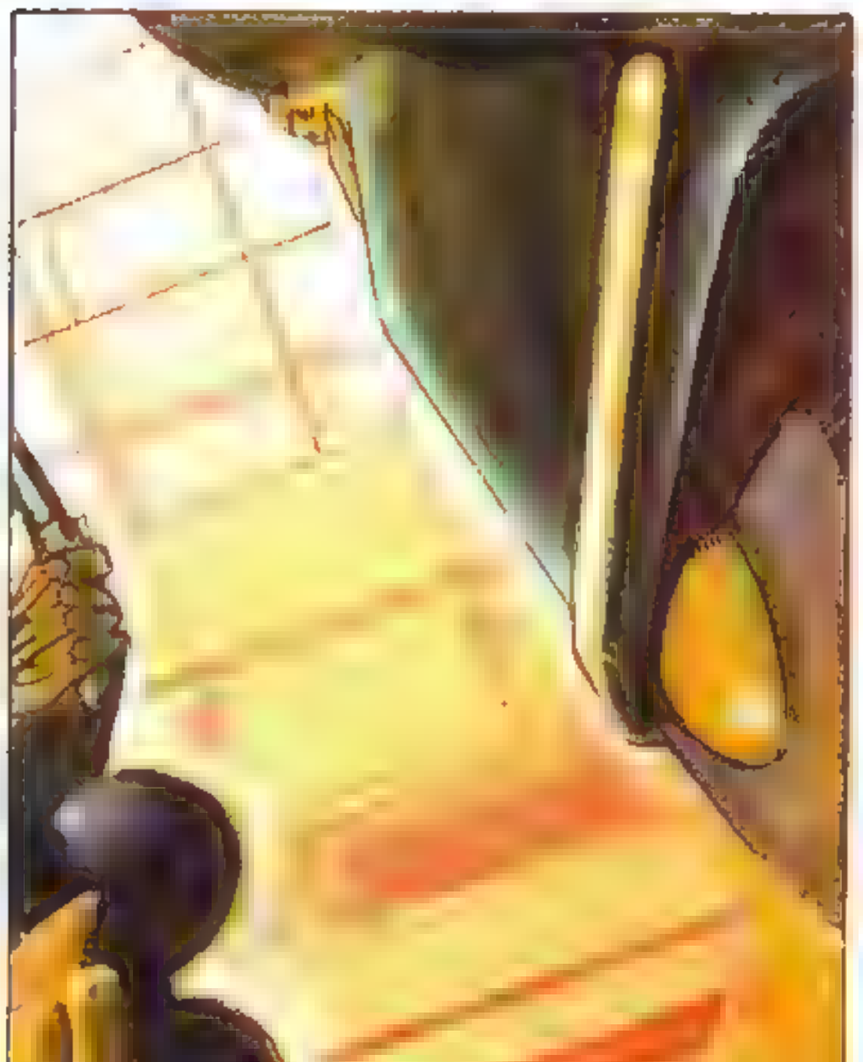
JUDGE DREDD

TOP DOGS

PART 3

NICE ONE, BIG FELLA!

LET'S MOVE!



THOUGH THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING, ODDS ARE **BOTH** OF US'LL BE DOING TIME!

SHELDON SHINGLE

AT LAW

IN THERE!

OH MY GRUD! M-M-**MR SHINGLE!**

EVEN IF BY SOME MIRACLE WE FIGURE A WAY OUT OF HERE, WE'LL NEVER MAKE THE PICK-UP IN TIME!

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

DREDD!

SOMEBODY GAVE YOU A GOOD WORKING OVER!

SOMETHIN' HIT ME...I HAD THE CREEP...

WE'VE STILL GOT THEM! THEY'RE HOLED UP IN SOME LAWYER'S OFFICE!

WHO ARE YOU MEN? THIS IS A PRIVATE OFFICE! YOU CAN'T JUST COME BARGING IN HERE—

WE GOT NO PLACE ELSE TO BARGE, PAL.

THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE.

YOU IN THERE! THIS IS DREDD!

GIVE YOURSELVES UP! THERE'S NO WAY OUT NOW! I DON'T WANT ANY MORE INNOCENT PEOPLE HURT!

FAR AS I KNOW WE HAVEN'T HURT ANY INNOCENT PEOPLE—ONLY THE GUILTY!

THAT'S NOT FOR YOU TO DECIDE! THIS IS MY CITY!

NOW DO YOU COME OUT QUIET—OR DO I COME IN SHOOTING?

NO WAY OUT? I WONDER...

OKAY, LOOKS LIKE YOU WIN, DREDD! JUST GIVE US TIME TO TALK IT OVER!

MAKE IT *QUICK*.

YOU'RE A LAWYER, RIGHT?

UH, YES...

16:21 04

I'M GIVING YOU A *COMMISSION*.

YOU'LL HOLD THIS LETTER UNTIL THE APPROPRIATE DATE, THEN DELIVER IT TO THE ADDRESS ON THE ENVELOPE. SHOULD YOU GO OUT OF BUSINESS YOU'LL SEE THAT THE LETTER IS PASSED ONTO ANOTHER FIRM.

SEARCH/DESTROY AGENCY—WHERE'S THAT?

URGENT

THE CONTROLLER
SEARCH/DESTROY AGENCY
EARTH ORBIT

To be delivered on or after 12 Nov, 2176

HELLOA CHTTAGUE ATTORNEY AT LAW

THOSE DO?

WHY, CERTAINLY... IF THE, ER, GENTLEMAN WITH THE SOCK IN HIS MOUTH DOESN'T OBJECT..

YOU DON'T *HEAR* HIM OBJECTING, DO YOU?

NOWHERE— *YET*.

PAYMENT— LESSEE--

GNUUURRRMMM!

YOU'RE DOING A LOT OF TALKING IN THERE, CREEP!

GNMMMM! GRRRNNMM!

AS MY LAWYER ALL DEALINGS BETWEEN US ARE CONFIDENTIAL, UNDERSTOOD ?

OF COURSE, OF COURSE !

TIME'S UP, MUTIE !

KRESH !

RAISE 'EM OR DIE !

LIKE I SAID, YOU WIN.

AND THEN AGAIN —

YOU LOSE

THE 'DOGHOUSE', HOME OF THE SEARCH/DESTROY AGENCY. 2176

WE GOT YOUR NOTE, ALPHA.

LOOM SHINGLE
ATTORNEY AT LAW
SNYDER COMPLEX
Misery gone Trapped
in office as per letterhead.
Rearrange pick-up same
1620.00 Mega-city time. URGENT!
WE ARE HERE!
DOOR
FRONT OFFICE
THEM

TOOK US A WHILE TO DIG UP THE OLD FLOOR PLANS OF THE SNYDER COMPLEX, BUT WE DID IT.

VUN SCUMBAG ONLY FOR YOU— OTHER VUN BEING VERY DEAD.

UND SEE DER SOCK IS *VASHED* UND *RETURNED!*

DER JUDGE HE GIVE YOU A BIT OF A *HIDING*, EH, JOHNNY? IF IT VASN'T FOR OLD VULF—

AH, C'MON, I *HAD* HIM.

IT WAS THAT ***WILDEBEAST*** THAT BEAT ME.

JA, JA, PULL DER OTHER VUN !

THEY MUST'VE HAD A TIME TRANSPORTER ON THEM...

WONDER WHY THEY DIDN'T USE IT SOONER..?

Stryker complex

WHO KNOWS ? ANYWAY, BY NOW THEY'RE SAFELY BACK IN THEIR OWN TIME...AND ALL WE'VE GOT LEFT IS THE FAT CREEP'S ***BOOT***.

YEAH. GUESS WE MIGHT AS WELL CALL THIS ONE CLOSED

NO, NOT CLOSED. THE WARRANT REMAINS OUT.

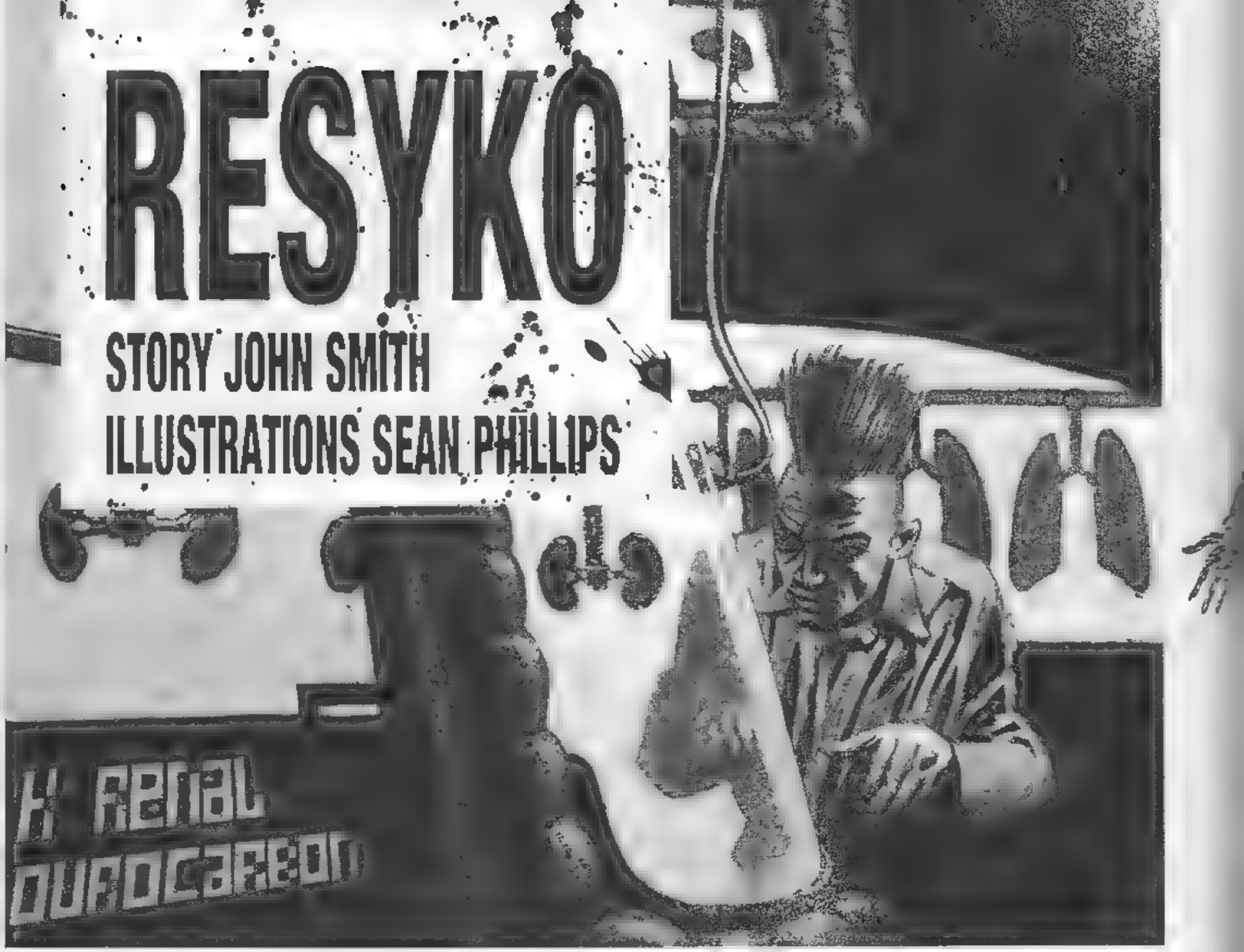
NO-ONE ESCAPES THE LAW. SOONER OR LATER—I'LL ***HAVE THEM***.

MACNEIL '90

The End

RESYK

STORY JOHN SMITH
ILLUSTRATIONS SEAN PHILLIPS



Mother never had much of a social life, but it's gotten a lot worse since she died. I can understand how she must feel, being cooped up in the apartment all day, but that's no reason to make as if it's my fault. She's even started saying it was me who killed her in the first place, which is totally untrue, especially since I'd been telling her for weeks not to use her underarm lady-shave in the shower. To be honest, I wish I'd gotten her the salivary glands instead. I work at Resyk and sometimes we get damaged goods at discount. Last Christmas Milt Arbogast bought his father a slightly soiled duodenum for a hundred and eighty creds. You couldn't get one that cheap from an organlegger.

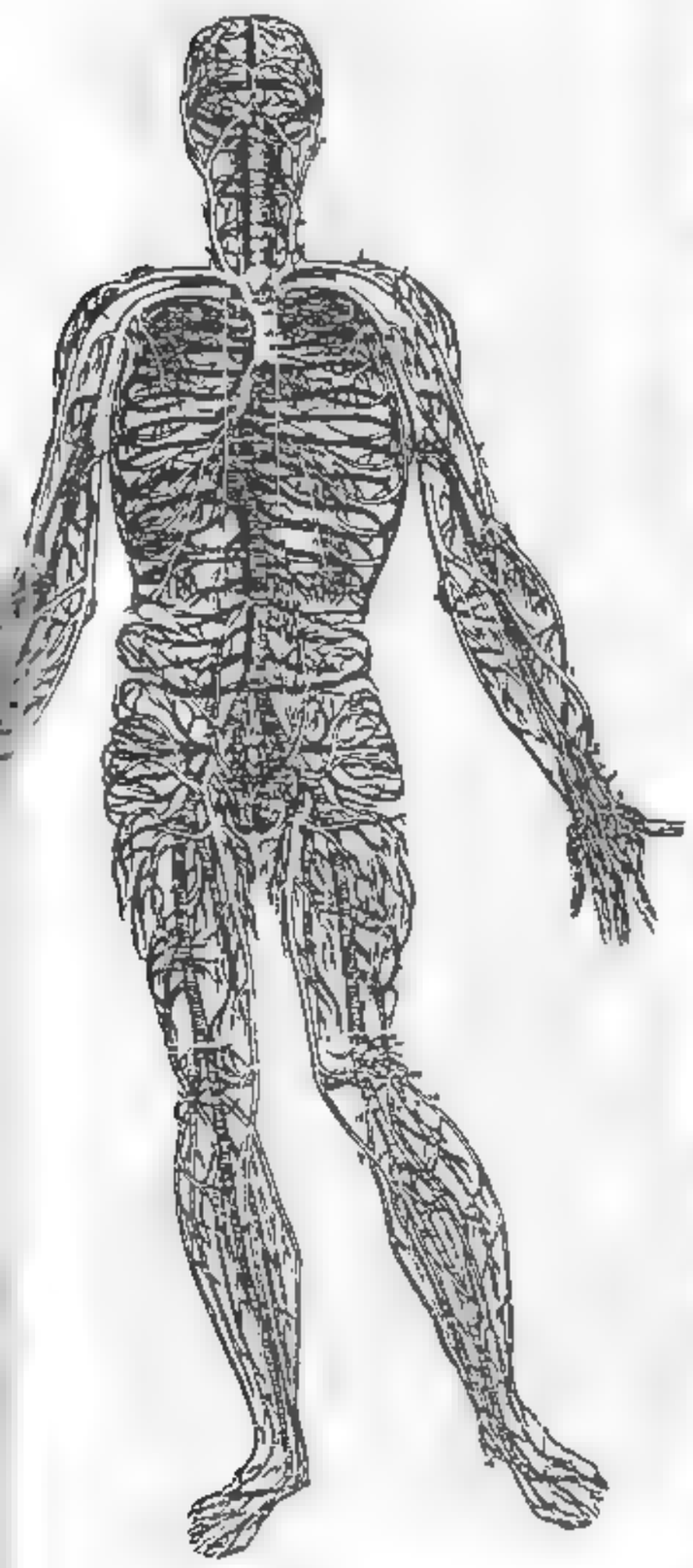
Anyway, this particular day I was anxious and on edge, sweating real bad and pacing up and down like those caged animals you see in the zoo sometimes. Mother knew something was wrong but I wouldn't tell her what. She went on shouting and screaming even after I'd left, though luckily our apartment is right next to the elevator shaft so I knew nobody would hear anything.

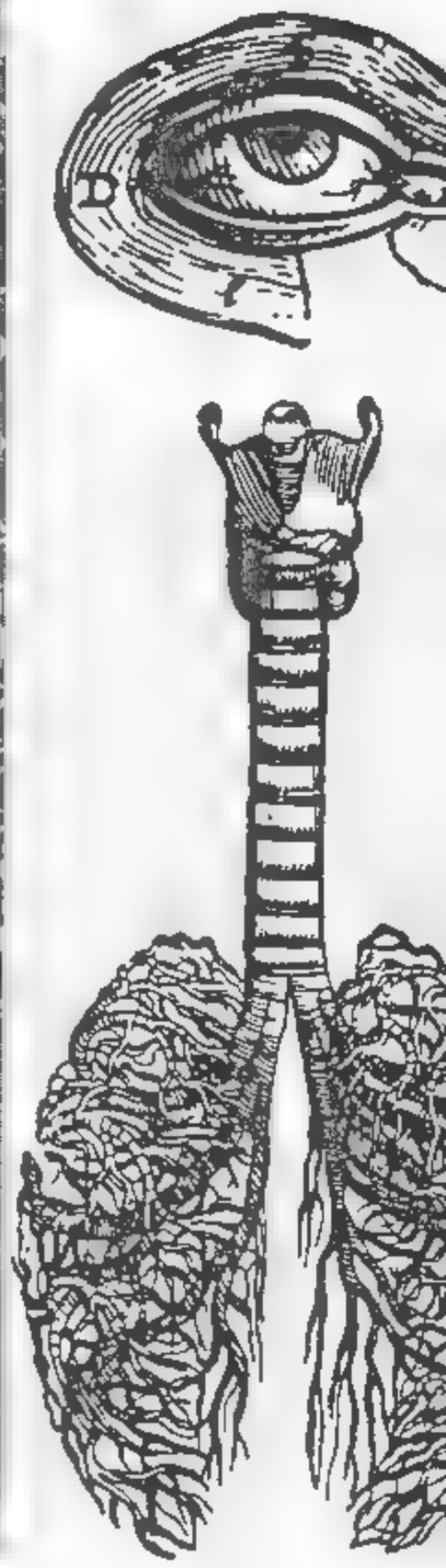
I got to work about nine and carried on as normal until last break. I'm a manual worker in the Excision Unit, what we call the slice-and-dice block, which is where the organs are removed from the body-housings and checked for infections and stuff. It's basically the quality control section.

Anyway, last break I usually go and get something to eat, but today I skipped the noshery and went to the Cryo-Store instead. It was cold inside, and empty except for a few robotopsy drones. I waited until they were out of sight then ran up to one of the organ banks, which was this long glass tank filled with a kind of yellowy liquid. Running along the middle of it was a line of kidneys, all in pairs, dangling from feeder tubes like big brown plums. A sign on the front said:

00-56: K RENAL
PLASMA FLOUROCARBON

I looked round quickly, checking there was nobody about, then reached into the tank and plucked a pair of kidneys off the stems like they were fruit. Then I wrapped them in cling-film, put them in my lunch pail and went to the bathroom and waited in one of the cubicles until





the siren rang for the start of the next shift.

That last hour seemed to drag on forever, but finishing time finally came round and I packed up quick and went out. I'd almost left the plant when I got stopped by Mortal Frank, who's my section head. Hardly anybody at Resyk likes him, more because of his bad temper than his drinking problem. He's gotten a lot worse recently, mainly on account of his family being murdered by a sniper in the Charles Starkweather Shopping Mall a couple of weeks ago.

Still, like I was saying, I was almost out of the building when this hand came down on my shoulder and I thought: *He knows I've got a pair of stolen kidneys in my lunch pail and he knows and he's going to report me to the Judges and I'll get beaten up and interrogated and they'll lock me in an Iso-Cube and leave me there till I grow old and die.* It came out like that, all in one go. I was shaking and sweating like I had a fever, but then he asked me how I liked the job and how Mother was and I managed to calm down a little.

'How'd you like to come round for dinner sometime, Norman?' he said. 'It must be pretty tiring looking after your Mother all day and I'm sure the break would do us both good,' and there was something in his smile I didn't like because I made an excuse and got away from him real fast. I guess he was just lonely but I didn't want to take any chances. Mother's told me about people like that, and to be honest I felt guilty just talking to him. I could feel that hot fat hand on my shoulder for hours afterwards.

It was just after six when I got home and Mother started screaming as soon as I opened the door. She was really getting on my nerves these days, and I'd started to think seriously about wiring her jaws together, like I'd done to that kid in the hospital. I told her to shut up, picked up the mail from the mat, and went into my room. There was a letter from the Welfare Centre. It said that Mother had neglected to collect her last twenty-six welfare cheques and would she please come to her local branch to sign for them.

'Another drokking problem,' I said, swearing quietly so Mother wouldn't hear me, and threw the letter on the bed. Saying *bed* probably makes you think I was in just an ordinary bedroom, but it's really more of a laboratory. I

remember seeing a pirate broadcast of Cronenberg's *Frankenstein* when I was small and it kind of reminds me of that. It's even got the organ tanks, which I keep up by the wall under my Supersurf 10 poster. They're actually fish-tanks I got from Fat Larry's down in The Gap, but the organs are real. There was a liver, seven metres of small intestine and a heart and lung both in the same tank. Mother's brain was in the last tank. To be honest I wasn't too sure whether it was still alive or not, so I just kept my fingers crossed and hoped for the best.

I've been working on this project for eight years now, which sounds like a long time but which really isn't too bad, y'know, considering I'm an amateur and all. Uncle Morey gave me a home Graft-a-Limb set when I was nine, so it's something I've always been interested in.

The centre-piece of the whole thing was the body-housing. . . what's known in the profession as the Transplant Recipient. I called her Emma Jane, because that's the name it had on her welfare card. She'd been walking her dog in the Crawford Municipal Park when I found her. I used chloroform, which is a lot easier to get and, in my opinion, a lot more effective than most brand-name anaesthetics available on the market. I killed the dog.

Emma Jane was very beautiful. She had this hair, this long red hair which, when the light caught it right, looked like the wire you get wound round toy motors.

The worst thing about keeping her here was making sure she didn't wake up. I had to use skin-derms, which are these tiny bubble-strips filled with neuropressin. Also she was fixed up to a glucose drip because she couldn't eat anything and would probably die otherwise. The whole set-up cost me sixty creds from a downtown drugstore.

For dinner I cooked Mother waffles and honey, sprinkled with cinnamon the way she liked it, and sat on the edge of the chair to feed her. She's never been a big eater but she hardly seems to eat anything these days. I took the leftovers into the kitchen then moved her over by the window, which has always been her favourite spot. She sits there for hours sometimes, not saying a thing, watching the lights and laser-ads, hoping for the occasional smash-up on the fly-way below. Before we came here we lived for a while in Harry Worth Block, overlooking Dead Juves' Curve, and Mother was never away from the window.

After I'd washed up I went to watch TV. *The*

Russ Abattoir Show was on, but I just couldn't concentrate. I kept thinking about the letter from the Welfare Centre and how, if Mother didn't go and sign for the cheques soon they'd send someone round to find out why.

After work the next day I skipped the rail home and went down to Fat Larry's in The Gap. He runs a pawn-shop on 9th street, a cramped, musty-smelling place that sells all kinds of stuff, most of it traded by kids with sugar habits and old folks with big Medicare bills.

Larry was there when I went in, sat watching the vid with this big crem-eating grin on his face. He was wearing a weird, shiny jacket I hadn't seen before, with buildings and sky on it, and there was a plate of hot pasta on the counter. He nodded when he saw me.

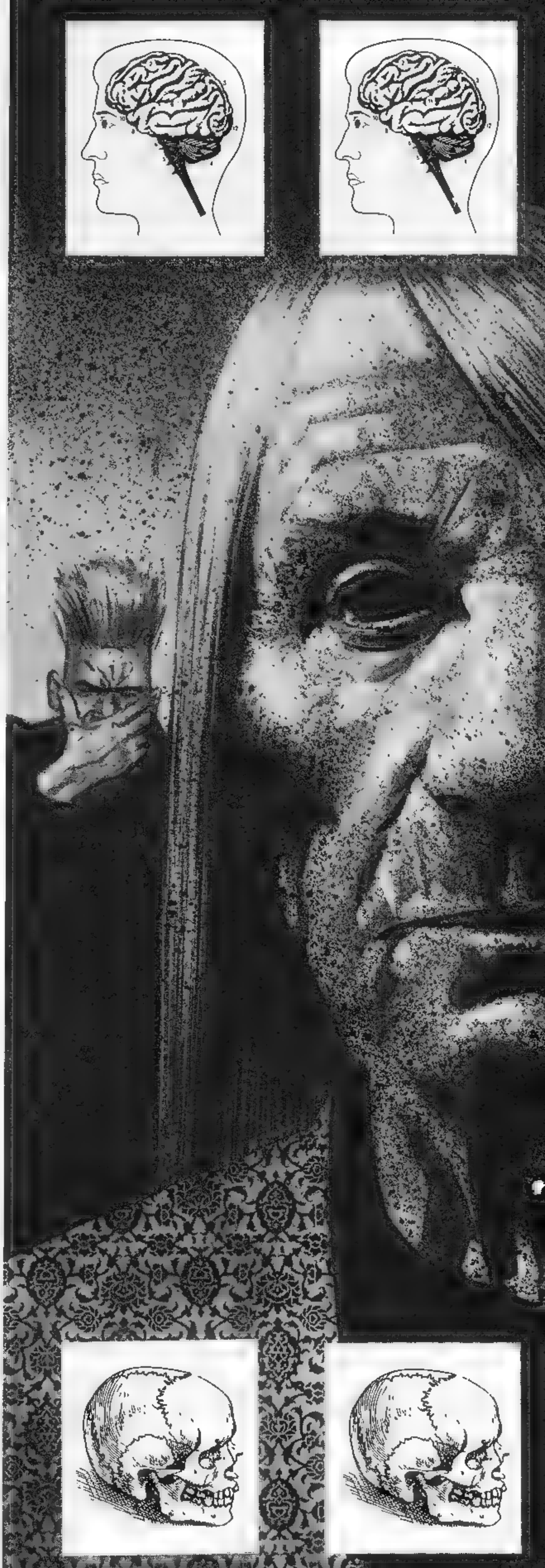
'Hey, Norm. Whaddya think of the suit?' He stood up and I could see that the buildings went right down to the bottom of his trousers. 'Blurred clothing. High-definition liquid crystal. Got it off some collector for a straight hundred.'

'It's not moving,' I said. 'Aren't the pictures supposed to move?'

'Ahhh, it's running some no-good history programme. Warhol disc, or somethin'.' He swallowed a mouthful of pasta. 'This is on fast-forward.' He leaned over the counter and dropped his voice to a whisper. 'I've got a kid bringin' in some stuff tomorrow. Italian. Supposed to be pretty violent. Axe jobs, chainsaws. . . the works.'

After a while I managed to change the subject and told Larry what I was looking for. I was lucky too, because he had everything I needed, except for the voice module. I didn't have much money so I had to settle for this kid's toy called Speak'N'Spell, 'a deluxe learning centre with fifteen different functions and a vocabulary of ten thousand words. Includes elementary syntax facility.' It cost another five creds for the batteries.

When I got home Mother started right up about how late I was and how I'd worried her sick and how she didn't know how anybody could be so thoughtless, was it really too much to expect me



to let her know, and right then something in me snapped and I dashed over to her and shook her by the shoulders.

'You're *dead*!' I shouted. 'When are you going to leave me *alone*?'

We were quiet for about five minutes afterwards. I just stood there, breathing hard, and Mother went on staring at her feet as if something real interesting was happening to them, like they were turning into squids or something.

'You're driving me crazy,' I said, and went into my room and closed the door behind me. I turned on the vid and sat staring at the screen, not seeing anything because I was so angry. A few minutes later I thought I heard her crying but I turned the sound up loud so I couldn't be sure. Maybe it was just my imagination. It does that, sometimes.

Anyway, by morning I'd calmed down, so I went to tell Mother about the surprise.

'I'm going to take you out today,' I said. 'I've got the day off and I'm going to take you down to the Welfare Centre so you can sign those cheques.'

She was quiet for a while, then she said: 'But I haven't got anything to *wear*.'

I laughed and told her that I'd go down to the mall on level 60 and get her something pretty, something in gingham, maybe, which I knew was her favourite material. First, though, I had to get her ready, so I told her about the stuff I'd gotten at Fat Larry's and about how I was going to make it so she could roll into that Welfare Centre off the street and sign for those cheques all by herself.

She was so happy she wanted me to kiss her, which I did, even though her lips were like stale bread. It made me proud to be her son, although I was still looking forward to putting her in Emma Jane's body.

Anyway, I brought the box of stuff out and set it down in the middle of the floor and started work. I've never been too hot at sums and writing and all that school stuff, but I'm pretty good with my hands. The first thing I did was put together the EndoSet. Mother still had her old wheelchair, which meant I didn't have to bother with the legs, so pretty soon there was an upper torso body frame lying on the floor, fully articulated and good as new. It had pneumatic joints and these big old-fashioned servo-motors, but it seemed to work okay. Mother was a little put off, though, when I told her I was going to have to open her up to put it in. . .

Well, you can imagine how messy it was; but I finally did it and after I'd put in some fresh padding and sewed her back up she looked as good as new.

The last thing was the voice, which was the most difficult. First of all the Speak'N'Spell didn't talk right. It had this echoey electronic voice that sounded real dumb, not like Mother at all. Also it kept saying these real stupid things, like 'Spell *machine*' and 'The Judges love all animals and little children', which I thought was especially stupid because they don't. Then I realised I'd forgotten to put the whole thing in the body and I had to open Mother up again to get it in. I taped the Speak'N'Spell to the endo-skeleton chest struts and wired up a small speaker at the back of her mouth. Then I caught the elevator down to the shopping mall to get her some new clothes.

As well as the dress I bought some make-up, which I used on Mother's face to cover up the areas where the scissors had slipped. Then I wrapped a shawl around her shoulders and sat her in the wheelchair, and we set off for the Welfare Centre. The nearest branch was on Mandela Street, which was in the same sector, so we didn't need to catch a taxi or anything.

We were up to Bernard Hermann Boulevard when a Judge shouted 'Hey! Hold it a second,' somewhere behind us and I kind of froze on the spot, thinking right away that Mother's styro-padding had leaked out and we were going to get put in a Cube for littering. A shadow slid along the pedway and a Judge pulled up on a Lawmaster.

'What are you doing bringing the old woman out here?'

I couldn't think of anything to say.

'Don't you watch the news? We've had eight muggings in this area over the last week. All eldsters.'

He turned towards Mother, his eyes hidden by that dark visor, and I imagined these two lasers behind it, these X-ray lasers that could see through anything. 'This your son?'

I was terrified she'd say something like 'No, he steals organs from Resyk,' but she just said 'Yes' and left it at that.

'What's your address?' he asked me.

'Amanda cannot play with us today,' Mother said.

I felt suddenly sick. Sweat was pouring out from under my arms.

'Saul Bass Block. Apartment 457b'.

Mother's head jerked sideways. 'Would you like to come to my party?'

The Judge glanced at Mother. 'She okay?'

'It's, uh. . . it's her memory. Her memory's not so great.'

'All my friends will be there,' Mother said.

The Judge leaned closer. 'Sheltered housing,' he whispered. 'She'd be a lot better off.'

'I'll think about it. Thanks.'

He nodded to himself, then straightened up and rode off towards the flyover. I looked around to check if anybody was watching and kicked Mother on the leg, as hard as I could.

'What's wrong with you? You could've got us arrested back there. From now on you don't say a *thing* till we're in the Welfare Centre.'

By the time we got there I was just as jumpy, and sweating even worse. I felt like I'd just gotten out of the shower. There was a big queue, like there is sometimes when the cheques have been delayed, so I watched the wall-vid while we waited. There was a woman with corneal lenses on it. 'Welfare fraud carries a maximum penalty of five years imprisonment,' she said. 'Have a nice day.'

When we finally got to the counter there was a thin woman there, looking at us through the plastiglass screen like we were a couple of Muties or something. She wore glasses and the kind of sour sneer old women have when they talk about the weather. There was a small sign pinned to the screen that said VERA LOOMIS 657-OJ.

'Name?'

I pushed the letter under the plastiscreen.

The clerk read it quickly, then looked over at Mother. 'Name?'

'See the dog with the big red ball.' That was Mother.

'Imelda Vandamm,' I said. 'It's on the top of the form.'

'I'm sorry but the claimant *must give* her own name.'

'But it's on the form. Look, there. . . '

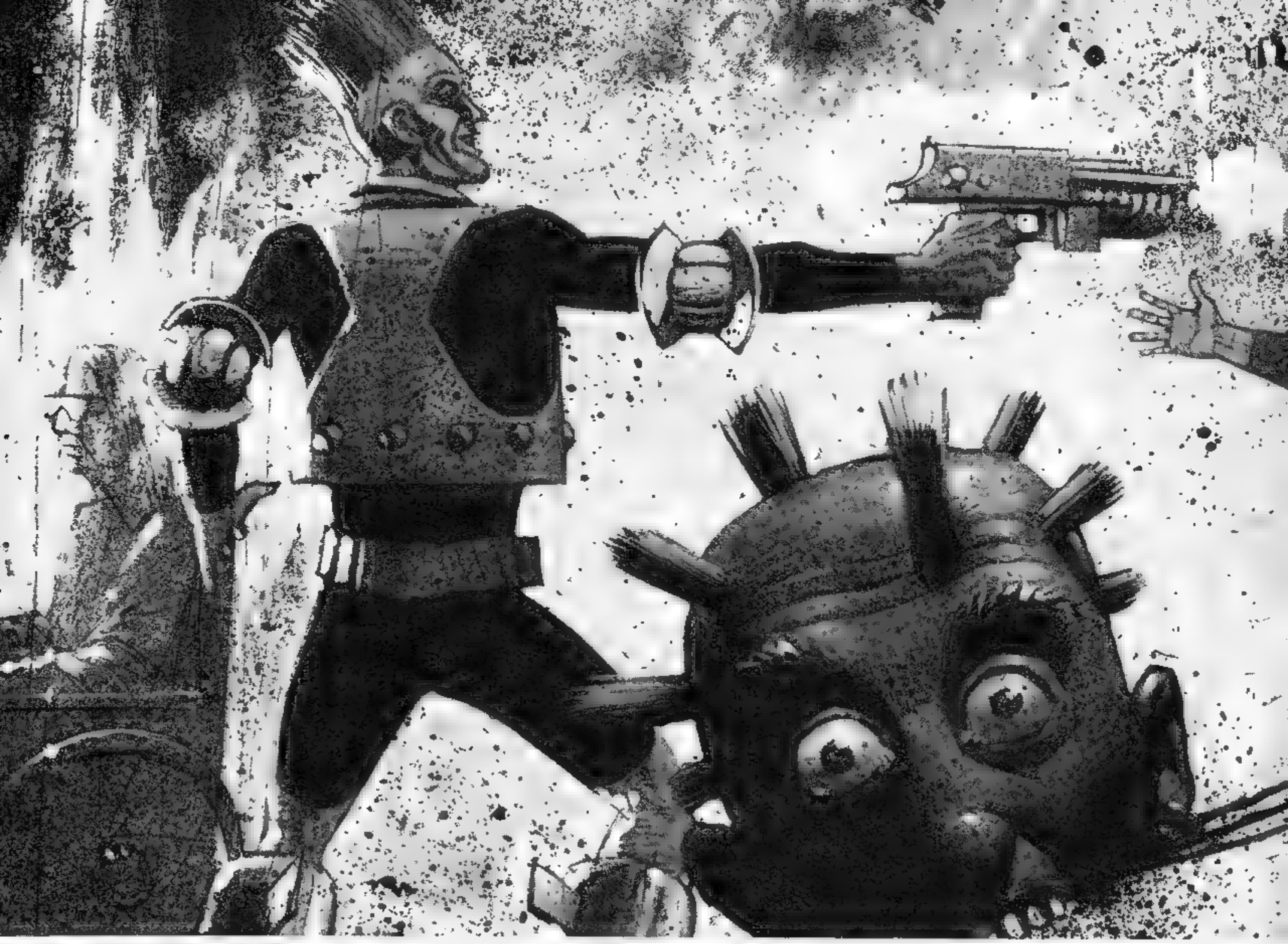
The desk clerk stared at me coldly, the way people do when they get to know I work at Resyk. 'Are you a relative?'

'Her son.'

'Spell *zebra*,' said Mother.

'Is she mentally competent?'

'Of course she is. She's just. . . ' I cleared my



throat, like they do on the films. 'She's on medication. Tranqs. She's been ill, you see. That's why she hasn't been in lately.'

'It's been a *year*, Mr Vandamm.' She looked at me without saying a thing and I expected her to get up then and there and point at me and start jumping up and down screaming *'Murderer! Murderer!'*

'Could I have your Mother's thumb-print?' she said at last. 'On the ident-pad.'

I moved the wheelchair up to the counter and Mother's arm swung up toward the screen. It was a little too fast when it moved, and kind of jerky, and the servo-motors made this funny whining sound, but the clerk didn't seem to notice. There was a touch-sensitive keypad set into the counter and Mother brought her thumb down in the glowing white square like she'd been practising all her life.

The clerk checked the computer, then looked over and gave Mother a big false smile. 'That's fine, Mrs. Vandamm. If you could just sign this?'

She slid another form out under the screen and Mother reached for it again with that same jerky movement. That was when things started to go wrong, because of instead of taking the pen Mother's hand shot forward like a boxer, smashing through the plastiglass like it was ice.

'Mother!' I shouted, but it was too late. Suddenly Mother had reached through and grabbed hold of the clerk's hand and *squeezed*. The clerk had started screaming and there was this horrible crunching sound, like someone eating celery.

Well, I knew that was it. Alarms were ringing and laser-shields had closed over the screens, sliding down like big green eyelids. Mother didn't even have time to pull her arm out, and the lasers cut it off and set her dress on fire at the elbow.

By now I'd taken the gun out of my jacket and started shooting into the crowd, laughing like a crazy man, not caring who I hit. The outer doors had shut automatically and the people who'd been queuing up were banging on them, screaming to be let out.

'Aren't we having a wonderful time?' Mother again.

I must have put too much lipstick on because

it was running in the heat. Her whole left arm was burning like a torch, like she was some kind of weird Statue of Liberty, but I went on shooting anyway, laughing and screaming while Mother said these dumb things behind me, her voice all echoey and slurred.

'Spell *dictionary*', she said.

A hole in a chest as big as a vid-screen.

'What did you do at school today?'

Two sisters screaming.

'I love you, mummy.'

A blind girl and her father; an old woman with a zimmer-frame; a Krishna devotee with an armful of pamphlets; a punk with globe-earrings, a fighting cricket in each one.

'Will you be my best friend?'

The doors were reinforced tungsten polymer and by the time the Judges got around to bringing in cutting equipment everyone was dead. The whole place was filled with smoke and bodies and this horrible electric smell. I was sitting on the counter when the Judges came in, Mother smouldering in her wheelchair beside me.

'It wasn't my fault,' I said, smiling. 'Mother hates queues.'

And here I am, locked up in the Psycho Cubes on a life sentence. They apparently think I'm this guy called the 'Oedipal Kid' or something, this serial killer who goes round murdering old women and stuffing them like animals because his real mother beat on him when he was a kid. He stays in one apartment for a while, then when the neighbours get suspicious he takes the money and moves on someplace else. Seems there's a string of dead eldsters stretching right across the city.

Anyway, pretty soon they'll realise they've got the wrong guy and let me out, so I'm just going to sit here and wait until then. Actually I quite like it here. The food's not so great but they really take care of you. I get to talk to this guy who shows a genuine interest in me, more than anybody's ever done in my whole life before.

I just wish they'd give me a cube of my own, that's all. I mean, every boy loves his Mother, sure, but you don't want to be cooped up with her all day long, do you? There just isn't enough room in a Psycho Cube.

And besides, it isn't healthy.

EXORCISE DUTY

MAVERICK

Story ANDY LANNING/DAN ABNETT
Illustrations ANTHONY WILLIAMS/ANDY LANNING

The Mavis Riley Home for the Debilitatingly Bewildered lies in the quiet Western districts of Mega-City One; five stories of pale, pink, pastel windows gazing out in quiet contemplation. It is a calm place, serene and tranquil, seemingly untouched by the City's contaminating turmoil. But today the polyester curtains are twitching at the sound of visitors on the pedway below. It's not the hushed tones of visiting relatives that echo through the antiseptic Hospitality Zone, but the heavy thump of marching feet. Judges!

'I'll only be a few moments', Anderson said tersely to her four companions. 'You guys can wait in the Sympathy Suite.'

Judge Pyke, who had been with the squad for only a few weeks, sneered as she strode away. 'I heard Psi-Division were highly strung, but she's got her corn rations wedged somewhere painful.'

'Clamp it, Pyke!' growled Judge Warner. 'It's Anderson's private business.'

'It troubles me. I sense heavy angst in Anderson and it's clouding her normally pure aura', said Judge Lutz, the squad's new empath.

'When you've been with this unit a little longer, my dear', said the massive Judge McKern, setting a plump fist reassuringly on the little empath's shoulder pad, 'you'll learn that we always stop by here when we're on Exorcise Duty in this sector.' Lutz smiled timidly at the team's mountainous telekinetic.

'Suppose we'll just have to wait then,' mumbled Pyke, as he flicked through a dog-eared copy of *Which Sedative?* from the coffee table.

'Is Thorn in his Iso-Cube?' inquired Anderson as she strode purposefully down the corridor, accompanied by the Home's Well-Being Monitor.

'Environment, you mean?' replied the droid, its servo units straining to match Anderson's pace. Anderson ignored the correction as she continued to ignore the muzak emanating from the droid. 'And how is he?'

'He's as happy as a sandboy, as pleased as punch, as nice as pie...he hasn't a care on his mind!'

'He hasn't got a mind,' Anderson said acidly.

They came to a halt by a padded shutter. 'I'll just open the door,' said the droid. 'It's in passive mode.'

'Locked, you mean.'

'We don't like to use negative terms here at the Mavis Riley facility,' said the droid. 'When stress and trauma get you down, and your face just isn't smiley, never fear, relief is near, book in at Mavis Ri-'

'Shut up,' said Anderson as the door slid open.

'Such a sad case,' reflected the droid. 'And so inexplicable.'

'Haven't you read his diaries?' said Anderson, stepping past the droid into the cell.

From the diary of Gregory Thorn:

*'...**May 12th.** When I got home from work today, I got a message from God. It was just a quick word to say that the Antichrist would soon be in the neighbourhood, and could I keep an eye out for him. He's given me a list of signs to look for and said that when I've ticked them all off, he'll give me some further tips on how to save the world from an eternity of damnation. I found the first sign straight away* – a beast rising out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns and on the horns ten crowns – *that couldn't be easier. I'm working on it...'*

June 6 – 5.25pm

They rode out of the city, five riders ahead of the storm. The burning headlamps of their Lawmaster Bikes cast jagged shadows across the blasted wasteland of Reclaim Zone #13. Even now, years after the Apocalypse War, a charnel smell hung in the wind. Anderson signalled her Spook Squad to halt as the brooding grey structure of the half-finished Geo-Stability Tower rose before them. Seven massive support columns rising from a gash in the landscape, lifting ten vent-capped geothermal conversion chambers into a thunderous sky. It was here that warheads had split open the very flesh of the planet. It was only structures such as these, whose tectonic anchors were embedded deep below, that kept in check the tidal fury of the magmatic seas that boiled close to the surface.

'Re-cap please, Troughton,' said Anderson.

The young Judge accessed his bike's terminal. 'Zone#13 rehab program contracted to Ideal

Block Inc. This is the final stabilising tower to be constructed before work begins on the residential areas. Work currently at a standstill due to series of bizarre industrial accidents and unrest in the workers' compound. Cause may be residual psychic energy left over from conflagration. Psi Squad investigation required.'

'What was this place before?' asked Judge Stokes. 'Empathically, I'm not reading much.'

Troughton shot her a grimace. 'Neutral Zone mediplex. Ninety thousand civilians cremated in a nanosecond, thanks to a stray mini-nuke.'

'Any speculations, McKern?' asked Anderson.

The big man was lost in shadows. 'Sounds like a casebook Revenant Node. A concentrated mass, representing thousands of souls traumatised at the same moment. Could mean we're in for a busy night.'

Judge Warner shook his head in mock sadness. 'You really suffer for your art, don't you? Psi-Division always makes a meal of things. If it was up to us regulars there would be a lot more hard graft and a lot less agonising.'

'While you and Troughton ride shotgun on this team you'll keep your opinions to yourselves', Anderson retorted. 'These souls deserve respect and consideration, not brute force.'

'The workers' compound is just ahead. We'd better make tracks – Neill the I.B.I. rep has requested assistance nine times in the last hour,' Troughton observed.

'I sense...persistent jackass,' groaned McKern.

'I was right,' he whispered to Anderson, as Neill scurried toward them in the lobby of the workers' compound.

'About time!' he snapped. 'Do you have any idea of the seriousness of the situation? Work ceased *three days* ago. I.B.I. are facing interest charges in excess of nine trill. Phoenix Block is over budget and behind schedule. What do you intend to do about it?'

Anderson shrugged. 'Not my problem. We're here to locate paranormal disturbances.'

'And when you do?'

'Once I've located the problem telepathically, Judge Stokes, our empath will categorise and contain it, allowing our telekinetic, Judge McKern, to expell it from this dimension. Problem solved.'

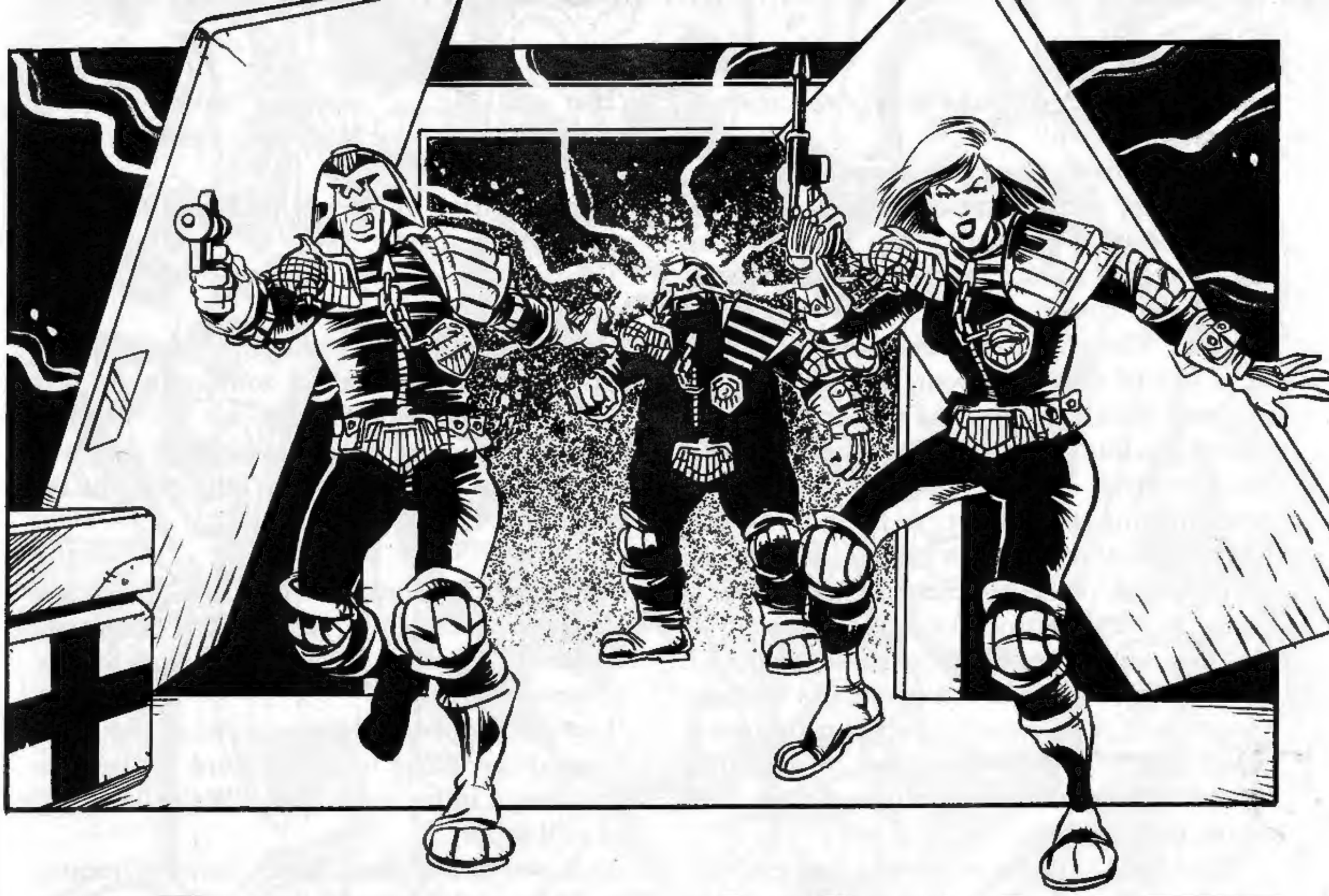
'And what do the other two do? Chant and burn incense?'

'They're here to support us in more...physical encounters,' said Anderson.
'We break heads,' added Warner drily.
'I don't *care* what you have to do,' Neill raged. 'Just make damn sure you do it quickly. This place is falling apart around my ears. I've got four thousand discontented construction workers and their families refusing to pick up tools or step out of the compound over some superstitious crem about demonic forces and walking dead! I've had nine workers injured in clumsy accidents that are gonna cost me a spitload of creds, and another three flash-fried yesterday when their work cradle fell into the magmatic vent, for reasons that will no doubt become painfully clear in an expensive negligence suit. Now if this is because I'm playing host to the Devil, show him the damn door so we can get on with our work!'
Anderson turned to her group with a sigh. 'Okay team, you know the drill. Exploration, exculpation, extradition! Stokes, what have you got?'
The petite empath frowned, shaking her head. 'A headache? Sorry, Cass. It's a psionic blank as far as I can sense, just like outside.' Warner snorted. 'Drokk! You said it, it's a wild ghostchase! All we need is an H-Wagon and a crime blitz. What's needed here is a liberal dose of work ethic, not exorcism.' Exasperated, Anderson turned toward the window, gazing grimly out as though the night sky might help her. Above the massive Geo-Stability Tower, a full moon glowed crimson through a pall of exhaust fumes. Anderson felt a slight tremor... like a whisper, as though someone was speaking. It took Anderson a moment to realise it was herself.

' "...And the moon became as blood..." '

'What did you say?' asked Warner.
Anderson ignored him and put a hand to her temple. 'There is something here after all,' she said. 'And I don't like it one bit.'

*'. . . **May 22nd:** It's all coming together now. The moon's been red for several days, just as God told me it would be. As for the six hundred three-score and six, that's obvious to me now too! Three sixes. . . The Antichrist will be born on the sixth day of the sixth month at six o'clock, the son of a jackal. That's soon now. I must find this jackal. I must wait for its offspring and I must kill it!'*



June 6 – 5.52pm

The apartment door crumpled like tissue paper under McKern's telekinetic onslaught, and Warner and Troughton swung into the room, Lawgivers at the ready.

'Empty,' reported Warner. 'Are you sure this is the place?'

Anderson stepped coolly into the room between them. Her gaze lingered on the walls, which were papered with pages torn from bibles. Crucifixes had been crudely rammed into the door and window frames.

'You're right,' she said witheringly. 'The guy's obviously totally sane.' She stepped toward a small writing desk, picking up the slim volume lying on its surface. 'This is the focus of the emanations I've been getting. It's some sort of diary.'

Stokes looked troubled as she followed them in. 'This room's *saturated* with emotional residue!' she said. 'Such anguish, such pain, such hatred ...but it's determined, obsessive; *focused*. This is a bad one, Cass.'

Warner holstered his weapon. 'Great. We've got a Futsie. Let's find him, cube him and stop this time-wasting.'

McKern turned to Anderson. 'What do you think? Cassandra, you've gone quite pale. What's the matter?'

Anderson dropped the diary. 'There has to be a medical centre in this compound...so let's move it there on the double. Now!'

*' ...**June 6th:** I've found the jackal. He lives upstairs. Jack L. Remick, whose wife is expecting any day now (I know precisely when, of course). I wonder if she knows she's carrying the Antichrist? She will when I kill him. God spoke to me again last night. He said I was doing awfully well...'*

June 6th – 6.01pm

The nurse was screaming something about no admittance, and continued screaming as McKern lifted her out of their path on a raft of telekinesis. Leading the pack, Anderson and Warner crashed through the doors, bowling over the Midwife Droid. 'What in Grud's name are you doing in here?' bellowed Jack L. Remick, clutching the hand of his labouring wife.

'What's more to the point,' breathed Anderson, 'What's *he* doing in here?' She pointed at the bewildered figure nearby, dressed in an orderly's uniform and frozen in the act of pulling a recoilless automatic from beneath his tunic. Warner's Lawgiver was in his hand in the

blink of an eye. 'Armed Futsie!' he screamed. 'Everybody down!'
Anderson's fist crashed into his wrist. The shot went wide, tearing through the far wall. Simultaneously, the perp's gun flew from his grasp, straight to McKern's outstretched hand.
'What the drokk are you *doing?*' spluttered Warner. 'There were civilians at stake.'
'And one of them was your target!' Anderson snapped back. 'I sense he's a strong latent psionic, acting under the influence of something external. If you'd shot him, you'd have been shooting an innocent.'
Warner was about to argue further, but was cut off by Stokes' warning scream. They turned in horror to see the suspect crumple drunkenly to the floor, an inhuman howl rising in his throat. His body twitched and convulsed as something spewed from him; something abominable, something unholy...a grotesque mass of screaming faces that hung in the air, raining greasy fluid on the floor beneath.
'The child! It wants to possess the new-born child!' shrieked Stokes, gagging as her senses reeled beneath the psychic onslaught.
'Warner, block it!' ordered Anderson desperately.
At once, Troughton and Warner leapt between the delivery bed and the oncoming nightmare. 'Rapid fire. Drive it back!' instructed Warner, gratified at last by a job at which he excelled. The two Lawgivers roared in the confines of the ward, but the thing advanced still, turning its many eyes toward the duo. There was a rending explosion as, through some infernal influence, the magazine of Troughton's pistol detonated and tore him apart. Blasted off his feet by the impact and peppered with slivers of his colleague's armour and bone, Warner was flung across the room like a doll, landing dazed against the wall. The thing turned in mid-air and lurched towards him... and then froze. Blue electrical energy coruscated across its surface.

'We're holding it...barely,' said Anderson through gritted teeth, as she and Stokes quaked under the psionic strain. Stokes' face was blank with agonised effort. 'McKern! You've got to expel this thing *now!*' Anderson could barely speak.
Sweat beaded the big man's brow. 'I'm trying ...I can't,' he gasped.
'It's too big...a revenant node...ninety... thousand angry souls in one. I'm just not... strong enough!'
'Then we have to force it back into the host,' Anderson strained.
'Contain it, before it burns Stokes out completely!'
There was silence as the trio redoubled their efforts. The entity swelled; doubled in size.
Then it screamed through all its mouths. Shrinking and crumpling horribly, it dissolved like noxious smoke into the limp body of the orderly.

The psychic link severed, the Psi-Judges staggered back. Only the dregs of McKern's telekinetic strength cushioned Judge Stokes' collapse to the floor.
'Lisa!' exclaimed Anderson, as she and McKern reached the prone form. McKern cradled her frail figure in his great arms. 'We've lost her,' he said simply.
Anderson turned speechlessly, her eyes burning as she faced the slumped figure of the possessed man.
'We still have a problem to solve,' she said.

'So she wiped his mind of everything he was. In a split second, construction worker Gregory Thorn ceased to be. She hated herself for it, but there was no alternative. The node was too strong to banish. It could only be contained in a prison that had no contact with the world outside. Maybe the hardest choice she ever made – to sacrifice an innocent mind.' McKern fell silent, aware that Pyke and Lutz were considering the story.
'That's why we always come here when we're on Exorcise Duty', said Warner. 'Anderson has last respects to pay. And forgiveness to ask for.'
They looked up to see Anderson returning through the suite.
'Let's go,' she said briskly. 'There's plenty to do, and the day is yet young...'

'Lead on Chief.' Warner followed her to the door.
Out in the courtyard, as they mounted their Lawmasters, Anderson caught McKern's eye and smiled. 'And let's pray for a quiet night,' she said. ●

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